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EGYPTIAN, HEBREW, GREEK,
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THE work of the latter part of the fourteenth century of the French school here is represented. The diamond pattern and colors are true evidence of this; the border is a most beautiful work of art with its graceful blending of flowers and clinging ivy leaves. The gold alone represents many hours of patient, careful work, particularly so in view of the method of applying same, description of which will be found in the article on Art of Illumination page 101, Part IX.

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THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

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THE MIDDLE AGES

CHAPTER VI.

Chivalry.

The feudal system gave opportunity for the rise and development of chivalry in mediaeval Europe. An organization of society which set a comparatively small class of men free from exacting duties, usually incumbent upon citizens, accounts for the existence of knighthood as we find it in the Middle Ages. From the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries knighthood flourished, being more powerful during the first three hundred years.

Knights belonged to the upper or noble class and their activities were undertaken for the most part in behalf of that class. Nevertheless, their influence was felt throughout Europe and among all social classes. In some ways this influence was fortunate; viewed from other standpoints, it was less fortunate, and even at times pernicious. When all is said, the good it embodied probably outweighed the evil.

"Chivalry may be defined as the moral and social law and custom of the noble and gentle class in Western Europe during the Middle Ages, and the results of that law and custom in action. It applies, strictly speaking, to gentlemen only. Its three principal factors are war, religion and love of ladies: its merits and faults spring from those three heads, and all the side influences which attend its growth and decay may be summed up under these."[1]

Boys belonging to the nobility were trained from childhood in the spirit of knight-errantry. At about the age of seven a boy would be sent to the castle of some noble to serve as page until fourteen. Here he came and went at the command of lords and ladies—carrying messages, and doing slight commissions. By the ladies he was taught courtesy and by the men he was trained in feats of arms, riding and tilting. He lived in an atmosphere of chivalry and the dignity and

[1] Chivalry, Cornish, 13.

worth of knighthood became firmly fixed in his mind. When about fourteen he became a squire. Now he carried the armour of his lord, bore his shield, aided him in every way. When twenty-one he was usually knighted, preferably upon the field of battle where he had distinguished himself by his bravery.

The knight served the Church, his lord and his lady. He showed respect to his superiors and gentleness to his inferiors. Truth, honor and fidelity were qualities he esteemed before all others, and he promised to defend the weak and oppressed. His principal occupation was war. During times of peace, the mock-battle—the *tournament*—was engaged in. The crusades gave ample opportunity for the knights to distinguish themselves in battle. Other occasions were given by wars between nobles, between kings, and in the rendering of assistance to the Pope. Many accounts remain to us of daring deeds upon the field of battle, notably during the Hundred Years' War. The complete armour worn by the mediaeval knight rendered him wellnigh invulnerable before the invention of gunpowder.

Between one campaign and another or in extended periods of peace, tournaments were held in lands where knighthood was well established. As a matter of fact, more were held in France and England than in kingdoms farther east. At such times knights from all over Christendom might enter the lists and contest with their fellow-knights in various feats of skill and strength. Such occasions were anticipated and eagerly hailed. Kings and queens sometimes graced the gatherings by their presence; each knight was stimulated to do well in the eyes of his mistress, or at least in her estimation. We may read various accounts of these tournaments, both in the literature of the English and the French. The Chronicles of Froissart are famous. He was a native of Flanders who spent quite a portion of his life at the courts of France and England. He had a wide acquaintance in both lands and was favored by royalty. He wrote down many incidents that he witnessed, and because he chronicled them so simply and so truthfully withal, his writings have become a repository for modern knowledge of chivalry and gallant deeds in the fourteenth century. Not only does Froissart lead us into the spirit of his age, but he brings men before us in so striking a manner that

they become as familiar as characters in a story. Two or three descriptions of military encounters, tournaments and tilting matches are appended at the close of this chapter, but he who would wander in the land of knight and lady, squire and page, gallant king and faithful vassal, should become acquainted with the Chronicles in their entirety.

Probably in the beginning the order of knights came into existence to support the king in the stand he took against the Saracens. Mounted horsemen who defended the borders after the battle of Tours seem to have merged into knights. However, it is difficult to tell how early the spirit of chivalry—honor of women and respect for them, accompanied with the attentions of courtesy—became allied with knight errantry. It must be granted that it was this spirit of chivalry, toward religion and women, that exalted knighthood and gave it dignity.

During their leisure the knights found plenty of time for dancing, feasting, singing, making love and writing love literature. With the songs of bravery—as, for example, the Song of Roland—were sung songs of love, for example, the story of Aucassin and Nicolete. Lovers addressed poems of praise to their ladies, and troubadours carried such songs from court to court, from castle to castle. In their relations with each other knights showed remarkable delicacy of feeling and respect. The law of gallantry, we are told, was equal, if not superior, to the law of military honor as a guide to conduct.

Gradually knight-errantry died out in Europe as a distinct estate and occupation of men, and yet it is safe to say that to this day, to whatever extent the spirit of chivalry still dominates men, to whatever extent they spring to the aid of the weak and espouse the cause of the oppressed, however proudly they prize their pledged word and their honor, next to the teachings of Christianity, this is the result of the teachings and ideals of mediaeval knighthood. Unworthy knights there certainly were—knights who were selfish, quarrelsome and false to their vows. Unchivalric men there certainly are today; but both in the Middle Ages and at the present time such men have existed, not because of knighthood and its ideals, but in

spite of them. In modern times there has been no such unity in religion as allowed men to be as one in espousing it, and during the past century society has undergone such social revolutions that bewilderment has resulted and no longer are the duties of the chivalrous clearly defined as they once were. Nevertheless, so widely has a chivalric spirit become diffused among the nations that we scarcely realize how different the world would be were it suddenly eliminated.

Another fortunate result of knight errantry was the dignity given to personal service. Among the ancients we find little that was exalted in service. It was rendered from necessity rather than choice. In the Middle Ages the monk who served humanity in serving God, and the knight who served his church, his king, and his lord, gave to personal service a feeling of pride and consecration.

"Chivalry taught the world the duty of noble service willingly rendered. It upheld courage and enterprise in obedience to rule, it consecrated military prowess to the service of the Church, glorified the virtues of liberality, good faith, unselfishness and courtesy, and above all, courtesy to women. Against these may be set the vices of pride, ostentation, love of bloodshed, contempt of inferiors, and loose manners. Chivalry was an imperfect discipline, but it was a discipline, and one fit for the times. It may have existed in the world too long: it did not come into existence too early, and with all its shortcomings it exercised a great and wholesome influence in raising the mediaeval world from barbarism to civilization."[2]

[2] Chivalry, Cornish, 27.

KNIGHTLY CONTESTS.

You know, or must have heard it mentioned, that the intercourse of young gentlemen with the fair sex encourages sentiments of honor and love of fame. I mention this because there were with the King of France three gentlemen of great valor and enterprise, which they were probably induced by that intercourse to display in the manner I shall relate. The names of the three were Sir Boucicaut, the younger; Sir Reginald de Roye, and the Lord de Saimpi. These knights were chamberlains to the king, and much esteemed by him; and being desirous of advancing themselves in the estimation of all present, and especially the ladies, they offered to hold a field of arms on the frontier of Calais in the course of the ensuing summer, against all foreign knights and squires, for the space of thirty days, and to tilt with blunt lances or others. The King of France was well pleased with the courageous challenge of his three knights, and declared his consent to it; moreover, he called them into his closet and said: "Boucicaut, Reginald and Saimpi, be attentive in this enterprise to guard your honor well, and that of our kingdom; let nothing be spared in the state you keep, for I will not fail to assist you as far as 10,000 francs." The king after this left Montpellier, following the road to Alipian, where he dined and lay that night at St. Thibery. . . .

The time was now come for the three French knights, who had undertaken to maintain the lists against all comers at St. Inglevere, near Calais, to make good their engagement. This tournament had been proclaimed in many countries, especially in England, where it caused much surprise, and several valiant knights and squires undertook to attend. Sir John Holland, half-brother to the King of England, was the first to cross the sea; and with him were more than sixty knights and squires, who took up their quarters in Calais. On the 21st of May, as it had been proclaimed, the three knights were properly armed, and their horses ready saddled, according to the laws of the tournament; and on the same day all those knights who were in Calais sallied forth, as spectators or tilters, and being arrived at the spot, drew up on one side. The place of the

tournament was smooth and green with grass. Sir John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, was the first who sent his squire to touch the war target of Sir Boucicaut, who instantly issued from his pavilion, completely armed, and having mounted his horse and grasped his spear, the two combatants took their distances. They eyed each other for some time, and then spurred their horses and met full gallop, with such force indeed that Sir Boucicaut pierced the shield of the Earl of Huntingdon, and the point of his lance slipped along his arm, but without wounding him. The two knights having passed, continued their gallop to the end of the list. This course was much praised. At the second course they hit each other slightly, but no harm was done, and their horses refused to complete the third. The Earl of Huntingdon, who was heated, and wished to continue the tilt, returned to his place, expecting that Sir Boucicaut would call for his lance; but he did not, and showed plainly that he did not wish to tilt more with the earl that day. Sir John seeing this, sent his squire to touch the war target of the Lord de Saimpi. This knight, who was waiting for the combat, sallied out from his pavilion and took his lance and shield. When the earl saw he was ready, he violently spurred his horse, as did the Lord de Saimpi. They couched their lances and pointed them at each other. At the onset their horses crossed, notwithstanding which they met, but by their crossing, which was blamed, the earl was unhelmed. He returned to his people, who soon rehelmed him; and, having resumed their lances, they met full gallop, and hit each other with such force in the middle of their shields that they would have been unhorsed had they not kept tight seats, by the pressure of their legs against the horses' sides. They went to their proper places when they refreshed themselves and took breath. Sir John, who had a great desire to shine in the tournament, had his helmet braced, and grasped his spear again, when the Lord de Saimpi, seeing him advance in a gallop, did not decline meeting, but spurring his horse on instantly, they gave blows on their helmets, that were luckily of well-tempered steel, which made sparks of fire fly from them. At this course the Lord de Saimpi lost his helmet, but the knights continued their career, and returned to their places.

The tilt was much praised, and both French and English said that the Earl of Huntingdon, Sir Boucicaut and the Lord de Saimpi had excellently well jousted. The earl wished to break another lance in honor of his lady, but it was refused him. He then quitted the lists to make room for others, for he had run his six lances with such ability and courage as gained him praise from all sides. After this various other combatants entered the lists and the tilting was continued till evening, when the English returned to Calais and the French to St. Inglevere.

On Tuesday after mass, and drinking a cup, all those who intended to tilt, and those who wished to see them, left Calais and rode to the same place where the lists had been held the preceding day. That day and the next the tilting continued until the tournament was at an end, by reason of no more tilters appearing on the part of the English. The English and French knights separated in a most friendly manner on the plain of St. Inglevere; the former took the road to Calais, where, however, they made no long stay, for on Saturday morning they went on board passage boats, and landed at Dover about midday.

From the time the English knights left Calais, I never heard that any others came from England to St. Inglevere to try their skill in arms. Three knights, however, remained there until the thirty days were fully accomplished, and then leisurely returned each to his own home. When they waited on the King of France, the Dukes of Touraine and the other lords at Paris, they were most handsomely received; indeed, they were entitled to such a reception, for they had behaved themselves gallantly, and well-supported the honor of the king, and of the realm of France.

Tournament.

News of the tournament was carried to Oporto, and the King of Portugal declared his intention of being present at it, with his queen and the ladies. "Many thanks," said the duchess, "for I shall thus, on my return, be accompanied by the king and queen." Not long after this the King of Portugal and his suite set out for Entenca, in grand array, and

as they approached the town they were met by the Duke of Lancaster and a numerous company.

Three days after the arrival of the King of Portugal came Reginald de Roye, handsomely attended by knights and squires to the amount of six-score horse, all of whom were properly lodged; for the duke had given the strictest orders that they should be taken care of. On the morrow Sir John Holland and Sir Reginald de Roye armed themselves and rode into a spacious close in Entenca, well sanded, where the tilts were to be performed. Scaffolds were to be erected for the ladies, the kings, the duke, and the many English lords who came to witness this combat. The two knights entered the lists so well armed and equipped that nothing was wanting. Their spears, battle-axes and swords were brought them; and each, being mounted on the best of horses, placed himself about a bow-shot distance from the other, and at times pranced about on their horses, for they knew that every eye was upon them.

All things were now arranged for the combat, which was to include everything except pushing it to extremity, though no one could foresee what mischief might happen, nor how it would end; for they were to tilt with pointed lances, then with swords, which were so sharp that a helmet would scarcely resist their strokes; and these were to be succeeded by battle-axes and daggers, each so well tempered that nothing could withstand them. It was indeed a perilous combat. Having braced their targets, and viewed each other through the visors of their helmets, they spurred their horses, spear in hand. Though they allowed their horses to gallop as they pleased, they advanced on as straight a line as if it had been drawn with a cord, and hit each other on their visors with such force that Sir Reginald's lance was shivered into four pieces, which flew to a greater height than they could have been thrown. All present allowed this to have been gallantly done. Sir John Holland's blow was not equally successful, and I will tell you why. Sir Reginald had but slightly laced on his helmet, so that it was held by one thong only, which broke at the blow, and the helmet flew over his head, leaving Sir Reginald bare-headed. Each passed the other, and Sir John bore his lance without halting. The spectators cried out that it was a hand-

somer course. The knights returned to their stations, where Sir Reginald's helmet was fitted on again, and another lance given to him. Sir John grasped his own, which was not injured. When ready they set off at full gallop, for they held excellent horses under them, which they well know how to manage; again they struck each other on the helmets, so that sparks of fire came from them, but chiefly from Sir John Holland's, who received a very severe blow, for this time the lance did not break; neither did Sir John's, but it hit the visor of his adversary, though without much effect, passing through and leaving it on the crupper of the horse, and Sir Reginald was once more bareheaded. "Ah," cried the English, "he does not fight fair; why is his helmet not as well buckled on as Sir John Holland's? Tell him to put himself on an equal footing with his adversary." "Hold your tongues," said the duke; "let them alone: in arms every one takes what advantage he can. If there is any advantage in the fastening on the helmet, Sir John may do the same; but, for my part, were I in their situation I would lace my helmet as tight as possible." The English, on this, did not interfere further. The ladies declared that the combatants had nobly jousted; they were also very much praised by the King of Portugal. The third course now began: Sir John and Sir Reginald eyed each other to see if any advantage were to be gained, for their horses were so well trained that they could manage them as they pleased; and sticking spurs into them they hit their helmets so sharply that their eyes struck fire and the shafts of their lances were broken. Sir Reginald was again unhelmed, for he could never avoid this, and they passed each other without falling. All again declared that they had well tilted, though the English, with the exception of the Duke of Lancaster, greatly blamed Sir Reginald.

After the course of the lance the combatants fought three rounds with swords, battle-axes and daggers, without either of them being wounded. The French then carried off Sir Reginald to his lodgings, and the English did the same to Sir John Holland.

The Duke of Lancaster entertained all the French knights and squires at dinner. The duchess was seated beside him,

and next to her, Sir Reginald de Roye. After dinner all entered the presence chamber, and the duchess taking Sir Reginald by the hand, led him thither. They were followed by other knights, who conversed on arms and other subjects until wine was brought.

Campaign Between Christian Knights and Saracens in Africa.

The next morning the Christians entered the port of Africa and took up their quarters. The Duke of Bourbon, as commander-in-chief, lodged in the center of his army. The device of his banner, powdered over with flowers-de-luce, was a figure of the Virgin Mary in white, seated in the center, and an escutcheon of Bourbon at her feet; and all the great lords who accompanied him were quartered on the right and left. When the Christians were encamped it was necessary for them to be careful of the provisions they had brought, for they could not venture to forage in the country, nor even collect wood or boughs for huts; they therefore kept their provisions on board the vessels, and there were boats continually employed in bringing different articles for them as they were needed. Moreover, the inhabitants of the neighboring islands, such as Sicily and others, exerted themselves to supply them with all they wanted.

You must know that these infidels, the Saracens, had for a long time been menaced by the Genoese, and had made preparations accordingly. The better to resist them, they assembled on the present occasion the most experienced warriors from the kingdoms of Bugia, Morocco and Tunis. They took advantage of a large and thick wood in their rear, to avoid danger from ambuscades or skirmishers on that side. According to estimate they amounted to about 30,000 archers, and 10,000 horse, and they received continually supplies of fresh provisions which were brought on the backs of camels.

The second day after the Christians had landed the Saracens about dawn came to attack the camp; indeed, during the whole of this siege the Christians were never quiet, for every night and morning the camp was attacked by the enemy.

Among the Saracens was a young knight by name Agadin-

quor Oliferne, excellently mounted on a beautiful courser, which he managed as he willed, and which, when he galloped, seemed to fly with him. From his gallantry he showed he was a good man-at-arms, and when he rode abroad he had with him three javelins well feathered and pointed, which he dexterously flung according to the custom of his country. He was completely armed in black, and had a kind of white napkin wrapped round his head. His seat on horseback was graceful and from the vigor and gallantry of his actions the Christians judged he was excited thereto by his affection to a young lady of the country. True it is, he most sincerely loved the daughter of the King of Tunis, who, according to the report of some Genoese merchants who had seen her, was very handsome. During the siege this knight performed some handsome feats of arms to testify his love.

The Saracens within the town of Africa were anxious to know on what pretence the Christians had come with so large an army to make war upon them, and they resolved to send a person who could speak Genoese to ascertain. The Christians told the messenger that they were come to revenge the injuries which the Saracens had done to their God and faith; and that to effect this they would exert themselves to the utmost of their power. Shortly after this message the Saracens determined in council to remain quiet for seven or eight days, and when the Christians should think themselves in perfect security to fall upon their camp like a deluge. This plan was adopted, and the ninth evening, a little before midnight, they secretly armed their men and marched silently in a compact body towards the Christian camp. They had proposed making a severe attack on the opposite quarter to the main guard, and they would no doubt have succeeded in this mischievous endeavor if God had not watched over and preserved them by miracles.

As the Saracens were approaching they saw before them a company of ladies, dressed in white, one of whom, their leader, was incomparably more beautiful than the rest, and bore in front a white flag, having a vermilion cross in the center, and at this vision they were so greatly terrified that they lost all strength and inclination to proceed.

The Genoese crossbows, as I have heard, had brought with

them a dog from beyond sea, but whence no one could tell, nor did he belong to any person in particular. This dog had been very useful to them, for the Saracens never came to skirmish but by his noise he awakened the army; in consequence of which they called him "the dog of our Lady." This night the dog was not idle, but made a louder noise than usual, so that when the Saracens were approaching the Christians were prepared to receive them.

By an exact account the siege lasted sixty-one days, during which many were the skirmishes before the town and at the barriers. The Saracens, however, were well defended, for the flower of the infidel chivalry was in the town. Night and day the two parties studied how they could most effectually annoy each other. At length the Saracens resolved to send a challenge to the Christians, offering a combat, ten of their men against ten Christians. Most persons in the Christian army were loud in praise of this offer, except the Lord de Coucy, who said, "Hold your tongues, you youngsters; I see no advantage in this combat for many reasons: one is, that ten noble and distinguished gentlemen are about to fight with ten Saracens. How do we know whether the opponents are gentlemen; they may, if they choose, bring to the combat ten varlets or knaves, and if they are defeated what is the gain?" But notwithstanding this speech, the Lord de Coucy armed himself with the rest, and went in good array to meet the Saracens. The challenge was accepted and at the time the whole army was ordered to be drawn up in proper order, so that if the Saracens had formed any bad designs they might be prepared to meet them. The ten knights and squires appointed to engage were advanced on the plain waiting for their opponents, but they came not; for, when they saw the Christians so handsomely drawn out they were afraid to approach, though they were thrice their numbers. This was the hottest day they felt; it was so entirely oppressive that the most active among them were almost stifled in their armour, and yet they remained, expecting the ten Saracens, but in vain, for they never heard one word from them. The army was then ordered forward to attack the town, which it did, and gained by storm the first enclosure, but no one inhabited that part, and the Christians

paid dear for an inconsiderable advantage, for the heat of the sun and its reflections on the sands, added to the fatigue of fighting, which lasted until evening, caused the death of several valiant knights and squires. Thus was the siege of Africa continued. To say the truth, this was a very great enterprise, and those who engaged in it showed much courage and perseverance in continuing the siege in so unhealthy a climate, and after the great losses they had suffered, without assistance from any one. But we must now leave the affairs of Africa to speak of the handsome feasts which at this time were given in London.

—*From Froissart's Chronicles.*

UNHORSING A KNIGHT.

CHAPTER VII.

St. Francis of Assisi.

St. Francis was born in the latter part of the twelfth century in the little town of Assisi, Italy. His father was a cloth merchant and was away in France on business when his son was born. His mother had him christened Giovanni—John—but when Peter Bernardone returned he said the boy should be called Francis, because his father had been in France when he came into the world. Francis he was called and we hear no more of Giovanni.

Peter Bernardone was a prosperous merchant and he determined to give his son every advantage. Francis had inherited a sunny temperament and happy disposition from his mother. His rich apparel, sparkling fun, and ready means soon made him popular with his companions. His friends were chosen from the sons of nobles and Bernardone was proud to feel that his son was favorite among those of noble blood. Throughout his boyhood he lived a happy, care-free existence.

His mother had declared from the first that her son was destined to do great deeds, and she never lost faith in her early prediction. In the changes that came about later she often repeated her belief that Francis would do good in the world, little dreaming in what way this would be brought about.

When scarcely more than a youth Francis had a serious illness. For weeks his life was despaired of, and when at last he recovered he gained strength slowly. Having been face to face with death he felt that he had been spared for some particular purpose. A change came over his life; the old comrades no longer attracted him; he remained alone, not understanding his own moods. His old acquaintances tried in vain to rouse him out of the melancholy into which he sank. He knew only that their mirth no longer diverted, their pranks no

longer appealed to him. Among the poor rather than the rich he now found pleasure, and he often slipped quietly away to take food to the needy or shared his clothing with them. Occasionally he would join his friends in hope of forgetting his own thoughts, but even in the midst of their gayety he was serious. To tease him his companions would exclaim that he was about to take a wife and change his care-free existence for a settled mode of life. Finally he answered back that he was about to wed—Lady Poverty. Even yet his meaning did not dawn upon them.

During his absences from home Peter Bernardone entrusted his business to his son. While he had been entirely willing that Francis should spend money freely for his personal pleasures, he objected seriously when he found that he was using his substance for the poor, and especially for the restoration of the town church that had fallen in decay. When arguments and threats were unavailing to bring his son back to his former habits and to the abandonment of his new desires, Peter Bernardone appealed to the bishop, asking that the goods his son had used be returned to him. Then a dramatic scene occurred, when Francis cast his clothing from him and gave it to his father, saying that God was now his father and henceforth to God alone he would yield obedience. The bishop threw his cloak around the youth, while the crowd that had gathered gazed in wonder at one who would renounce all claim to wealth in this unusual way.

When Francis openly renounced the riches of the world—which had ceased to attract him—and pledged himself to a life of simplicity and service, his old happy ways returned. He went about singing, doing good to others and indifferent to the ridicule often made of him. One day at mass he heard the priest read the words: "Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils; freely ye received, freely give. Get you no gold nor silver, nor brass in your purses; no wallet for your journey, neither two coats, nor shoes, nor staff: for the laborer is worthy of his food." They seemed to bring to him a new message, and after the conclusion of the service Francis cast aside his purse and all unnecessary articles. He procured a coarse tunic over which he wore a brown cloak.

Neither shoes nor hat did he deem longer necessary, and he trusted to the bounty of those he helped for food.

While many still laughed at what they called his folly, some were attracted by his sincerity and austere life. Surely, they thought, there must be something to hold one of his accustomed habits to this new path, barren of the slightest comfort. Gradually others joined him until he had several companions living as he did.

Now Francis thought it best to go to Rome and get the sanction of the Pope to the kind of life he and his followers were leading. Accordingly he set out at once. To understand the difficulty of obtaining the Pope's consent and blessing for such a purpose, it is essential that we recall the conditions prevailing among churchmen generally in this particular age. Great wealth had flowed into the coffers of the Church and monasteries had become immensely rich. Neither priests nor monks longer held to their earlier vows and the inconsistency of their teachings and their practices were flaunted every day in the faces of the people. Small hope was there that these simple men in their brown cloaks would win approval from bishops and cardinals whose very pomp and rich apparel put to scorn their country brothers.

Pope Leo III. received Francis and asked him many questions. The bishops and cardinals likewise questioned him, and he responded to all their queries with frank, straightforward replies. The Pope hesitated and the churchmen plainly disapproved of his methods. Francis was sent away to await a decision.

There is a legend that the Pope dreamed that night that his Church was tottering, and that a slight man clad in a brown cloak supported it. However that may have been, he sent for Francis on the following day and, despite the murmurings of his bishops, blessed the little company of spiritually-minded brothers and allowed them to go forth into the world to teach the principles of Christianity and brotherly love as they understood them.

Now that Francis and his followers had the Papal sanction they were no longer scorned as they had earlier been. On the contrary, they were respected—not only by those to whom they brought assistance and comfort, but by those who

did not personally sympathize with their methods. Francis went about preaching and large crowds gathered to hear him, for he spoke not like the priests, in Latin, but in the language which the people understood.

"If ever men have preached Christ these men did; Christ, nothing but Christ, the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end. They had no system, they had no views, they combatted no opinions, they took no side. . . . 'The pearl of great price—will you have it or not? Whether or not, there are millions sighing for it, crying for it, dying for it. To the poor at any rate the Gospel shall be preached now as of old.' "[1]

In the Middle Ages lepers were not isolated entirely as they are in the most progressive countries to-day. Instead, they lived in little groups outside the city walls. If strangers approached them they called out "Unclean, unclean," but they lived upon alms thrown to them by the compassionate. To such a group of lepers outside the city of Assisi, Francis and his followers often went. They bathed their sores and ministered unto them, bringing some relief to those so wasted by disease that even their own people had cast them out. To the poor and needy the little band of workers went—anywhere, everywhere, carrying messages of cheer and comfort.

Because of increasing numbers it was necessary to have some organization, and Francis founded the order called from his name—Franciscan. The three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience were the ones on which he built. As might be expected, little time and thought was expended upon rules and regulations. A few principles were fundamental; the rest lay in the spirit of the noble founder and through him was transmitted to his followers.

"This is the rule and way of living of the minorite brothers: namely, to observe the holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, living in obedience, without personal possessions, and in chastity. Brother Francis promises obedience and reverence to our lord, Pope Honorius, and to his successors who canonically enter their office, and to the Roman Church. And

[1] The Coming of the Friars, Jessopp, 20.

the other brothers shall be bound to obey brother Francis and his successors."

Next follow directions as to the manner of gaining admission into the Order. The simple apparel to be worn by the "little brothers" is described, and then, with characteristic delicacy St. Francis cautions his brothers not to criticize other men for following another fashion. "And I warn and exhort them lest they despise or judge men whom they shall see clad in soft garments and in colors, using delicate food and drink; but each one shall the rather judge and despise himself."

The brothers are cautioned about entering into contentions with others; while their lives are not to be spent in the cloister, they are to go quietly and peaceably about, blessing mankind. Neither coin nor money could they receive, nor could property come into their possession. To be sure, after the death of the founder some of his precepts were neglected, but for years the Franciscan friars refused to have monasteries deeded to their order.

St. Francis was such a lovable being that when we attempt to analyze his teachings we lose sight of the personality of the man—by far the more important factor, for he was sweet and affectionate, with abundant love for every living thing.

A man of Francis' temperament was sorely needed in the Christian world at this time. Early Christianity had taught that this world was but a preparation for the one to come; whatever was beautiful and alluring here endangered man in his passage through this world to the one beyond. Life had become barren indeed. Those who wished to save their souls frequently withdrew from all possible attractions lest they might be led unawares to dwell a moment upon the wonderful beauty around them. St. Francis did much to restore Nature to her rightful place. He was so overflowing with love for every living thing that he even removed the worm from his path, calling it "little brother" and fearing lest a careless step might crush out its tiny existence.

Legends naturally grew up around such a man in an age when the strange and miraculous was still demanded. Even in our own day there remain plenty of people who value a personality greater if stories that cannot quite be explained

MILAN CATHEDRAL.

be clustered around it. The old cry: "Give us a sign, give us a sign," may yet be felt and sometimes heard. Beautiful legends shortly gathered around all favorite saints, and particularly around the personality of St. Francis. Best known probably is the one connected with the sermon he once preached to the little birds. That he actually preached such a sermon we need not doubt; it is wholly in accordance with his being.

"And as with great fervour he was going on the way, he lifted up his eyes and beheld some trees hard by the road whereon sat a great company of birds well-nigh without number; whereat St. Francis marvelled, and said to his companions: 'Ye shall wait for me here upon the way and I will go to preach unto my little sisters, the birds.' And he went into the field and began to preach unto the birds that were on the ground; and immediately those that were on the trees flew down to him, and they all of them remained still and quiet together until St. Francis made an end of preaching; and not even then did they depart, until he had given them his blessing. And according to what Brother Masseo afterwards related unto Brother Jacques da Massa, St. Francis went among them, touching them with his cloak, howbeit none moved from out his place. The sermon that St. Francis preached unto them was after this fashion: 'My little sisters, the birds, much bounded are ye unto God, your Creator, and always in every place ought ye to praise Him for that He hath given you liberty to fly about everywhere, and hath also given you double and triple raiment; moreover, He preserved your seed in the ark of Noah, that your race might not perish out of the world; still more are ye beholden to Him for the element of the air which He hath appointed for you; beyond all this, ye sow not, neither do ye reap; and God feedeth you, and giveth you the streams and fountains for your drink; the mountains and the valleys for your refuge, and the high trees whereon to make your nests; and because ye know not how to spin or sew, God clotheth you much, seeing that He hath bestowed on you so many benefits; and therefore, my little sisters, beware of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to give praise unto God.' When as St. Francis spake these words to them, those birds began all of them to open their beaks, and stretch their necks, and spread their wings, and reverently bend their heads down

to the ground, and by their acts and by their songs to show that the holy Father gave them joy exceedingly great. And St. Francis rejoiced with them, and was glad, and marvelled much at so great a company of birds and their most beautiful diversity and their good heed and sweet friendliness, for which cause he devoutly praised their Creator in them. At the last, having ended the preaching, St. Francis made over them the sign of the cross, and gave them leave to go away; and thereby all the birds with wondrous singing rose up in the air; and then, in the fashion of the cross that St. Francis had made over them, divided themselves into four parts; and the one part flew toward the East, and the other toward the West, and the other toward the South, and the fourth toward the North, and each flight went on its way singing wondrous songs; signifying thereby that even as St. Francis, the standard-bearer of the Cross of Christ, had preached unto them, and made over them the sign of the cross, after the pattern of which they separated themselves unto the four parts of the world: even so the preaching of the Cross of Christ, renewed by St. Francis, would be carried by him and the brothers throughout all the world; the which brothers, after the fashion of the birds, possessing nothing of their own in this world, commit their lives unto the providence of God."[2]

Filled with his inspiration and beautiful life, the brothers of St. Francis worked with him while he lived, and carried on his work after his death, and even unto our own generation the work of the Order continues. No longer do the brothers go about as they once did, but that is because the time has passed for their particular form of organization. During the Middle Ages the poor friars were the salt of the earth, and they did much to make the world a better place to live in. And the mission of St. Francis is not yet finished, and his influence is felt by many still who carry on his work in a somewhat different way. Wherever men and women put aside purely personal interests and go forth to comfort the sick, aid the fallen, cheer the weak and heal the broken-hearted, there the work of St. Francis of Assisi goes on, and the life of service, taught by Christ and renewed by him, is exemplified, even as it was by the Franciscan Friars of old.

[2] The Little Flowers of St. Francis.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARCO POLO'S TRAVELS.

In the Thirteenth Century, Marco Polo accompanied his father from Venice upon a tour throughout Asia. This has been made famous by the accounts left by Marco Polo in his Book of Travels.

Detached bits of information pertaining to trade and other industrial matters, together with such portions of the narrative as throw light upon conditions of travel, have here been selected. His journey fell into three general divisions: Western Asia as traversed by the caravan—sea routes—the Black Sea, Tigris-Euphrates valleys and the Persian Gulf; the wealthy manufacturing and mercantile cities of Eastern China; the rich islands of the Malay Archipelago and the coast of India.

There is no question but that Polo's book did much to stimulate men to travel and to interest them in lands beyond their own horizon.

The Plain of Formosa.

When you have ridden two days you come to the Ocean Sea, and on the shore you find a city with a harbor which is called Hormos.[1] Merchants come hither from India, with ships loaded with spicery and precious stones, pearls, cloths of

[1] Hormos—Mormuz, a harbor on the east coast, about where the Persian Gulf empties into the Indian Ocean. Kerman, a town in Persia directly north—some distance from this harbor. In this country of Persia there is a great supply of fine horses; and the people take them to India for sale, for they are horses of great price, a single one being worth as much of their money as is equal to 200 livres Tournois; some will be more, some less, according to the quality. Here also are the finest asses in the world, one of them being worth full 30 marks of silver, for they are very large and fast, and acquire a capital amble. Dealers carry them to Kisi and Curmosa, two cities on the shores of the Sea of India, and there they meet with merchants who take the horses on to India for sale.

In this country there are many cruel and murderous people, so that

silk and gold, elephants' teeth, and many other wares, which they sell to the merchants of Hormos, and which these in turn carry all over the world to dispose of again. In fact, 'tis a city of immense trade. It is a very sickly place, and the heat of the sun is tremendous. If any foreign merchant dies there, the King takes all his property.

The ships here are wretched affairs, and many of them get lost; for they have no iron fastenings and are only stitched together with twine made from the husk of the Indian nut. They beat this husk until it becomes like horse hair, and from that they spin twine, and with this stitch the planks of the ships together. It keeps well and is not corroded by the sea-water, but it will not stand well in a storm. The ships are not pitched, but are rubbed with fish-oil. They have one mast, one sail, and one rudder, and have no deck, but only a cover spread over the cargo when loaded. This cover consists of hides, and on top of these hides they put the horses which they take to India for sale. They have no iron to make nails of, and for this reason they use only wooden trenails in their shipbuilding, and then stitch the planks with twine, as I have told you. Hence 'tis a perilous business to go a voyage in one of those ships, and many of them are lost, for in that Sea of India the storms are terrible.

One must return to the earlier city of Kerman, for we cannot get to the countries to the north without going through that city.

BAUDAS.[3]

Baudas is a great city, which used to be the seat of the Calif of all the Saracens in the world, just as Rome is the seat

no day passes but there is some homicide among them. Were it not for the Government, which is that of the Tartars of the Levant, they would do great mischief to merchants; and indeed, maugre the Government, they often succeed in doing much mischief. Unless merchants be well armed they run the risk of being murdered, or at least robbed of everything; and it sometimes happens that a whole party perishes in this way when not on their guard. The people are all Saracens—followers of the Law of Mohammed.

In the cities there are traders and artisans who live by their labor and crafts, weaving cloths of gold, and silk stuffs of sundry kinds. They have plenty of cotton produced in the country; and abundance of wheat, barley, millet, panick, and wine, with fruits of all kinds.

[3] Baudas was on the Tigris, half way down to the Gulf; Bastra lay much nearer the Gulf.

of the Pope of all the Christians. A very great river flows through the city, and by this you can descend to the Sea of India. There is a great traffic of merchants with their goods this way; they descend some eighteen days from Baudas, and then come to a certain city called Kisi, where they enter the Sea of India. There is also on the river as you go from Baudas to Kisi,[3] a great city called Bastra, surrounded by woods, in which grow the best dates in the world.

In Baudas they weave many different kinds of silk stuffs and gold brocades, such as *nasich,*[4] and *nac,* and *cramoisy,*[5] and many other beautiful tissues richly wrought with figures of beasts and birds. It is the noblest and greatest city in these parts.

Mausul.[6]

All the cloths of gold and silk that are called *Mosolins* are made in this country; and those great merchants called Mosolins who carry for sale such quantities of spicery and pearls and cloths of silk and gold, are also from this kingdom. Near this province is another called Mus and Merdin, producing an immense quantity of cotton, from which they make a great deal of buckram[7] and other cloth. The people are craftsmen and traders, and all are subject to the Tartar king.

Georgiania.[8]

In this province all the forests are of box-wood. There are numerous towns and villages, and silk is produced in great abundance. They also weave cloths of gold, and all

[3] Kisi was located on the Persian Gulf on the eastern side, two-thirds of the way down to the Indian Ocean.

[4] *Nasich* and *nac* were gold brocades; silk embroidered with gold.

[5] *Cramoisy* derived its name from the insect Kermes, originally crimson. Later name signified a certain stuff, of varying color. Brocades wrought with figures of animals still made at Benares, called by a name which means: hunting-grounds or beast-hunts.

[6] Mausul was located on the upper Tigris River, and Mus and Merdin were north of it, in the same river valley.

[7] Buckram was quite a different material in Mediaeval times than now. It appears to have been a fine fabric, often cotton, sometimes linen, often white.

[8] This province he calls Georgiania, and it embraced the district between the Black and Caspian Seas. The Sea referred to is the Caspian. Box-wood was an important article of Genoese trade; goshawks were birds—mountain falcons. The Caspian fisheries are still very valuable.

kinds of very fine silk stuffs. The country produces the best goshawks in the world. It has indeed no lack of anything, and the people live by trade and handicrafts.

That sea whereof I spoke as coming so near the mountains is called the Sea of Ghelan. It is twelve days' journey distant from any other sea, whilst it is surrounded with mountains. Of late the merchants of Genoa have begun to navigate this sea, carrying ships across and launching them thereupon. It is from the country on this sea also that the silk called *Ghelle* is brought. The said sea produces quantities of fish, especially sturgeon, salmon, and other big kinds of fish.

Layas.

Howbeit, they have a city upon the sea, which is called Layas,[9] at which there is a great trade. For you must know that all the spicery,[10] and the cloths of silk and gold, and the other valuable wares that come from the interior, are brought to that city. And the merchants of Venice and Genoa, and other countries, come thither to sell their goods, and to buy what they lack. And whatsoever persons would travel to the interior (of the East) they take their way by this city of Layas.

Pamier.

You get to such a height that 'tis said to be the highest place in the world. The plain is called Pamier, and you ride across it for twelve days together, finding nothing but a desert without habitation or any green thing, so that travellers are obliged to carry with them whatever they have need of. This region is so lofty and cold that you do not even see any birds flying. And I must notice also that because of this great cold, fire does not burn so brightly, nor give out so much heat as usual, nor does it cook food so effectually.

Now if we go on with our journey towards the east northeast, we travel a good forty days, continually passing

[9] Layas, a city at the northeastern extremity of the Mediterranean Sea. By direct sea route from Antioch and by land, on the road to Damascus to the southeast.

[10] Spicery included much beside mere spices: drugs, dye-stuffs, wax, metals, cotton, etc., included in some lists.

over mountains and hills, or through valleys, and crossing many rivers and tracts of wilderness. And in all this way you find neither habitation of man, nor any green thing, but must carry with you whatever you require. The country is called Bolar. . . .

Cambaluc.

You must know that the city of Cambaluc [11] hath such a multitude of houses, and such a vast population inside the walls and outside, that it seems quite past all possibility. There is a suburb outside each of the gates, which are twelve in number and these suburbs are so great that they contain more people than the city itself. In those suburbs lodge the foreign merchants and travelers, of whom there are always a great number who have come to bring presents to the Emperor, or to sell articles at Court, or because the city affords so good a mart to attract traders. There are in each of the suburbs, to a distance of a mile from the city, numerous fine hostelries [12] for the lodgment of merchants from different parts of the world, and a special hostelry is assigned to each description of people, as if we should say there is one for the Lombards, another for the Germans, and a third for the Frenchmen.

To this city also are brought articles of greater cost and rarity, and in greater abundance of all kinds, than to any other city in the world. For people of every description, and from every region, bring things—including all the costly wares of India, as well as the fine and precious goods of Cathay itself with its provinces—some for the sovereign, some for the court, some for the city which is great, some for the crowds of Barons and Knights, some for the great hosts of the Emperor which are quartered round about; and thus between court and city the quantity brought in is endless.

As a sample, I tell you, no day in the year passes that there do not enter the city 1,000 cart-loads of silk alone, from which are made quantities of cloth of silk and gold, and of other goods. And this is not to be wondered at, for in all the countries round about there is no flax, so that everything has to be made of silk. It is true, indeed, that in some parts

[11] Cambaluc—old city on the site of Peking.
[12] Hostelry, used in the sense of *factory,* as used in Greek colony.

of the country there is cotton and hemp, but not sufficient for their wants. This, however, is not of much consequence, because silk is so abundant, and cheap, and is a more valuable substance than either flax or cotton.

Round about this great city of Cambaluc there are some 200 cities at various distances, from which traders come to sell their goods and buy others for their lords, and all find means to make their sales and purchases, so that the traffic of the city is passing great.

When you leave the city of Cambaluc and have ridden ten miles, you come to a very large river which is called Pulisanghin,[13] and flows into the ocean, so that merchants with their merchandise ascend it from the sea. Over this river there is a very fine stone bridge, so fine indeed that it has very few equals. The fashion of it is this: It is 300 paces in length, and it must have a good eight paces of width, for ten mounted men can ride across it abreast. It has 24 arches and as many water-mills, and it is all of a very fine marble, well built and firmly founded. Along the top of the bridge there is on either side a parapet of marble slabs and columns, made in this way: At the beginning of the bridge there is a marble column, and under it a marble lion, so that the column stands upon the lion's loins, whilst on the top of the column there is a second marble lion, both being of great size and beautifully executed sculpture. At the distance of a pace from this column there is another precisely the same, also with its two lions, and the space between them is closed with slabs of gray marble to prevent people from falling over into the water. And thus the columns run from space to space along either side of the bridge, so that altogether it is a beautiful object.

When you leave the bridge, and ride towards the west, finding all the way excellent hostelries for travellers, with fine wine-yards, fields and gardens, and springs of water, you come after 30 miles to a fine large city called Juju,[14] where there are many abbeys of adolaters, and the people live by

[13] The name Polo gives the river—the Yellow River—means simply: "The stone bridge." He is leaving the city to the west. Later authorities decrease the number of arches in the bridge.

[14] Juju is Cho-chau—forty miles from Pekin.

trade and manufacture. They weave cloths of silk and gold, and very fine taffetas. Here, too, there are many hostelries for travellers.

After riding a mile beyond this city you find two roads, one of which goes west and the other southeast. The westerly road is that through Cathay, and the southeasterly one goes towards the province of Manzi.

Taking the westerly one through Cathay, and travelling by it for ten days, you find a constant succession of cities and boroughs, with numerous thriving villages, all abounding with trade and manufactures, besides the fine fields and vineyards and dwellings of civilized people.

After riding ten days from the city of Juju, you find yourself in a kingdom called Taianfu, and the city at which you arrive, which is the capital, is also called Taianfu, a very great and fine city.

Taianfu [15] is a place of great trade and great industry, for here they manufacture a large quantity of the most necessary equipments for the army of the Emperor. There grow here many excellent vines, supplying great plenty of wine; and in all Cathay this is the only place where wine is produced. It is carried hence all over the country. There is also a great deal of silk here, for the people have great quantities of mulberry trees, and silk-worms.

From this city of Taianfu you ride westward again for seven days, through fine districts with plenty of towns, and boroughs, all enjoying much trade and practicing various kinds of industry. Out of these districts go forth not a few great merchants, who travel to India and other foreign regions, buying and selling and getting gain. After those seven days' journey you arrive at a city called Pianfu, a large and important place, with a number of traders living by commerce and industry. It is a place too where silk is largely produced.

When you leave the city and travel about 20 miles westward, you come to a river called Caramoran, [16] so big that no

[15] Taianfu is T'ai-yaun Fu, capital of the province of Shan-si.

[16] Caramoran—Black River—a name applied to the Howang Ho, or Yellow, which he crosses again. Silk is no longer made in these vicinities, probably owing to a change of climate.

bridge can be thrown across it; for it is of immense width and depth, and reaches to the Great Ocean that encircles the Universe. On this river there are many cities and walled towns, and many merchants too therein, for much traffic takes place upon the river, there being a great deal of ginger and a great deal of silk produced in the country.

After passing the river and travelling two days westward you come to the noble city of Cachanfu. It is a city of great trade and of work in gold-tissues of many sorts, as well as other kinds of industry.

And when you leave the city of Cachanfu and travel eight days westward, you meet with cities and boroughs abounding in trade and industry, and quantities of beautiful trees, and gardens, and fine plains planted with mulberries, which are the trees on the leaves of which the silkworms feed. . . .

And when you have traveled those eight days you come to the great city called Kenjanfu.[17] It is a city of great trade and industry. They have great abundance of silk, from which they weave cloths of silk and gold of divers kinds, and they also manufacture all sorts of equipments for an army. They have every necessity of man's life very cheap.

India.

And first let us speak of the ships in which merchants go to and fro amongst the Isles of India.

These ships, you must know, are of fir timber.[18] They have but one deck, though each of them contains some 50 or 60 cabins, wherein the merchants abide greatly at their ease, every man having one to himself. The ship hath but one rudder, but it hath four masts; and sometimes they have two additional masts, which they ship and unship at pleasure.

Moreover, the larger of their vessels have some 13 com-

[17] Kenjanfu is Sin-gan-Fu, capital of Shensi. The eight days' journey through richly cultivated plains run up the basin of the Wei River, most important agricultural region of Northwest China. The loess gives yellow tinge to the whole landscape. Here it is said, originated the word *hwang* —yellow. It was the color of this soil that suggested the color for use of imperial majesty.

[18] Chief timber for shipbuilding in Canton is still pine. Ropes were attached to the sweeps to pull by, as the timber itself was too bulky to grasp. Chinese sea-going vessels of those days larger than those used by Europeans.

partments or severances in the interior, made with planking strongly framed, in case mayhap the ship should spring a leak, either by running on a rock or by the blow of a hungry whale. In such case the water that enters the leak flows to the bilge, which is always kept clear; and the mariners having ascertained where the damage is, empty the cargo from that compartment into those adjoining, for the planking is so well fitted that the water cannot pass from one compartment to another. They then stop the leak and replace the lading.

The fastenings are all of good iron nails and the sides are double, one plank laid over the other, and caulked outside and in. The planks are not pitched, for those people do not have any pitch, but they daub the sides with another matter, deemed by them far better than pitch. It is this: You see they take some lime and some chopped hemp, and these they knead together with a certain wood-oil; and when the three are thoroughly amalgamated, they hold like any glue. And with this mixture they do paint their ships.

Each of their great ships requires at least 200 mariners—some of them 300. They are indeed of great size, for one ship shall carry 5,000 or 6,000 baskets of pepper. And aboard these ships when there is no wind they use sweeps, and these sweeps are so big that to pull them requires four mariners to each. Every great ship has certain tenders attached to it; these are large enough to carry 1,000 baskets of pepper, and carry 50 or 60 mariners apiece, and they are likewise moved by oars; they assist the great ship by towing her, at such times as the sweeps are in use—or even when she is under sail, if the wind be somewhat on the beam; not if the wind be astern, for then the sails of the big ship would take the wind out of those of the tenders and she would run them down. Each ship has two or three of these tenders, but one is bigger than the others. There are also some ten smaller boats for the service of each great ship, to lay out the anchors, catch fish, bring supplies on board, and the like.

When the ship is under sail she carries these boats slung to her sides. And the large tenders have their boats in like manner.

When the ship has been a year in work and they wish to repair her, they nail on a third plank over the first two, and

caulk and pay it well; and when another repair is wanted they nail on yet another plank, and so on year by year, as it is required. Howbeit they do this only for a certain number of years, and till there are six thicknesses of planking. Then they take her no more upon the seas, but make use of her for coasting as long as she will last and then they break her up. . . .

MALIBAR.

Malibar is a great kingdom lying towards the west.

From this kingdom there go forth every year more than 100 corsair vessels on cruize. These pirates take with them their wives and children, and stay out the whole summer. Their method is to join in fleets of 20 or 30 of these pirate vessels together, and then they form what they call a sea cordon; that is, they drop off till there is an interval of five or six miles between ship and ship, so that they can cover something like 100 miles of sea, and no merchant ship can escape them. When any corsair sights a vessel a signal is made by fire or smoke, and then the whole of them make for this, and seize the merchants and plunder them. After they have plundered them they let them go, saying: "Go along with you and get more gain, and that mayhap will fall to us also." But now the merchants are aware of this, and go so well manned and armed, and with such great ships, that they don't fear the corsairs. Still mishaps do befall them at times.

There is in this kingdom a great quantity of pepper, and ginger, and cinnamon, and of nuts of India. They also manufacture very delicate and beautiful buckrams. The ships that come from the east bring copper in ballast. They also bring hither cloths of gold and silk; also gold and silver, cloves and other fine spices for which there is demand here and exchange them for the products of this country.

Ships come hither from many quarters, but especially from the great province of Manzi. Coarse spices are exported hence to Manzi and to the west, and that which is carried by the merchants to Aden goes on to Alexandria, but the ships that go in the latter direction are not one to ten of those that go to the eastward.

CHAPTER IX.

EARLIEST FICTION.

The far-off beginnings of the drama are to be found in dances and imitations of the hunt popular among primitive peoples; or, to speak more accurately, it has been shown that the feeling which prompted to these, expanded, developed, refined, has under favorable circumstances resulted in a perfected drama. Similarly, in tracing the novel back to its earliest form, we come to the tales of ancient peoples.

So far as known, the people of earliest recorded life were the Egyptians. Comparatively few remains of their literature survive, and it has long been supposed that they did not produce prolific writers. Nevertheless, each year more papyri are recovered and translated, and today the discreet historian finds safety in the statement that we cannot now tell how extensive a literature may once have existed in the valley of the Nile.

No satisfactory definition of the novel has thus far been offered; but though difficult to express in the terse language of definitions, it is not difficult to state its general characteristics. A novel is a little picture of life, involving a plot, or connected story, presenting characters endowed with emotions and passions common to humanity—and so given the semblance of reality. The setting and manner of treatment depend altogether upon the author, his purposes and methods. Fragmentary stories bearing remote relation to the novel have been found in Egypt; those translated from the Westcar Papyrus have been given the name: *Tales of the Magicians.* Belonging probably to the Pyramid age, they purport to be wonder stories told by the princes for the entertainment of their father, Khufu—the king. It is not easy always to determine who is speaking—whether the prince, the "chief-reciter," or the king himself. One of these tales relates this incident: An early pharaoh made a progress to the chief-reciter of his time; the chief-reciter's wife became enamoured of a page in the royal train. Their bald intrigue was reported

to the injured husband by a servant; whereupon the chief-reciter—a magician—fashioned a tiny crocodile of wax; by speaking magic words, he caused it to expand into a monster crocodile. This he now commanded, after the manner of Jonah's whale, to swallow the page as he bathed in the river. Desiring the king to witness his power, he summoned him to watch; at his command the crocodile delivered the page uninjured. At this the king marvelled greatly—as well he might—and he told the crocodile to keep his prey; thereupon both page and crocodile vanished forever.

"Plot scarcely exists except in the vague sense that the events mentioned preceded, though they did not cause or lead up to, the work of magic. Of emotional excitement, there is none whatever. No faintest suggestion is given of the state of mind of the injured husband, the detected wife, or the devoured and redevoured page. They are dealt with in a manner wholly objective, and go through their parts like so many automata merely that the crocodile may appear."[1]

In another of these Tales, the king wearied, the chief-reciter suggests a ride upon the river. One of the maidens loses a ring which, to her dismay, slips from her finger and disappears. When she refuses to be consoled for its loss, the chief-reciter causes the waters to divide and rise high on either side while he rescues the ring. No plot involves the ring; no further mention is made of it. It serves simply to enable the chief-reciter to display his magic power. With the same naïvety might children create a story to show forth the wonders of magic.

Better known than these is the story of Bata—sometimes called *The Two Brothers.* This is ascribed to the twelfth dynasty and shows some advance over the earlier collection. Bata was a peasant who tilled the soil and found pleasure in communing with the dumb cattle, who were his friends. He dwelt with his elder married brother, with whom he worked and whom to some extent he served.

"Now at the time of plowing, his elder brother said unto him: 'Let us make ready for ourselves a yoke of oxen for plowing; for the land has come out from the water; it is good for plowing in this state; and do thou come to the field

[1] Horne: Technique of the Novel, 34.

with corn, for we will begin the plowing in the morrow morning.'

"Now when the earth lighted and the second day came, they went to the fields with their yoke of oxen; and their hearts were pleased exceedingly with that which they accomplished in the beginning of their work."

It happened shortly that Bata was sent back to the dwelling to fetch more grain for the sowing; the wife, who had been strongly attracted by the youth, besought him to tarry with her; whereupon he became exceedingly angry, saying: "Behold, thou art to me as a mother; thy husband is to me as a father; for he who is elder than I hath brought me up." Saying which, he strode away to the fields. The guilty wife, fearing that her words might be repeated to her husband, fabricated a story which compromised the younger brother. The enraged husband plotted to kill Bata, who escaped only by warning of the kindly cattle. Early in the tale the way is prepared for their intervention; we are told that Bata "used to walk behind his cattle, they saying to him: 'Good is the herbage which is in such a place;' and he harkened to all that they said, and he took them to the pasture which they desired."

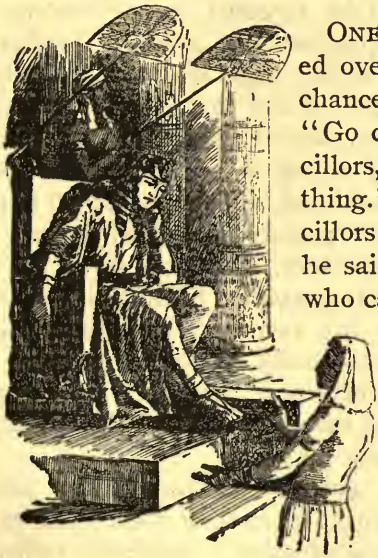
Pursued by his infuriated brother, Bata was saved by a magical river which conveniently appeared, filled with crocodiles. Across the stream the two conversed and the truth became known. However, Bata would no longer return to his brother; he determined to become a hermit. The guilty wife was slain and her husband mourned for his lost brother, whose later experiences complete the tale.

Plot is not lacking here and the characters are less shadowy. We can follow the brothers in their homely duties, and although we feel that the background is accidently rather than purposely included, it is just such a setting as a story of Egyptian peasantry would have. There is, moreover, a suggestion of a moral in the narrative.

A fragment of a Babylonian story has been found but is too slight to supply helpful data. It appears to belong to a later period and to be Eastern in origin.

TALES OF THE MAGICIANS.

In the Berlin Museum there is a manuscript, known as the Westcar papyrus, containing tales of magicians. It was written in the Middle Kingdom, but refers to a much earlier time, and represents the stories as told to King Khufu (Cheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid) by his sons. Two of these are here given, with slight modifications, from the version by W. M. Flinders Petrie, in his "Egyptian Tales." These remarkable fictions of remote antiquity are in strange contrast with other remains of Egyptian literature, yet are closely akin to Oriental stories of later times.



One day, when King Khufu reigned over all the land, he said to his chancellor, who stood before him, "Go call me my sons and my councillors, that I may ask of them a thing." And his sons and his councillors came and stood before him, and he said to them, "Know ye a man who can tell me tales of the deeds of the magicians?"

Then the royal son Khafra stood forth and said, "I will tell thy majesty a tale of the days of thy forefather Nebka, the blessed; of what came to pass when he went into the temple of Ptah of Ankhtaui."

The Magical Crocodile.

His majesty was walking unto the temple of Ptah, and went unto the house of the chief reciter Uba-aner, with his train. Now when the wife of Uba-aner saw a page, among those who stood behind the king, her heart longed after him; and she sent her servant unto him, with a present of a box full of garments.

And he came then with the servant. Now there was a lodge in the garden of Uba-aner; and one day the page said to the wife of Uba-aner, "In the garden of Uba-aner there is now a lodge; behold, let us therein take our pleasure." So the wife of Uba-aner sent to the steward who had charge over the garden, saying, "Let the lodge which is in the garden be made ready." And she remained there, and rested and drank with the page until the sun went down.

And when the even was now come the page went forth to bathe. And the steward said, "I must go and tell Uba-aner of this matter." Now when this day was past, and another day came, then went the steward to Uba-aner, and told him of all these things.

Then said Uba-aner, "Bring me my casket of ebony and electrum." And they brought it; and he fashioned a crocodile of wax, seven fingers long: and he enchanted it, and said, "When the page comes and bathes in my lake, seize on him." And he gave it to the steward, and said to him, "When the page shall go down into the lake to bathe, as he is daily wont to do, then throw in this crocodile behind him." And the steward went forth bearing the crocodile.

And the wife of Uba-aner sent to the steward who had charge over the garden, saying, "Let the lodge which is in the garden be made ready, for I come to tarry there."

And the lodge was prepared with all good things; and she came and made merry therein with the page. And when the even was now come, the page went forth to bathe as he was wont to do. And the steward cast in the wax crocodile after him into the water; and, behold! it became a great crocodile seven cubits in length, and it seized on the page.

And Uba-aner abode yet seven days with the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Nebka, the blessed, while the page was stifled in the crocodile. And after the seven days were passed, the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Nebka, the blessed, went forth, and Uba-aner went before him.

And Uba-aner said unto his majesty, "Will your majesty come and see this wonder that has come to pass in your days unto a page?" And the king went with him. And Uba-aner called unto the crocodile and said "Bring forth the

page." And the crocodile came forth from the lake with the page. Uba-aner said unto the king, "Behold, whatever I command this crocodile, he will do it." And his majesty said, "I pray you send back this crocodile." And Uba-aner stooped and took up the crocodile, and it became in his hand a crocodile of wax. And then Uba-aner told the king that which had passed in his house with the page and his wife. And his majesty said unto the crocodile, "Take to thee thy prey." And the crocodile plunged into the lake with his prey, and no man knew whither he went.

And his majesty the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Nebka, the blessed, commanded, and they brought forth the wife of Uba-aner to the north side of the harem, and burnt her with fire, and cast her ashes in the river.

This is a wonder that came to pass in the days of thy forefather the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Nebka, of the acts of the chief reciter, Uba-aner.

His majesty the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Khufu, then said, "Let there be presented to the King Nebka, the blessed, a thousand loaves, a hundred draughts of beer, an ox, two jars of incense; and let there be presented a loaf, a jar of beer, a jar of incense, and a piece of meat to the chief reciter, Uba-aner; for I have seen the token of his learning." And they did all things as his majesty commanded.

The Lost Jewel.

The royal son Baufra then stood forth and spake. He said, "I will tell thy majesty of a wonder which came to pass in the days of thy father, Seneferu, the blessed, of the deeds of the chief reciter, Zazamankh."

One day King Seneferu, being weary, went throughout his palace seeking for a pleasure to lighten his heart, but he found none. And he said, "Haste, and bring before me the chief reciter and scribe of the rolls, Zazamankh;" and they straightway brought him. And the king said, "I have sought in my palace for some delight, but I have found none." Then said Zazamankh to him, "Let thy majesty go upon the lake of the palace, and let there be made ready a

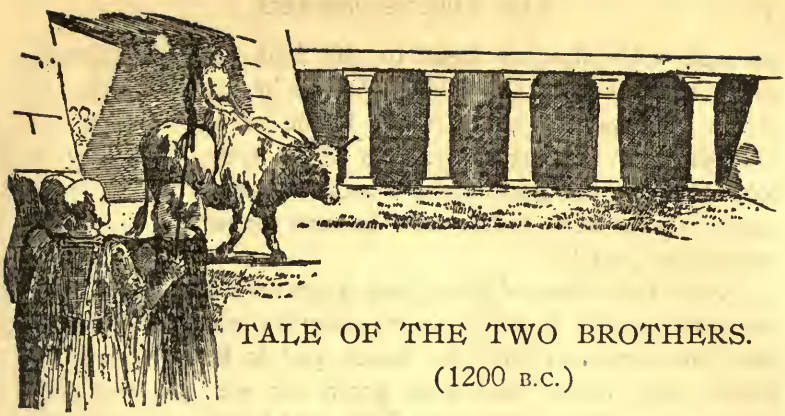
boat, with all the fair maidens of the harem of thy palace; and the heart of thy majesty shall be refreshed with the sight, in seeing their rowing up and down the water, and seeing the goodly pools of the birds upon the lake, and beholding its sweet fields and grassy shores; thus will thy heart be lightened. And I also will go with thee. Bring me twenty oars of ebony, inlaid with gold, with blades of light wood, inlaid with electrum; and bring me twenty maidens, fair in their limbs, their bosoms and their hair, all virgins; and bring me twenty nets, and give these nets unto the maidens for their garments." And they did according to all the commands of his majesty.

And they rowed down the stream and up the stream, and the heart of his majesty was glad with the sight of their rowing. But one of them at the steering struck her hair, and her jewel of new malachite fell into the water. And she ceased her song, and rowed not; and her companions ceased, and rowed not. And his majesty said, "Row you not further?" And they replied, "Our little steerer here stays and rows not." His majesty then said to her, "Wherefore rowest thou not?" She replied, "It is for my jewel of new malachite which is fallen in the water." And he said to her, "Row on, for behold I will replace it." And she answered, "But I want my own piece back in its setting." And his majesty said, "Haste, bring me the chief reciter, Zazamankh," and they brought him. And his majesty said, "Zazamankh, my brother, I have done as thou saidst, and the heart of his majesty is refreshed with the sight of their rowing. But now a jewel of new malachite of one of the little ones is fallen in the water, and she ceases and rows not, and she has spoilt the rowing of her side. And I said to her, 'Wherefore rowest thou not?' and she answered to me, 'It is for my jewel of new malachite which is fallen in the water.' I replied to her, 'Row on, for behold I will replace it;' and she answered to me, 'But I want my own piece again back in its setting.'" Then the chief reciter, Zazamankh, spake his magic speech. And he placed one part of the waters of the lake upon the other, and discovered the jewel lying upon a shard; and he took it up and gave it unto its mistress. And the water,

which was twelve cubits deep in the middle, reached now to twenty-four cubits after he turned it. And he spake, and used his magic speech; and he brought again the water of the lake to its place. And his majesty spent a joyful day with the whole of the royal house. Then rewarded he the chief reciter, Zazamankh, with all good things. Behold, this is a wonder that came to pass in the days of thy father, the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Seneferu, of the deeds of the chief reciter, the scribe of the rolls, Zazamankh.

Then said the majesty of the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Khufu, the blessed, "Let there be presented an offering of a thousand cakes, one hundred draughts of beer, an ox, and two jars of incense to the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Seneferu, the blessed; and let there be given a loaf, a jar of beer, and a jar of incense to the chief reciter, the scribe of the rolls, Zazamankh; for I have seen the token of his learning." And they did all things as his majesty commanded.

NOTE.—The Book of Exodus shows the influence of the magicians in the affairs of Egypt. These tales, belonging to a still earlier period, confirm this idea. The transformation of the wax crocodile to a living reptile recalls the story of the magicians' rods changed to serpents. The reciter, who entertains the king with stories, is also the chief scribe of the rolls, that is, keeper of the archives or librarian of the palace, and likewise a powerful magician. Yet his wife, as in tragedies of later date, proves unfaithful, and indicates her illicit choice by a present of garments. A singular vengeance follows detection of the crime. The king approves the reciter's exercise of his power, and orders the guilty wife to be burnt. The second story is of lighter tone, yet not without a trace of Biblical coloring. Even in remote antiquity kings suffered from ennui, and their courtiers were obliged to find diversion for them. Success was liberally rewarded. Respect for the deified ancestor required that he also should be honored with an offering, perhaps only nominal.



TALE OF THE TWO BROTHERS.

(1200 B.C.)

THE Tale of the Two Brothers is the most famous of the stories which have come from ancient Egypt. The first part bears a striking resemblance to the well-known story of Joseph. But after the false accusation is detected, the character of the story is greatly changed. It now becomes a series of transformations such as are found in the mythical tales of Asia. Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie connects it with the Phrygian myth of Atys or Attis, which has been put in classical Latin dress by Catullus.

This tale is found in the D'Orbiney Papyrus in the British Museum. The roll had been written for the entertainment of Seti II. (1209-1205 B.C.) when crown-prince, but it is judged that the original story was much older, and was enlarged by the scribe Anena (or Enna).

ONCE there were two brothers, of one mother and one father; Anpu was the name of the elder, and Bata was the name of the younger. Anpu had a house and a wife. But his little brother was to him as a son; he made for him his clothes; he followed his oxen to the fields; he did the ploughing; he harvested the grain; he did for him all the matters that were in the field. The younger brother grew to be an excellent worker, there was not his equal in the whole land; the spirit of a god was in him.

Now Bata followed his oxen, and every evening he turned again to the house, laden with all the herbs of the field, with milk and wood, and with all things of the field, and he put them down before his elder brother, who was sitting with his wife; and he drank and ate, and he lay down in his stable with the cattle. And at the dawn of day he took bread which he had baked, and laid it before his elder brother; and

he took with him his bread to the field, and he drove his cattle to pasture in the fields. And as he walked behind his cattle, they said to him, "Good is the herbage which is in that place;" and he listened to all that they said, and he took them to the good place which they desired. And the cattle which were before him became excellent, and they multiplied greatly.

Now at the time of ploughing Anpu said unto Bata, "Let us make ready a goodly yoke of oxen for ploughing, for the land has come out from the water, and is fit for ploughing. Come thou to the field with grain, for we will begin the ploughing on the morrow." Thus said he to him; and Bata did all things as his elder brother had spoken.

And when the morn was come, they went to the fields with their things; and their hearts were pleased exceedingly with their task in the beginning of their work. And it came to pass that as they were in the field they stopped for grain, and Anpu sent his younger brother, saying, "Haste thou, bring us grain from the farm." And Bata found the wife of his elder brother, as she was sitting tiring her hair. He said to her, "Get up, and give me grain, that I may run to the field, for my elder brother hastened me; do not delay." She said to him, "Go, open the bin, and thou shalt take to thyself according to thy will, that I may not drop my locks of hair while I dress them."

Bata went into the stable; he took a large measure, for he desired to take much grain; he loaded it with wheat and barley; and he went out carrying it. She said to him, "How much of the grain is that on thy shoulder?" He said to her, "Three bushels of barley, and two of wheat, in all five; these are upon my shoulder." And she conversed with him, saying, "There is great strength in thee, for I see thy might every day." And her heart knew him with the knowledge of youth. And she arose and came to him, and conversed with him, saying, "Come, stay with me, and it shall be well for thee, and I will make for thee beautiful garments." Then Bata became like a panther of the south with fury at the evil speech which she had made to him; and she feared greatly. And he spake unto her, saying, "Behold thou art to me as a

mother, thy husband is to me as a father, for he has brought me up. What is this wickedness that thou hast said to me? Say it not to me again. For I will not tell it to any man, for I will not let it be uttered by the mouth of any man." Bata lifted up his burden, and he went to the field and came to his elder brother; and they took up their work, to labor at their task.

Now, at eventime, Anpu was returning to his house; and Bata was following after his oxen, and he loaded himself with all the things of the field; and he brought his oxen before him, to make them lie down in their stable which was in the farm. And behold the wife of Anpu was afraid for the words which she had said. Her husband returned in the even, as was his wont every day; he came unto his house; he found his wife ill of violence; she did not give him water upon his hands, she did not make a light before him; his house was in darkness, and she was lying very sick. Her husband said to her, "Who has spoken with thee?" Behold she said, "No one has spoken with me except thy younger brother. When he came to take grain he found me sitting alone; he said to me, 'Come, let us stay together, tie up thy hair.' I did not listen to him, but thus spake I to him: 'Behold, am I not thy mother, is not thy elder brother to thee as a father?' And he feared, and he beat me to stop me from making report to thee, and if thou lettest him live I shall die. Now behold, he is coming in the evening; and I complain of these wicked words, for he would have done this even in daylight."

And Anpu became as a panther of the south; he sharpened his knife; he took it in his hand; he stood behind the door of his stable to slay his younger brother as he came in the evening to bring his cattle into the stable.

Now the sun went down, and Bata loaded himself with herbs in his daily manner. He came, and his foremost cow entered the stable, and she said to her keeper, "Behold thy elder brother standing before thee with his knife to slay thee; flee from before him." He heard what his first cow had said; and the next entering, said likewise. He looked beneath the door of the stable; he saw the feet of his elder brother; he

was standing behind the door, and his knife was in his hand. He cast down his load to the ground, and betook himself to flee swiftly; and his elder brother pursued after him with his knife.

Then Bata cried out unto Ra Harakhti, saying, "My good Lord! Thou art he who divides the evil from the good." And Ra stood and heard all his cry; and Ra made a wide water between him and his elder brother, and it was full of crocodiles; and the one brother was on one bank, and the other on the other bank; and the elder brother smote twice on his hands at not slaying him. And the younger brother called to the elder on the bank, saying, "Stand still until the dawn of day; and when Ra ariseth, I shall judge with thee before Him, for He discerneth between the good and the evil. But I shall not be with thee any more forever; I shall not be in the place in which thou art; I shall go to the valley of the acacia."

Now when the land was lightened, and the next day appeared, Ra Harakhti arose, and one looked unto the other. And the youth spake with Anpu, saying, "Wherefore camest thou after me to slay me in craftiness, when thou didst not hear the words of my mouth? For I am thy brother in truth, and thou art to me as a father, and thy wife even as a mother; is it not so? Verily, when I was sent to bring grain, thy wife said to me, 'Come, stay with me;' for behold this has been turned over unto thee otherwise." And he caused him to understand all that happened with him and his wife. And he swore an oath by Ra Harakhti, saying, "Thy coming to slay me by deceit with thy knife was an abomination." Then the youth took a knife, and cut off of his flesh, and cast it into the water, and the fish swallowed it. He failed; he became faint; and his elder brother cursed his own heart greatly; he stood weeping for him afar off; he knew not how to pass over to where his younger brother was, because of the crocodiles.

The younger brother called unto him, saying, "Whereas thou hast devised an evil thing, wilt thou not also devise a good thing, even like that which I would do unto thee? When thou goest to thy house thou must look to thy cattle,

for I shall not stay in the place where thou art; I am going to the valley of the acacia. And this is what shall come to pass; I shall draw out my soul (heart), and I shall put it upon the top of the flowers of the acacia, and when the acacia is cut down, and it falls to the ground, and thou comest to seek for it, if thou searchest for it seven years do not let thy heart be wearied. For thou wilt find it, and thou must put it in a cup of cold water, and expect that I shall live again, that I may make answer to what has been done wrong. And thou shalt know that things are happening to me, when one shall give to thee a cup of beer in thy hand, and it shall be troubled; stay not then, for verily it shall come to pass with thee."

And Bata went to the valley of the acacia; and his elder brother went unto his house; his hand was laid on his head, and he cast dust on his head. He came to his house, and he slew his wife, he cast her to the dogs, and he sat in mourning for his younger brother.

Now many days after these things, Bata was in the valley of the acacia; there was none with him; he spent his time in hunting the beasts of the desert, and he came back in the even to lie down under the acacia, which bore his soul upon the topmost flower. And after this he built himself a tower with his own hands, in the valley of the acacia; it was full of all good things, that he might provide for himself a home.

And he went out from his tower, and he met the Nine Gods, who were walking forth to look upon the whole land. The Nine Gods talked one with another, and they said unto him, "Ho! Bata, bull of the Nine Gods, art thou remaining alone? Thou hast left thy village for the wife of Anpu, thy elder brother. Behold his wife is slain. Thou hast given him an answer to all that was transgressed against thee." And their hearts were vexed for him exceedingly. And Ra Harakhti said to Khnumu, "Behold, frame thou a woman for Bata, that he may not remain alive alone." And Khnumu made for him a mate to dwell with him. She was more beautiful in her limbs than any woman who is in the whole land. The essence of every god was in her. The seven Hathors (Fates) came to see her: they said with one mouth, "She will die a sharp death."

And Bata loved her very exceedingly, and she dwelt in his house; he passed his time in hunting the beasts of the desert, and brought and laid them before her. He said, "Go not outside, lest the sea seize thee; for I cannot rescue thee from it; my soul is placed on the head of the flower of the acacia; and if another find it, I must fight with him." And he opened unto her his heart in all its nature.

Now after these things Bata went to hunt in his daily manner. And the young girl went to walk under the acacia which was by the side of her house. Then the sea saw her, and cast its waves up after her. She betook herself to flee from before it. She entered her house. And the sea called unto the acacia, saying, "Oh, would that I could seize her!" And the acacia brought a lock from her hair, and the sea carried it to Egypt, and dropped it in the place of the fullers of Pharaoh's linen. The smell of the lock of hair entered into the clothes of Pharaoh; and they were wroth with the fullers of Pharaoh, saying, "The smell of ointment is in the clothes of Pharaoh." And the people were rebuked every day, they knew not what they should do. And the chief fuller of Pharaoh walked by the bank, and his heart was very evil within him after the daily quarrel with him. He stood still, he stood upon the sand opposite to the lock of hair, which was in the water, and he made one enter into the water and bring it to him; and there was found in it a smell, exceeding sweet. He took it to Pharaoh; and they brought the scribes and the wise men, and they said unto Pharaoh, "This lock of hair belongs to a daughter of Ra Harakhti: the essence of every god is in her, and it is a tribute to thee from another land. Let messengers go to every strange land to seek her; and as

for the messenger who shall go to the valley of the acacia, let many men go with him to bring her." Then said his majesty, "Excellent exceedingly is what has been said to us;" and they sent them. And many days after these things the people who were sent to strange lands came to give report unto the king; but there came not those who went to the valley of the acacia, for Bata had slain them, but let one of them return to give a report to the king. His majesty sent many men and soldiers, as well as horsemen, to bring her back. And there was a woman amongst them, and to her had been given in her hand beautiful ornaments for a woman. And the girl came back with her, and they rejoiced over her in the whole land.

And his majesty loved her exceedingly, and raised her to high estate; and he spake unto her that she should tell him concerning her husband. And she said, "Let the acacia be cut down, and let one chop it up." And they sent men and soldiers with their weapons to cut down the acacia; and they came to the acacia, and they cut the flower upon which was the soul of Bata, and he fell dead suddenly.

And when the next day came, and the earth was lightened, the acacia was cut down. And Anpu, the elder brother of Bata, entered his house, and washed his hands; and one gave him a cup of beer, and it became troubled; and one gave him another of wine, and the smell of it was evil. Then he took his staff, and his sandals, and likewise his clothes, with his weapons of war; and he betook himself forth to the valley of the acacia. He entered the tower of his younger brother, and he found him lying upon his mat; he was dead. And he wept when he saw his younger brother lying dead. And he went out to seek the soul of his younger brother under the acacia tree, under which his younger brother lay in the evening. He spent three years in seeking for it, but found it not. And when he began the fourth year, he desired in his heart to return into Egpyt; he said, "I will go to-morrow;" thus spake he in his heart.

Now when the land lightened, and the next day appeared, Anpu was walking under the acacia; he was spending his time in seeking it. And he returned in the evening, and

labored at seeking it again. He found a seed. He returned with it. Behold this was the soul of his younger brother. He brought a cup of cold water, and he cast the seed into it; and he sat down, as he was wont. Now when the night came his soul sucked up the water; Bata shuddered in all his limbs, and he looked on his elder brother; his soul was in the cup. Then Anpu took the cup of cold water, in which the soul of his younger brother was; Bata drank it, his soul stood again in its place, and he became as he had been. They embraced each other, and they conversed together.

And Bata said to his elder brother, "Behold, I am to become as a great bull, which bears every good mark; no one knoweth its history, and thou must sit upon my back. When the sun arises I shall be in the place where my wife is, that I may return answer to her; and thou must take me to the place where the king is. All good things shall be done for thee; and one shall lade thee with silver and gold, because thou bringest me to Pharaoh, for I become a great marvel, and they shall rejoice for me in all the land. But thou shalt go to thy village."

And when the land was lightened, and the next day appeared, Bata became in the form which he had told to his elder brother. And Anpu sat upon his back until the dawn. He came to the place where the king was, and they made his majesty to know of him; the king saw him, and was exceeding joyful with him. He made for him great offerings, saying, "This is a great wonder which has come to pass." There were rejoicings over him in the whole land. They presented unto him silver and gold for his elder brother, who went and stayed in his village. They gave to the bull many men and many things, and Pharaoh loved him exceedingly above all that is in this land.

And after many days, the bull entered the purified place; he stood where the princess was; he began to speak with her, saying, "Behold, I am alive indeed." And she said to him, "And, pray, who art thou?" He said to her, "I am Bata. I perceived when thou causedst that they should destroy the acacia of Pharaoh, which was my abode, that I might not be suffered to live. Behold, I am alive indeed,

I am as an ox." Then the princess feared exceedingly for the words that her husband had spoken to her. And he went out from the purified place.

And his majesty was sitting, making a good day with her; she was at the table of his majesty, and the king was exceeding pleased with her. And she said to his majesty, "Swear to me by God, saying, 'What thou shalt say, I will obey it for thy sake.'" He hearkened unto all that she said, even this. "Let me eat of the liver of the ox, because he is fit for nought:" thus spake she to him. And the king was exceeding sad at her words, the heart of Pharaoh grieved him greatly. And after the land was lightened, and the next day appeared, they proclaimed a great feast with offerings to the ox. And the king sent one of his chief butchers to cause the ox to be sacrificed. And when he was sacrificed, as he was upon the shoulders of the people, he shook his neck, and he threw two drops of blood over against the two doors of his majesty. The one fell upon the one side, on the great door of Pharaoh, and the other upon the other door. They grew as two great Persea trees, and each of them was excellent.

And one went to tell unto his majesty, "Two great Persea trees have grown, as a great marvel of his majesty, in the night by the side of the great gate of his majesty." And there was rejoicing for them in all the land, and there were offerings made to them.

And when the days were multiplied after these things, his majesty was adorned with the blue crown, with garlands of flowers on his neck, and he was upon the chariot of pale gold, and he went out from the palace to behold the Persea trees; the princess also was going out with horses behind his majesty. And his majesty sat beneath one of the Persea trees, and it spake thus with his wife: "O thou deceitful one, I am Bata, I am alive, though I have been evilly entreated. I knew who caused the acacia to be cut down by Pharaoh at my dwelling. I then became an ox, and thou causedst me to be killed."

And many days after these things the princess stood at the table of Pharaoh, and the king was pleased with her. And she said to his majesty, "Swear to me by God, saying, 'That which the princess shall say to me I will do it for her.'"

And he hearkened unto all she said. And he commanded, "Let these two Persea trees be cut down, and let them be made into goodly planks." And he hearkened unto all she said. And after this his majesty sent skillful craftsmen, and they cut down the Persea trees of Pharaoh; and the princess, the royal wife, was standing looking on, and they did all that was in her heart unto the trees. But a chip flew up, and it entered into the mouth of the princess; she swallowed it, and after many days she bore a son. And one went to tell his majesty, "There is born to thee a son." And they brought him, and gave to him a nurse and servants; and there were rejoicings in the whole land. And the king sat making a merry day, as they were about the naming of him, and his majesty loved him exceedingly at that moment, and the king raised him to be the royal son of Kush.

Now many days after these things, his majesty made him heir of all the land. And many days after that, when he had fulfilled many years as heir, his majesty flew up to heaven. And the heir said, "Let the great nobles of his majesty be brought before me, that I may make them know all that has happened to me." And they brought also before him his wife, and he judged with her before him, and they agreed with him. They brought to him his elder brother; he made him hereditary prince in all his land. He was thirty years king of Egypt, and he died, and his elder brother stood in his place on the day of burial.

MADONNA DELLA SEDIA.—RAPHAEL.

GREEK FICTION.

Among the Greeks, romance was long regarded as trivial unless told in the guise of history. Only in the decadent period were romances written, and while this form of literature might under other conditions have developed more fully, all literary forms were shortly engulfed in overwhelming confusion. *Dinias and Dercyllis* is the earliest Greek romance known to us. It shows slight advance over the Egyptian tales, being made up of magical adventures. It is more prolix, relating to tedium the wanderings and experiences of its characters. Heliodorus wrote the best known Greek novel, *Theagenes and Chariclea.* The pastoral of Longus, *Daphnis and Chloe* is perhaps the most pleasurable from the standpoint of the present-day reader. Its theme is the awakening and satisfying of love in this shepherd and shepherdess, who pass their days in true Arcadian fashion among sheep and goats, their daily program varying only with the changing seasons, and their attention, so far as diverted to anything beside one another, being held by nature's moods and manifestations. In the love theme Longus found a new thread for his story; while the modern critic complains that he allowed it to extend to immoderate length, it should be remembered that Longus wrote for an age other than ours; his shepherds and shepherdesses were not so pressed for time that their love affairs must needs be curtailed and constrained within a few brief weeks. If it took them several seasons to realize the full significance of the power that had laid hold of them and more still to bring their experience to its consummation in a marriage festival, contemporary readers found the idyl the more gratifying and twentieth-century criterions were yet undreamed.

It should always be remembered that although stories of the nature herein considered were earlier in matter of production, they did not, however, affect the beginnings of modern fiction, which sprung from the people as independent of classical times as did the modern drama.

The Loves of Daphnis and Chloe.

In the island of Lesbos there is an extensive city called Mitylene, the appearance of which is beautiful; the sea intersects it by various canals, and it is adorned with bridges of polished white stone. You might imagine you beheld an island rather than a city.

About twenty-four miles from Mitylene, were the possessions of a rich man, which formed a very fine estate. The mountains abounded with game, the fields produced corn, the hills were thick with vines, the pastures with herds, and the sea-washed shore consisted of an extent of smooth sand.

As Lamon, a goatherd, was tending his herds upon the estate, he found a child suckled by a she-goat. The place where it was lying was an oak coppice and tangled thicket, with ivy winding about it, and soft grass beneath; thither the goat continually ran and disappeared from sight, leaving her own kid in order to remain near the child. Lamon watched her movements, being grieved to see the kid neglected, and one day when the sun was burning in his meridian heat he follows her steps and sees her standing over the infant with the utmost caution, lest her hoofs might injure it, while the child sucked copious draughts of her milk as if from its mother's breast. Struck with natural astonishment, he advances close to the spot and discovers a lusty and handsome male child, with far richer swathing clothes than suited its fortune in being thus exposed; for its little mantle was of fine purple, and fastened by a golden clasp, and it had a little sword with a hilt of ivory.

At first Lamon resolved to leave the infant to its fate, and to carry off only the tokens; but feeling afterwards ashamed at the reflection, that in doing so he should be inferior in humanity even to a goat, he waited for the approach of night, and then carried home the infant with the tokens, and the she-goat herself to Myrtale, his wife.

Myrtale was astonished, and thought it strange if goats could produce children, upon which her husband recounts every particular; how he found the infant exposed; how it was suckled; and how ashamed he felt at the idea of leaving it to perish. She shared his feelings, so they agreed to conceal the tokens, and adopt the child as their own, committing

the rearing of it to the goat, and that the name might also be a pastoral one they determined to call it Daphnis.

Two years had now elapsed, when Dryas, a neighboring shepherd, tending his flock, found an infant under similar circumstances.

There was a grotto sacred to the Nymphs; it was a spacious rock, concave within, convex without. The statues of the Nymphs themselves were carved in stone. Their feet were bare, their arms naked to the shoulder, their hair falling dishevelled upon their shoulders, their vests girt about the waist, a smile sat upon their brow; their whole semblance was that of a troop of dancers. The dome of the grotto rose over the middle of the rock. Water, springing from a fountain formed a running stream, and a trim meadow stretched its soft and abundant herbage before the entrance, fed by the perpetual moisture. Within, milk-pails, transverse-flutes, flageolets and pastoral pipes were suspended—the offerings of many an aged shepherd.

An ewe of Dryas's flock which had lately lambed had frequently resorted to this grotto, and raised apprehensions of her being lost. The shepherd, wishing to cure her of this habit, and to bring her back to her former way of grazing, twisted some green osiers into the form of a slip knot, and approached the rock with the view of seizing her. Upon arriving there, however, he beheld a sight far contrary to his expectation. He found his ewe affectionately offering from her udder copious draughts of milk to an infant, which without any wailing, eagerly turned from one teat to the other, its clean and glossy face, the animal licking it, as soon as it had had its fill.

This child was a female; and had beside its swathing garments, by way of tokens, a head-dress wrought with gold, gilt sandals, and golden anklets.

Dryas, imagining that this foundling was a gift from the Deity, and instructed by his sheep to pity and love the infant, raised her in his arms, placed the tokens in his scrip, and prayed the Nymphs that their favour might attend upon him in bringing up their suppliant; and when the time was come for driving his cattle from their pasture, he returns to his cottage, relates what he had seen to his wife, exhibits what he

had found, urges her to observe a secrecy, and to regard and rear the child as her own daughter.

Nape (for so his wife was called) immediately became a mother to the infant, and felt affection towards it, fearing perhaps to be outdone in tenderness by the ewe, and to make appearances more probable, gave the child the pastoral name of Chloe.

The two children grew rapidly, and their personal appearance exceeded that of ordinary rustics. Daphnis was now fifteen and Chloe was his junior by two years, when on the same night Lamon and Dryas had the following dream. They thought that they beheld the Nymphs of the Grotto, in which the fountain was, and where Dryas found the infant, presenting Daphnis and Chloe to a very saucy looking and handsome boy, who had wings upon his shoulders, and a little bow and arrows in his hand. He lightly touched them both with one of his shafts, and commanded them henceforth to follow a pastoral life. The boy was to tend goats, the girl was to have charge of sheep.

The shepherd and goatherd having had this dream, were grieved to think that these, their adopted children, were like themselves to have the care of flocks. Their dress had given promise of a better fortune, in consequence of which their fare had been more delicate, and their education and accomplishments superior to those of a country life.

It appeared to them, however, that in the case of children whom the gods had preserved, the will of the gods must be obeyed; so each having communicated to the other his dream, they offered a sacrifice to the "Winged Boy, the Companion of the Nymphs," (for they were unacquainted with his name) and sent forth the young people to their pastoral employments, having first instructed them in their duties; how to pasture their herds before the noon-day heat, and when it was abated; at what time to lead them to the stream, and afterwards to drive them home to the fold; which of their sheep and goats required the crook, and to which only the voice was necessary.

They on their part, received the charge as if it had been some powerful sovereignty, and felt an affection for their sheep and goats beyond what is usual with shepherds: Chloe

referring her preservation to a ewe, and Daphnis remembering that a she-goat had suckled him when he was exposed.

It was the beginning of Spring, the flowers were in bloom throughout the woods, the meadows, and the mountains; there were the buzzing of the bee, the warblings of the songsters, the frolics of the lambs. The young of the flock were skipping on the mountains, the bees flew humming through the meadows, and the songs of the birds resounded through the bushes. Seeing all things pervaded with such universal joy, they, young and susceptible as they were, imitated whatever they saw or heard. Hearing the carol of the birds, they sang; seeing the sportive skipping of the lambs, they danced; and in imitation of the bees they gathered flowers. Some they placed in their bosoms, and others they wove into chaplets and carried them as offerings to the Nymphs.

They tended their flocks in company, and all their occupations were in common. Daphnis frequently collected the sheep which were strayed, and Chloe drove back from a precipice the goats which were too venturesome. Sometimes one would take the entire management of both goats and sheep, while the other was intent upon some amusement.

Their sports were of a pastoral and childish kind. Chloe sometimes neglected her flock and went in search of stalks of asphodel, with which she wove traps for locusts; while Daphnis devoted himself to playing till nightfall upon his pipe, which he had formed by cutting slender reeds, perforating the intervals between the joints, and compacting them together with soft wax. Sometimes they shared their milk and wine, and made a common meal upon the provision which they had brought from home; and sooner might you see one part of the flock divided from the other than Daphnis separate from Chloe. . . .

It was now the middle of autumn:—the vintage was at hand, and every one was busy in the fields. One prepared the wine-presses, another cleansed the casks, and another twisted the osiers into baskets. Each had a separate employ—in providing short pruning hooks, to cut the grapes; or a heavy stone, to pound them; or dry vine branches, previously well bruised, to serve as torches, so that the must might be carried away at night.

Daphnis and Chloe neglected for a time their flocks and mutually assisted one another. He carried the clusters in baskets, threw them into the wine-presses, trod them, and drew off the wine into casks; she prepared their meals for the grape gatherers, brought old wine for their drink, and plucked off the lowest bunches. Indeed, all the vines in Lesbos were of lowly growth, and instead of shooting upwards, or twining around trees, they spread their branches downwards, which trailed along, like ivy, so close to the ground, that even an infant might reach the fruit.

The women, who, according to the custom at this festival of Bacchus, and birth of the vine, were called from the neighbouring villages to lend their assistance, all cast their eyes upon Daphnis, and exclaimed that he was equal in beauty to Bacchus himself. One of the most forward of these wenches gave him a kiss, which inflamed Daphnis, but sadly grieved poor Chloe.

On the other hand, the men who were treading the wine-press indulged in all manner of jests about Chloe, they danced round her as furiously as so many Bacchanals round a Bacchante, and exclaimed that they would gladly become sheep to be fed by her hand. These compliments delighted Chloe, but tormented poor Daphnis.

Each of them wished the vintage over, that they might return to their usual haunts, and instead of this discordant din might hear the sound of their pipe, and the bleating of their sheep. In a few days the vines were stript,—the casks were filled,—there was no longer any need of more hands; they therefore drove their flocks to the plain. In the first place, with sincere delight they went to pay their adoration to the Nymphs, and carried vine-branches with clusters of grapes on them, as first-fruit offerings from the vintage. Indeed, they had never hitherto passed by the Grotto without some token of respect, but always saluted them as they passed by with their flocks to their morning pasture, and when they returned in the evening, they paid their adoration, and presented, as an offering, either a flower, or some fruit, or a green leaf, or a libation of milk. This piety, as we shall see, had in the end its due reward. At the time we speak of, like

young hounds just let loose, they leaped about, they piped, they sang, and wrestled and played with their goats and sheep.

While thus sporting and enjoying themselves, an old man, clothed in a coarse coat of skin, with shoes of undressed leather on his feet, and with a wallet (which, by the by, was a very old one) at his back, came up, seated himself near them, and addressed them as follows:

"I who now address you, my children, am Philetas. I have often sung the praises of the Nymphs of yonder Grotto —I have often piped in honour of Pan, and have guided my numerous herd by the music of my voice. I come to acquaint you with what I have seen and heard I have a garden which I cultivate with my own hands, and in which I have always worked, since I became too old to tend my herds. In it is every production of the different seasons; in spring it abounds with roses, lilies, hyacinths, and either kind of violets; in summer with poppies, pears, and apples of every sort; and now in autumn, with grapes, figs, pomegranates, and green myrtles. A variety of birds fly into it every morning, some in search of food, and some to warble in the shade; for the over-arching boughs afford thick shade, and three fountains water the cool retreat. Were it not inclosed with a wall, it might be taken for a natural wood. As I entered it today, about noon, I espied a little boy under my pomegranates and myrtles, some of which he had gathered; and was holding them in his hands. His complexion was white as milk, his hair a bright yellow, and he shone as if he had just been bathing. He was naked and alone, and amused himself with plucking the fruit with as much freedom as if it had been his own garden. Apprehensive that in his wantonness he would commit more mischief and break my plants, I sprang forward to seize him, but the urchin lightly and easily escaped from me, sometimes running under rose-trees, and sometimes hiding himself like a young partridge under the poppies.

"I have frequently been fatigued with catching my sucking kids, or my new-dropt calves; but as to this mischievous creature, in perpetual motion, it was utterly impossible to lay hold of him. Old as I am I was soon weary with the pursuit; so, leaning on my staff for support, and keeping my eyes on him lest he should escape, I asked him to what neighbour he

belonged, and what he meant by gathering what grew in another person's garden.

"He made no reply, but approaching very near me, smiled sweetly in my face, and pelted me with myrtle-berries, and, I know not how, so won upon me, that my anger was appeased. I entreated him to come close to me, and assured him that he need not be afraid, swearing by the myrtles, by the apples, and by the pomegranates of my garden, that I wished only to give him one kiss, for which he should ever afterwards have liberty to gather as much fruit, and to pluck as many flowers as he pleased.

Upon hearing me thus address him, he burst into a merry laugh, and with voice sweeter than that of the swallow or the nightingale, or of the swan when grown aged like myself, he replied: 'I grudge you not a kiss, Philetas, for I have more pleasure in being kissed than you would have in growing young again; but consider whether the gift would suit your time of life; for, old as you are, one kiss would not satisfy you, nor prevent you from running after me, while if even a hawk, an eagle, or any other swifter bird, were to pursue me, it would pursue in vain. I am not the child which I appear to be; but I am older than Saturn, ay, older than Time himself. I knew you well, Philetas, when you were in the flower of your youth, and when you tended your widely scattered flock in yonder marsh. I was near you, when you sat beneath those beech-trees, and were wooing your Amaryllis: I was close to the maiden, but you could not discern me. I gave her to you, and some fine boys, who are now excellent husbandmen and herdsmen, are the pledges of your love. At this present time I am tending Daphnis and Chloe like a shepherd; and when I have brought them together in the morning, I retire to your garden: here I disport myself among your flowers and plants, and here I bathe in your fountain. Through me it is that your flowers and shrubs are so beauteous, for the waters, which have bathed me, refresh them. Look now, if any of your plants be broken down!—see, if any of your fruit be plucked!—examine whether the stalk of any flower be crushed—or the clearness of any one of your fountains be disturbed! and rejoice that you alone, in your old age, have had the privilege of beholding the boy who is now before

you.' With these words he sprang like the youngling of a nightingale among the myrtles, and climbing from bough to bough ascended through the foliage to the summit of the tree. I observed wings upon his shoulders, and between them a tiny bow and arrows; but in a moment I could neither see him nor them. Unless I have grown grey in vain, unless I have got into my dotage in growing old, you may rely on me, when I assure you, that you are consecrate to LOVE, and that you are under his peculiar care."

Daphnis and Chloe were delighted, but they regarded what they had heard as an amusing story rather than a sober fact; and inquired of Philetas who and what this LOVE could be? whether he were a boy or a bird? and of what powers he was possessed? "My young friends," said Philetas, "he is a god, young, beautiful, and ever on the wing. He rejoices, therefore, in the company of youth, he is ever in search of beauty, and adds wings to the souls of those he favours. He has power far beyond that of Jove himself. He commands the elements, he rules the stars, and even the gods themselves, who are otherwise his equals; your power over your flocks is nothing compared to his. All these flowers are the work of love: these plants are effects produced by him. Through him these rivers flow, and these zephyrs breathe. I have seen a bull smitten by his power, who bellowed as though bee-stung. I have seen the goat enamoured of the female, and following her everywhere. I myself was once young, I felt his influence, I loved Amaryllis. I thought not of my food, I cared not for my drink; I could take no rest, for sleep was banished from my eyelids. My soul was sad—my heart beat quick—my limbs felt a deadly chill. Now I cried aloud, as if I had been beaten; now I was as silent as if I were dead; and now I plunged into the rivers, as if to extinguish the flame which consumed me. I invoked Pan to assist me, inasmuch as he had known what it was to love his Pitys. I poured forth praises to the Nymph Echo for repeating the praises of my Amaryllis: in anger I broke my pipe because it could soothe my herds, but could not prevail over Amaryllis; for there is no mighty magic against love; no medicine, whether in food or drink; nothing, in short, save kisses and embraces."

Philetas having given them this information, bade them

farewell; but before permitting him to depart, they presented him with a cheese, and a kid with newly budding horns.

Daphnis and Chloe, left to themselves, mused in silence upon the name of Love, which they had now heard for the first time. Sorrow seemed to have stupefied them, till at night, as they returned home, they began to compare their own sensations with what they had heard from Philetas. . . .

Dionysophanes, fatigued with excess of anxious thought, fell into a deep sleep, during which he saw the following vision. The Nymphs seemed to be requesting the God of Love at length to grant them his consent to the celebration of the marriage. Slackening the string of his bow, and placing it by the side of his quiver, he addressed Dionysophanes, bidding him to invite those of highest rank of Mitylene to a banquet, and when he had filled the last goblet, to exhibit the tokens before each of them, and then to commence the hymeneal song. After what he had seen and heard, Dionysophanes arose in the morning, and ordered a magnificent feast to be prepared, in which all the delicacies which the sea, the earth, the lakes, and even the rivers could produce, were to be collected together. All the chiefs of Mitylene were his guests. When night was come, and when the goblet was filled from which to pour out the libation to Mercury, a slave brought forward the ornaments in a silver vase, and holding them in his right hand carried them round, and displayed them to all the visitors. No one acknowledged them, till Magacles, who, on account of his age, was honoured with the highest couch, recognizing them, cried out with a loud and animated voice, —"What do I see! what has been the fate of my daughter! is she indeed alive? or did some shepherd find these things, and carry them away. Tell me, I pray, Dionysophanes, where did you meet with these tokens of my child? Now that you have found your son, do not enviously begrudge me the discovery of my daughter."

Dionysophanes requested him first of all to give them an account of the exposure of his daughter; and Megacles in the same loud and earnest tone replied,—"Formerly my income was very narrow, for I had expended my fortune in equipping choruses and fitting out galleys. While my affairs were in this condition, I had a daughter born. Loath to bring her up

to the miseries of poverty, and knowing that there are many who are willing to become even reputed parents, I dressed her in these very tokens, and exposed her. She was laid in the grotto of the Nymphs, and committed to their protection. Since that time wealth began to pour in upon me every day, when I had no heir to enjoy it, for I was never so fortunate as to become the father even of another daughter; but, as if wishing to make a mock of me, the gods are continually sending dreams by night, signifying, forsooth, that a ewe will make me father."

Upon this Dionysophanes called out in a yet louder tone than Megacles, and springing from his couch led in Chloe sumptuously dressed, exclaiming,—"This is the child whom you exposed. This maiden, through the providence of the gods, was suckled by a sheep, and preserved for you; as Daphnis was reared by a goat, and saved for me. Take the tokens, and your daughter; take her, and bestow her as a bride on Daphnis. Both were exposed; both have been again found by us, their parents; both have been under the peculiar care of Pan, of the Nymphs, and of the God of Love."

Megacles at once assented, clasped Chloe to his bosom, and sent for his wife Rhode. They slept at the house that night, for Daphnis had sworn by the gods that he would not part with Chloe even to her own father.

The next morning they all agreed to return to the country: this was done at the entreaty of Daphnis and Chloe, who were weary of their sojourn in the city; and had formed a scheme for celebrating their nuptials in a pastoral manner.

Upon their arrival at Lamon's cottage, they introduced Dryas to Megacles, and Nape was made known to Rhode, after which the preparations were made for the festival on a splendid scale. Chloe was devoted to the guardianship of the Nymphs by her father. He suspended the tokens, among various other things, as offerings to them; and increased the six thousand drachmas, which Dryas now possessed, to ten thousand.

As the day was very fine, Dionysophanes caused couches of green leaves to be spread inside the grotto, and all the villagers were invited and sumptuously regaled. There were present Lamon and Myrtale, Dryas and Nape, Dorco's kins-

men, and Philetas with his sons Chromis and Lycaenium; even Lampis, who had been forgiven, was among the guests. All the amusements were, of course, as among such merry-makers, of a rustic and pastoral kind. Reaping-songs were sung; and the jokes of the vintage season were repeated; Philetas played on the pipe, and Lampis on the flute, while Lamon and Dryas danced. Chloe and Daphnis passed the time in kissing. The goats came and grazed near them, as if they were also partakers of the festival. This was not very agreeable to the dainty city folks; Daphnis, however, called several of them by name, gave them some leaves, which they ate out of his hand, while he led them by the horns, and kissed them.

Not only now, but during the remainder of their days, Daphnis and Chloe led a pastoral life, worshipping as their deities the Nymphs, Pan, and the God of Love. Their flocks of goats and sheep were numerous, and their favourite food consisted of the fruits of autumn, and milk. They had their first-born, a boy, suckled by a goat; their second, a girl, was brought up by a ewe; the former was named Philopoemen, the latter, Agele. In this manner of life, and in this spot, they lived to a good old age. They adorned the grotto of the Nymphs; erected statues; raised an altar to Cupid the Shepherd; and instead of a pine reared a temple for the habitation of Pan, and dedicated it to Pan the Warrior; these names, however, were given, and these things done, in after years.

CHAPTER X.

MEDIAEVAL STORIES.

Beowulf.

Mediæval stories were expressed both in poetry and prose; the same tales were now recited as poems, then related as prose narratives. It is not advantageous to consider these separately as poems and prose stories, for we find again and again that the two mediums were used interchangeably and occasionally combined. Not until the Renaissance was poetry given such distinguishing characteristics as to require special treatment.

The earliest surviving Teutonic narrative is the story of Beowulf. Like the Iliad, this owed its origin to many composers. "The real name of its author is Legion," says an apt critic. A Scandinavian production, it has come down to us from the Anglo-Saxons of Britain, whither it was carried by the Vikings. It reflects an age when fighting was the only worthy calling for men; in fact, they had fought so long and valiantly that mere repetition of human conquests wearied. Superhuman beings must needs be created to be worthy the steel of real warriors. When the storms of winter prevented warfare, the feast supplied the suitable diversion for these fierce fighters; they indulged in food and drink immoderately and were entertained by tales of heroes who even outshone them in brave and daring deeds. Satiated by months passed in this way, they welcomed the warm spring that again set them free to sail the seas and pillage and destroy.

The men who listened in the early centuries to the adventures of Beowulf were not accustomed to fighting for country. The island was still divided into many little sections, ruled

over by petty kings. Valiant men went wherever glory awaited them. They fought for personal distinction—not for love of native land. Heroes from distant shores were welcomed and their deeds applauded; harpers who could tell of foreign victories were everywhere heard with delight.

Hrothgar was a king who ruled over the Danes; he built a mead-hall for his warriors to feast in during winter evenings. This was made large and commodious—a credit to a powerful king. However, when matters seemed thus auspicious, a great sorrow overtook the Danes; Grendel, a monster, attacked them in the dead of night while all were held in slumber. Each morning found one of the number missing and none dare encounter this terrible creature of gigantic proportions and strength. Twelve winters thus passed and depression settled over the realm of Hrothgar. Then came Beowulf from over the sea to rescue the Danes. He struggled with Grendel and wrenched his arm from its body; when the horrible ogress-mother came to avenge the death of her son, Beowulf traced her to the marshy mere and, deep beneath the waters, struggled with her until she was overcome. Glad was Hrothgar and glad were the Danes who might now feast in safety. Beowulf was given all honor; he returned to his native land, became king, and ruled for fifty years. At last he was killed when vanquishing a monster that threatened his own people.

The poem is essentially pagan; such Christian veneer as it bears is very evidently a later addition—in some cases, unfortunately, portions of the older poem were eliminated to make way for the new. However, the narrative is full of vigor, abounds in striking words and phrases that bring vividly before us the spirit of the age. The ocean is always the whale-road, or it is the swan's path; it is rarely the sea.

Judging this story from the standpoint of plot, we find none existing from beginning to end. While the several incidents have a culminating point and a decline, the narrative as a whole is rambling. The life pictured reflects a rude age and impresses us as true to it; the characters are seldom clearly drawn; we see only the particular part each plays, with no general idea of his personality; the style is strong and bold. While background is not consciously introduced, the story reflects such surroundings as men of this age knew.

Beowulf's Fight with the Fiend.

Then from the moor, under the shroud of mist,
Came Grendel striding. Wrath of God he bare.
Scather of men, he thought in the high hall
To snare one of man's race. Shrouded he went
Till he saw clearly the gold-hall of men,
The wine-house, gay with cups; nor then first sought
The home of Hrothgar. But in his life-days
Never before or since a bolder man
He found, or hall-thanes. Journeying to the house
Came then the man divided from all joys;
Quickly he rushed upon the door made fast
With bands fire-hardened; with his hands broke through,
For he was swollen with rage, the house's mouth.
Then soon upon the many-colored floor
The foe trod; on he went with ireful mood,
Came from his eyes a fierce light likest fire.
He saw within the hall a kindred band
Of many men asleep, a company
Of comrades, all together; then he laughed:
For the dire monster thought before day came
To part life from the body of each one.
Hope of a glut of food had grown in him,
Yet it was not his fate that he should eat
After that night more of the race of men.
Hygelac's strong kinsman saw how the foul foe
Would make his sudden grasps; nor meant the wretch
Delay, for at the first he swiftly seized
A sleeper, slit him unaware, bit through
His bone-case, from his veins drank blood, and soon,
Swallowing in large lumps, had eaten all
The dead man, feet and hands. Then nearer, forth
He stepped, laid hands on the stout-hearted chief
Upon his couch. But he against the foe
Stretched out a hand, soon knew his foul intent,
And fastened on his arm. Herdsman of mischiefs,
Soon he found that on earth in all its parts

A stronger hand-grip never had he felt.
Fearful in mind and soul, he sought escape,
But not for that came he the sooner thence.
He to his lurking-place would fly, would seek
The wild throng of the devils; his life-days
Had known before no tug so sharp as this.
Then Hygelac's good kinsman bore in mind
His evening speech, stood upright, grasped him hard;
His fingers burst, and free the eoten [fiend] was.
The earl advanced more. The bold champion thought
Whether he might not so get room to escape,
Fly to his fen pool, but his fingers' strength,
In the fierce grip, he knew. The harmful spoiler
Found that his path to Heorot led to grief.
The great hall thundered, for all Danes who dwelt
There fortified, for all the brave men, earls,
The ale was spilt; that the wine-hall withstood,
The fair house of the world, the shock of war,
That it fell not in ruin, was great wonder.
But it was strengthened against that with bands,
Within, without, of iron, cunning work
Of smiths. There many a mead-bench, gold-adorned,
Was tilted from its sill, as I've heard tell;
Old counsellors of the Scyldings never thought
That any man in hate and slaughter stained
Could break it or unclose it by his craft,
But only by the hot embrace of fire.

Uprose a cry, new, urgent; a dire fear
Fell on the North Danes, on each one of those
Who from the wall heard the wild whoop, the chant
Of horror sung by God's antagonist,
Song of no victory, the thrall of hell
Wailing in pain; too tightly he was held
By him then strongest of all living men.
The help of earls would not for anything
Let go that deadly guest while living, thought
His life-days of no use to any man.
Then many an earl of Beowulf's drew his sword,
His ancient heritage, and would defend,
If so he might, the prince's life. They knew not,
These eager sons of battle, when they joined

The strife, and sought to hew on every side,
To seek his soul, that no sword upon earth,
Choicest of blades, could touch the wicked fiend.
But he all martial weapons had forsworn,
Every edged blade. And he was wretchedly
On that day of this life of men to die,
His ghost far journeying to serve the fiends.
Then he who erst against the race of man
In mirthful mood had wrought out many crimes,
He was God's foe, found that his body failed
To serve him, because Hygela's bold kinsman
Had him in hand. The other's life to each
Was hateful; the fell wretch endured sore pain,
A wide wound on his shoulder could be seen;
The sinews snapped, the bone enclosures burst,
Glory of battle was to Beowulf given;
To his fen shades, death-struck, must Grendel flee,
Seek a sad home, well knowing that life's end
Was come, the number of his days was past.

So he who had come from afar fulfilled
In deadly fight the will of all the Danes;
Wise and stout-hearted, had cleansed Hrothgar's hall,
Saved it from malice. Glad in his night's work,
His fame for strength, the chieftain of the Goths
Had served the Danes according to his boast,
Healing the deep-set griefs they had endured,
No slight affliction, borne through hardest need.
Clear was the token of this, when the stout chief
Laid down hand, arm, and shoulder, there was all
The grip of Grendel under that great roof.

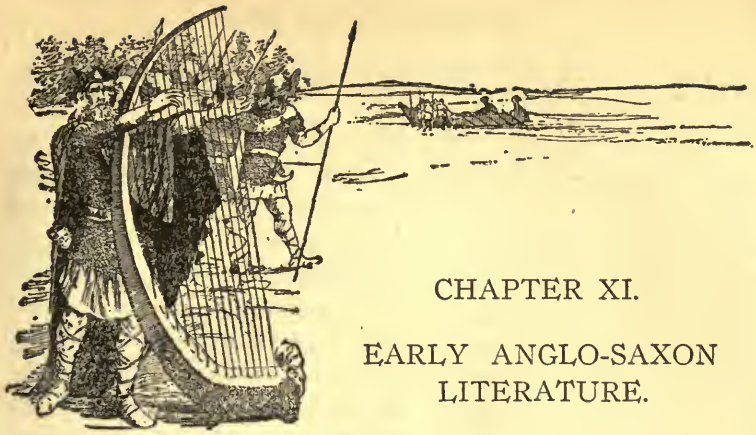
THE SEAFARER.

THE "Seafarer," another song found in the Exeter book, is probably of Christian origin, and hence later than the "Traveler's Song." It is one of the many allegories of human life. Here man's soul is represented as leaving its earthly abode to cross the seas in quest of a heavenly home. Prof. Henry Morley gives the following modernized version, preserving much of the original alliteration and metrical form.

I may sing of myself now a song that is true,
Can tell of wide travel, the toil of hard days;

How oft through long seasons I suffered and strove,
Abiding within my breast bitterest care;
How I sailed among sorrows in many a sea;
The wild rise of the waves, the close watch of the night
At the dark prow in danger of dashing on rock,
Folded in by the frost, my feet bound by the cold
In chill bands, in the breast the heart burning with care.
The soul of the sea-weary hunger assailed.
Knows not he who finds happiest home upon earth.
How I lived through long winter in labor and care,
On the icy-cold ocean, an exile from joy,
Cut off from dear kindred, encompassed with ice.
Hail flew in hard showers, and nothing I heard
But the wrath of the waters, the icy-cold way;
At times the swan's song; in the scream of the gannet
I sought for my joy, in the moan of the sea-whelp
For laughter of men, in the song of the sea-mew
For drinking of mead. Starlings answered the storm
Beating stones on the cliff, icy-feathered, and often
The eagle would shriek, wet of wing.
Not one home-friend could feel with the desolate soul;
For he little believes to whom life's joy belongs
In the town, lightly troubled with dangerous tracks,
Vain with high spirit and wanton with wine,
How often I wearily held my sea-way.

The night shadows darkened, it snowed from the north;
The rime bound the rocks; the hail rolled upon earth
Coldest of corn: therefore now is high heaving
In thoughts of my heart, that my lot is, to learn
The wide joy of waters, the whirl of salt spray.
Often desire drives my soul to depart,
That the home of the strangers far hence I may seek.
. . . . . .
Let us look to the home where in truth we can live,
And then let us be thinking how thither to come;
For then we too shall toil that our travel may reach
To delight never ending, when life is made free
In the love of the Lord, in the height of the heavens!
May we thank the All-Holy who gave us this grace,—
The Wielder of glory, the Lord everlasting,—
In time without end! Amen.



CHAPTER XI.

EARLY ANGLO-SAXON LITERATURE.

ENGLAND and the English language take their name from the Angles, a tribe of Teutonic stock, which first emerged from the dense forests of Germany in the fourth century. They gave their name to Angeln, a small region in Schleswig-Holstein, before they crossed the North Sea to Britain. The Roman legions had departed from this land early in the fifth century, and in the latter half the Angles with their kindred tribes, the Saxons and Jutes, began to make settlements on the unprotected island. For a hundred and fifty years these Teutonic invaders continued to come and dispossess the Celtic population. Their first settlements were on the south and east coasts, and several independent kingdoms were set up.

In 597 Gregory the Great sent Augustine from Rome to Britain, and the Saxons in Kent accepted the Christian faith. In 828, Egbert of Wessex became the first "King of England." By the Treaty of Wedmore, fifty years later, the Danes were compelled by Alfred the Great to retire north of Watling Street,—the old Roman Road which divided the island diagonally from southeast to northwest. Under Edward and Athelstan, in the next century, the two kingdoms were consolidated; but the invasion of Sweyne, a Danish adventurer, in 1000, was followed by the rule of Canute and his successors. Finally, the Norman conquest,

under the leadership of William, in 1066, brings us to the close of the Anglo-Saxon period.

The name English, first applied to the language of the Angles, afterwards included the various Low German dialects mingling on the island. But the English of the post-Saxon and Norman times became practically another language. For the sake of clearness, therefore, we arbitrarily divide English into three stages:—the first, from 500 to 1200, we call Anglo-Saxon; the second, from 1200 to 1500, Middle English; and the third, from 1500 to the present day, English. For practical purposes, this arrangement is sufficiently accurate. Exact dates of the transition cannot be fixed. English is now the most composite of languages; it comprises words derived from Celtic, Scandinavian, Old French, later French, Latin, and many other tongues introduced through English explorations and conquests. But about three-fourths of the words used in the common speech are still Anglo-Saxon; only in literature and the learned professions does Latin preponderate.

English literature is commonly said to begin with the Epic of Beowulf, which was composed, and the scene of which is laid, on the Continent. The material on which it is based, legendary, mythical and historical, refers to the time of the Danish conquest of the Cimbrian peninsula, in the first part of the sixth century. The theory is that Danish poems embodying the epic were handed down from the Danes to Angles living in Angeln after the emigration of their countrymen to England had begun; and that when these in their turn emigrated, they brought it with them. The story was from time to time added to and modified, until after nearly three hundred years it attained the form in which we have it,—our copy being assigned to the eighth century. It is held to be the oldest epic not only in English, but in the whole Germanic group of languages. Beowulf, the hero (from *Baedo*, war, and *wulf*, wolf) was a thane, and later a king of the Swedish Goths (Geátas).

The connection of Gregory the Great with English history begins with the pun he made on the chubby-faced English children whom he saw exposed for sale in Rome; were they

but Christians, he said, angels, not Angles, would have been the right name for them. He bore them in mind, with an eye to the conversion of their countrymen; an undertaking which he was unable to carry out himself, but did entrust to so good and persuasive a man as Augustine. Gregory died in 604, Pope of Rome, at the age of sixty-six; he left behind him, among other manuscripts, a book of "Dialogues," which had the honor of finding a translator in another great man, Alfred of England (849–901).

Bæda, or Bede, surnamed The Venerable, was born in 673 and died 735. He was the most learned man of his time; at the age of nineteen he was made a deacon, and became a priest at thirty. He was familiar with Greek and Hebrew and "all learning," and was an eminent teacher. His chief work is "Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum," which is considered an authority. It is from Bede that we derive our personal information concerning Cædmon, who flourished during Bede's boyhood. He was an unlearned man, Bede tells, and especially lacking in the poetic faculty, until in a dream or vision an angel bade him sing "The Beginning of Creatures." The unexpected success which attended his obedience to this command attracted to him the attention of Hilda, the princely abbess of Whitby, where the incident took place; and Cædmon was induced to enter the monastery and to devote his miraculous gift to the service of God. He made a number of remarkable metrical paraphrases of parts of Holy Writ, in which glows the fire of a rustic and rugged genius. His illumination did not come to him until he had passed the middle period of life; certainly, if Bede's tale of him be true, it is a strange case of delayed faculty. But, as always happens when anything a little passes the bounds of common experience, there are many who doubt whether Cædmon ever had any real existence. The poems attributed to him, however, are palpable and legible still.

A personage still more questionable is Cynewulf. This name was detected in an ancient Anglo-Saxon poem, "Elene," into which it had been worked by runes. The discovery was made in 1840 by two independent students, one of whom inferred that Cynewulf must have lived in the eighth century,

while the other was just as convinced that he must have lived in the tenth and eleventh. In this case color would be lent to the accompanying suggestion that the mysterious poet might have been an abbot of Peterborough who officiated there from 992 to 1006. Cynewulf concealed himself so well that one conjecture about him is as good as another. Various productions—Elene, Juliana, Crist, Riddles, The Wanderer, and others, are attributed to him. But his true identity is forever lost in the shadows of that uncertain age.

A fragment of an early English poem called Judith was found in a MS. copy of Beowulf, made in the eighth century, and this, from internal evidence, is supposed to have been the work of Cædmon. Finally, to make an end of these ambiguous relics, may be mentioned the Exeter Book, given to the library of Exeter Cathedral in 1061 by Bishop Leofric. It is a collection of Anglo-Saxon poems, one of which is ascribed to Cynewulf; Widsith is probably the most ancient of all; others are a paraphrase of the Song of Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah; the Sea-farer, a poem on Christian morality; the Legend of St. Guthlac; hymns, a short sermon in verse, and minor pieces.

The latter half of the ninth century belongs to Alfred the Great, under whom England begins to assume stronger outlines. He became king of the West Saxons in 871, but the first part of his reign was a doubtful struggle against the invading Danes. He overcame Guthrum in 878, and concluded a favorable peace, one condition of which was that the Norse robber should receive baptism. Other Danes came upon the coast in 894, but were finally worsted in a sea-fight in 897, the first time that the Vikings had been beaten in their ships. Alfred meanwhile did not allow himself to be distracted by war from the pursuits of peace. For a man so young, and with cares so various, his achievements in literature and statesmanship are extraordinary. He compiled a code of laws, rebuilt schools and monasteries, surrounded himself with the distinguished scholars of his time, and translated into the speech of his people a number of works which had hitherto been hidden from them in their Latin dress. Among these were the works of Bede, Paulus Orosi-

us's "Epitome of Universal History," the "Consolations of Philosophy" of Boethius, and, as has been already noticed, Gregory's "Dialogues." Having done so much, and so well, it presently came to be believed that there was nothing he could not do, and almost nothing that he had not done; he became the hero of legend. These anecdotes show the ideal man of the period; shrewd, brave, patient, fertile in expedients, equal to any fortune, however high or low; endowed with a quiet sense of humor, and always meeting or surpassing expectation in whatever crisis he might encounter. And though some of the anecdotes themselves may be apocryphal, it is likely that such a man as this Alfred really was.

Edward, surnamed the Elder, Alfred's son, succeeded him, and enlarged the kingdom; but his reign is not asssociated with any literary advance. Under the next king, Athelstan, Anlaf or Olaf of Ireland and Constantine of Scotland were leagued to overthrow him, but were themselves defeated at the battle of Brunanburh in Northumbria; and a ballad describing this victory is found in the Saxon Chronicle. This Chronicle is a relation of the principal events of the times, begun probably under Alfred, and continued for about three hundred years. It is the earliest history of any Teutonic people in its own language.

Another battle celebrated in contemporary verse is that of Maldon, in which Brihtnoth, an eaoldorman of the East Saxons, fell fighting against the Norwegians. This was in the year 991.

It will be seen that the literature before the Conquest is small in amount; but it is of high value. When the Normans had established themselves in the country, the manuscripts of the Anglo-Saxons were preserved only in the monasteries; and, the native language being repressed, they soon ceased to be regarded. In 1534 Henry VIII. quarreled with the pope, and severed the tie between the Roman church and English state. In his hot zeal against Catholicism, he dissolved the monasteries, and most of their archives were destroyed. A few books were saved by Matthew Parker, then a chaplain of the Court, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; and others were collected still later by Sir Robert Bruce

Cotton (1571–1631), an ardent antiquarian, founder of the Cottonian Library, now in the British Museum.

The Anglo-Saxons had the custom, which has not died out in our time, of celebrating all events and sealing compacts with strong drink. To these ceremonial revels, in court, mead-hall or green, flocked the scöps or bards, inspired "shapers," who sang death-songs, epics, and the exploits of heroes. Anglo-Saxon verse was formed of two half-lines, each having four or more syllables and two accents; three accented syllables of every pair of half-lines were alliterated with the same letter, and thus the two were made into one long line with four accents. This arrangement is well exemplified in a translation by Prof. Henry Morley:

"One shall *h*andle the *h*arp | at the feast of his *h*ero
Sit and *w*in *w*ealth | from the *w*ill of his lord;
Still *q*uickly *c*ontriving | the throb of the *ch*ords,
The *n*ail *n*imbly makes music | awakes a glad *n*oise,
While the *h*eart of the *h*arper | throbs, *h*urried by zeal."

The Anglo-Saxon genius is not romantic or florid; it deals sparingly in figures of speech and flights of rhetoric; though its tropes, when they do appear, are strong and memorable, as when the sea is termed "the whale-road," or a ship, "wave-traverser." But earnestness is always its leading characteristic, and, under Christianity, a strong religious sentiment. Generally speaking, they eschewed fancy, and in their poetry depended less on national legends than on ethics, religion and meditative themes. In these respects it is in contrast with the most of the contemporary verse of the Continent. They were a shrewd, serious, sensible people, and their literature reflects them.

CÆDMON.

At Whitby, in Yorkshire, a famous abbey was founded in 657 A.D., by Hilda, a lady of the royal family and a convert from Paganism. Her memory was so precious to her countrymen that, though the abbey was dedicated to St. Peter, it was popularly called St. Hilda's. Here was held in 664 the synod in which the North British Christians, who had been instructed by the Culdees, or Celtic missionaries, accepted the Roman time of celebrating Easter. Here also, in Hilda's lifetime, arose a poet who attempted to diffuse among the people a knowledge of Scripture history by means of Anglo-Saxon verse. The historian Bede, some fifty years later, thus sketched his career:

"Cædmon was a brother in her monastery, specially distinguished by divine grace, for he used to make songs apt to religion and piety; so that, whatever he learnt through interpreters of Holy Writ, this he, after a little while, composed in poetical words, and, with the utmost sweetness and feeling, would produce in his own English tongue. By his songs often the minds of many were made to glow with contempt of earthly and desire for heavenly things. He was a layman until of mature age, and had never learnt any poem. Sometimes, therefore, at a feast when, for the sake of pleasure, all should sing in their turn, he, seeing the harp coming near him, rose from the table and went home. Once, having left the house of festivity, he went out to the stables of the beasts, care of which on that night was entrusted to him, and there, when at the usual hour he had yielded to sleep, one stood by him, saluting him and calling him by name: 'Cædmon, sing me something.' 'I cannot sing,' said he, 'I have come hither out of the feast because I could not sing.' Again spoke the other, 'But you shall sing to me.' 'What ought I to sing?' said he, and the other answered, 'Sing the origin of creatures.' Having received this answer he immediately began to sing to the praise of God the Creator verses meaning thus:

"'Now ought we to praise the Author of the heavenly kingdom, the power of the Creator and His counsel, the deeds of the Father of glory. How He, being the eternal God, became the author of all marvels; the Almighty Guardian, who created for the sons of men first heaven for their roof, and then the earth.'

"Cædmon, awakening, remembered some of the lines, and made others similar. These he related to the steward, and by him was led

to the abbess who ordered him to tell his dream, and repeat his poem. A portion of sacred history was read to him, and he was directed to put it in verse. This he did by the next day, and the abbess then advised him to become a monk. Having done so, he was taught the sacred history, and by remembering and ruminating, like a clean animal, he turned it into sweetest verse, making his teachers in turn his hearers."

Such is Bede's account of this Saxon Christian poet, and the fragments ascribed to him correspond in the main with this description of his work. Many critics consider that the works of two or more authors have been brought together under his name. The first part, *Genesis*, departs further from the Biblical narrative, and is more sublime than the later parts. In its story of the fall of Satan from heaven it anticipates Milton's Paradise Lost. This idea is found, however, in other authors and is traced to Pope Gregory the Great in his exposition of Isaiah XIV. 12–15. A closer parallel is found in a Latin poem on sacred history by Avitus, bishop of Vienne in Gaul, A.D. 500. The sublimity and poetic merit of Cædmon, even as translator, cannot be gainsaid. In some passages his grand simplicity is superior to the elaborate ingenuity of Milton. The whole subject has been carefully discussed by S. Humphreys Gurteen in his work, The Epic of the Fall of Man.

EVE.

THE Heavenly Guardian then saw Adam lone,
And friend or comforter was by him none:
Therefore for him, in this his lonely state,
The Lord a woman made—a fair helpmate.
Softly he slept, and fast he lay at rest,
No soreness wist, nor any suffering guessed;
Nor whilst the Lord of Angels from his side
A jointed rib took out to form his bride,
Did any blood the place with crimson stain—
Ere Adam woke the wound was healed again.
In their glad hearts no sinful passions move—
Their bosoms glow with pure and ardent love;
With youth and beauty clad, they shone so fair,
Well might they with th' angel host compare.

Flight Into Egypt.—Giotto.

The Lord Himself the pair with joy surveyed,
And while He blest, these were the words He said:—
"Teem now and multiply; fill with your happy kin
The all-green earth; your reign forthwith begin;
To you the salt sea-waves shall service owe,
And all creation shall in reverence bow.
To you be subject all the hornéd band,
And the wild beasts submit to your command—
All living things that seek on earth their prey,
And all that swim along the huge whales' way—
These all shall you with humble fear obey."

—*Modernized by* R. T. GASKIN.

SATAN, THE ANGEL OF PRESUMPTION.

THE Almighty had disposed ten Angel tribes,
The Holy Father by his strength of hand,
That they whom He well trusted should serve Him
And work His will. For that the holy God
Gave intellect, and shaped them with His hands.
In happiness He placed them, and to one
He added prevalence and might of thought,
Sway over much, next highest to Himself
In Heaven's realm. Him He had wrought so bright
That pure as starlight was in heaven the form
Which God, the Lord of hosts, had given him.
Praise to the Lord His work, and cherishing
Of heavenly joy and thankfulness of God
For his share of that gift of light, which then
Had long been his. But he perverted it,
Against Heaven's highest Lord he lifted war,
Against the Most High in his sanctuary.
Dear was he to our Lord, but was not hid
From him that in his Angel pride arose.
He raised himself against his Maker, sought
Speech full of hate and bold, presuming boast.
Refused God suit, said that his own form beamed
With radiance of light, shone bright of hue,
And in his mind he found not service due
To the Lord God, for to himself he seemed
In force and skill greater than all God's host.
Much spake the Angel of Presumption, thought

Through his own craft to make a stronger throne
Higher in Heaven. His mind urged him, he said,
That north and south he should begin to work,
Found buildings; said he questioned whether he
Would serve God. "Wherefore," he said, "shall I toil?
No need have I of master. I can work
With my own hands great marvels, and have power
To build a throne more worthy of a God
Higher in Heaven. Why shall I for His smile
Serve Him, bend to Him thus in vassalage?
I may be God as He.
Stand by me, strong supporters firm in strife.
Hard-mooded heroes, famous warriors,
Have chosen me for chief; one may take thought
With such for counsel, and with such secure
Large following. My friends in earnest they,
Faithful in all the shaping of their minds;
I am their master and may rule this realm.
Therefore it seems not right that I should cringe
To God for any good, and I will be
No more His servant."

When the Almighty heard
With how great pride His Angel raised himself
Against his Lord, foolishly spake high words
Against the Supreme Father, he that deed
Must expiate, and in the work of strife
Receive his portion, take for punishment
Utmost perdition. So doth every man
Who sets himself in battle against God,
In sinful strife against the Lord Most High.
Then was the Mighty wroth, Heaven's highest Lord
Cast him from his high seat, for he had brought
His Master's hate on him. His favor lost,
The Good was angered against him, and he
Must therefore seek the depth of Hell's fierce pains;
He strove against Heaven's highest Lord,
Who shook him from his favor, cast him down
To the deep dales of Hell, where he became
Devil. The fiend with all his comrades fell
From Heaven, Angels, for three nights and days,
From Heaven to Hell, where the Lord changed them all

To Devils, because they his Deed and Word
Refused to worship. Therefore in worse light
Under the earth beneath, Almighty God
Had placed them triumphless in the swart Hell.
There evening, immeasurably long,
Brings to each fiend renewal of the fire;
Then comes, at dawn, the east wind keen with frost
Its dart, or fire continual, torment sharp,
The punishment wrought for them they must bear.
Their world was changed, and those first times filled Hell
With the Deniers. Still the Angels held,
They who fulfilled God's pleasure, Heaven's heights;
Those others, hostile, who such strife had raised
Against their Lord, lie in the fire, bear pangs,
Fierce burning heat in midst of Hell, broad flames,
Fire and therewith also the bitter reek
Of smoke and darkness; for they paid no heed
To service of their God; their wantonness
Of Angel's pride deceived them, who refused
To worship the Almighty Word. Their pain
Was great, then were they fallen to the depth
Of fire in the hot hell for their loose thought
And pride unmeasured, sought another land
That was without light, and was full of flame,
Terror immense of fire. Then the fiends felt
That they unnumbered pains had in return,
Through might of God, for their great violence,
But most for pride. Then spoke the haughty king,
Once brightest among Angels, in the heavens
Whitest, and to his Master dear, beloved
Of God, until they lightly went astray,
And for that madness the Almighty God
Was wroth with him and into ruin cast
Him down to his new bed, and shaped him then
A name, said that the highest should be called
Satan thenceforth, and o'er Hell's swart abyss
Bade him have rule, and strife with God avoid.

CYNEWULF.

In 1823 there was discovered in a monastery at Vercelli, in northern Italy, a manuscript of Anglo-Saxon poetry. The last and longest poem, *Elene*, related the legend of the finding of the true Cross by Helena, the mother of Constantine. In the closing verses the poet had curiously inserted his own name in runes, the early alphabetic characters of northern Europe. These runes were read in 1840 by Jacob Grimm and J. M. Kemble, working independently. The name Cynewulf, thus found, was discovered similarly in two poems of the Exeter Book, one on the Coming of Christ, the other relating the legend of St. Juliana. Smaller poems in these books, including ninety riddles, have been attributed to this poet, previously unknown. The following passage is the end of the poem on the Coming of Christ.

Now it is likest to that as if on liquid flood
Over cold water in keels we went forward
Through the vast sea with ocean-horses,
Ferried the floating wood. Frightful that stream is
Of waves unmeasured, that here we toss upon,
Over a deep passage. It was strong effort,
Ere we to land had reached hardly,
Over the rough swell. Then help to us came,
So that us into safety to the port guided
God's heavenly Son; and He gave us the gift
That we may espy over the ship's side
Where we shall fasten the steeds of the sea,
Old mares of the water, with anchors fast.
Let us in that port our confidence plant,
Which for us laid open the Lord of the skies,
Holy on high, where He to heaven ascended.

Here also is his Call to Christ:

Come now, thou Lord of Victory, Creator of Mankind,
Make manifest Thy tenderness in mercy to us here!
Need is there for us all in Thee Thy Mother's kin to find,
Though to Thy Father's mystery we cannot yet come near.
Christ, Saviour, by thy coming bless this earth of ours with love;
The golden gates, so long fast barred, do Thou, O Heavenly King,
Bid now unclose, that humbly Thou, descending from above,
Seek us on earth, for we have need of blessing Thou canst bring.

THE surname "Great" was first bestowed on Alfred in the sixteenth century; by his contemporaries he was called in such affectionate titles as "England's Darling," "England's Comfort," "England's Shepherd." Born 849, he twice visited Rome, was anointed by the pope, fought beside the king his brother against the Danes, and was himself crowned in 871. The Danes occupied all his attention till by his exertions as warrior in the field and statesman in the cabinet he finally subdued them. The rival English factions were meanwhile united by their common cause against the invaders.

Alfred was a fighter, an administrator, a scholar, and a good man. His main service to literature consisted in rendering into the vernacular, and adding to, the useful books of the time, "so that," as he said, "all the youth of England, more especially those who are of gentle kind and at ease in their circumstances, may be grounded in letters; for they can profit in no pursuit until they are well able to read English." He himself kept school in his Court for the sons of his nobles. In his translations, which were in fact free paraphrases, he was helped by Werferth, Bishop of Worcester, Plegmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Asser, of Wales, and the priests John and Grimbald from Saxony and St. Omer. His own knowledge of Latin was acquired late in life: but he knew the popular traditions and urged the teaching of them to the younger generation. It is told of him that he was wont to sing the old folk-songs in the homes of the people, accompanying himself on the harp.

He translated the History of Orosius, a Spanish priest of the fifth century; condensing the seven books into six and interpolating new matter. This consists in the narratives of two Scandinavian voyagers, taken down by him from their own lips. He followed this by a rendering of Bede's History, which became under his hands the first English history of the English people. Next came the translation of the "Consolations of Philosophy" of the Roman scholar Boethius, written in prison in the fifth century. It was the last work of genius of old Rome, and marks the transition from Paganism to Christianity. Alfred occasionally substitutes his own conclusions for those of the Roman Philosopher.

In his version of Gregory's "Pastoral Care," presented by Alfred to Bishop Werferth, he gives his reasons for undertaking the translation in these words:

DÆOS BOC SCÆAL TO WIOGORACÆASTRE.

ÆLFRED kyning gretan Wœrferth biscep his wordum luflice and freondlice: and the cythan hate thaet me com swithe oft on gemynd, hwelce wiotan in woeran gyond Angelcynn, ægthe ge godeundra hada ge woruldcundra; and hu gesaeliglica tida tha woeron giond Angelcynn, and hu tha kyningas the thone onwald haefdon thaes folces on them dagum Gode and his ærendwrecum hersumedon; etc.

(Translation:—THIS BOOK SHALL (GO) TO WORCESTER.—Alfred, King, commandeth to greet Werferth, bishop, with his words in loving and friendly wise; and I would have you informed that it has often come into my remembrance what wise men there formerly were among the Angle race, both of the sacred orders and the secular, and how happy times those were throughout the Angle race; and how the kings who had government of the folk in those days obeyed God and his messengers.—(*Here the above passage ends; we continue:*)

—And they on the one hand maintained their peace and their customs and their authority within their borders, while at the same time they spread their territory outwards; and how it then went well with them both in war and in wisdom; and likewise the sacred orders, how earnest they were, as well about teaching as about learning, and about all the services they owed God; and how people from abroad came to this land for wisdom and instruction, and how we should now have to get them from abroad if we were going to have them. So clean was it fallen away in the Angle race that there were very few on this side Humber who would know how to render their services in English, or so much as translate an epistle out of Latin into English; I ween that not many would be on the other side Humber. So few of them were

there that I cannot think of so much as a single one south of Thames when I took to the realm. God Almighty be thanked that we have now any teachers in office.

Alfred's Code of Laws gives him legislative as well as literary honor. And to him England owes it that, alone among nations, she possesses a history of her own people in their own tongue from the beginning of their national existence. He lived but fifty-two years, and in his arduous life there could have been small room for leisure. In one of his note-books occurs this passage:—"Desirest thou peace? But thou shalt never get it without sorrows, both from strange folk, and yet keener from thine own kin.—Hardship and sorrow! Not a king but would fain lack them; but I know he cannot." Again, before his death in 901, he wrote,—"So long as I have lived I have striven to live worthily. I desire to leave to the men who come after me a remembrance of me in good works." The historian Freeman says of him, "No other man on record has ever so thoroughly united all the virtues both of ruler and private man."

The Peace of Wedmore.

(This Treaty between Alfred and Guthrum the Dane, in 878, may in a sense be considered the starting-point of English History.)

This is the peace that King Alfred and King Guthrum and the counselors of all the Anglecynn (English nation) and all the people that are in East Anglia have all decreed and with oaths confirmed for themselves and for their children, both for the born and for the unborn, all who value God's favor or ours.

Cap. I.—First about our Land-boundaries.—Up the Thames, then up the Lea, and along the Lea to her source, then straight to Bedford, then up the Ouse to Watling Street.

Cap. II.—Then there is this:—if a man be slain we reckon all of equal value, the Englishman and the Dane, at eight half-marks of pure gold, except the churl who dwells on gravel land, and the Danish leisings, those also are equally dear, either at 200 shillings.

Cap. III.—And if a king's thane be charged with killing a man, if he dare to clear himself, let him do it before twelve kings' thanes. If the accused man be of less degree than the king's thane, let him clear himself with eleven of his equals and one king's thane. And so in every suit that may be of more than

four mancuses. [A mancus was 150 cents.] And if he dare not, let him pay threefold, according as it may be valued.

CAP. IV.—And that every man may know his warrantor for men and for horses and for oxen.

CAP. V.—And we all said on that day when the oaths were sworn, that neither bond nor free should be at liberty to go to the host [the Danish camp] without leave, nor of them any one, by the same rule, to us. If, however, it happen that for business any one of them desires to have dealings with us or we with them, about cattle and about goods, that is to be granted on this wise, that hostages be given for a pledge of peace, and for evidence whereby it may be known that the party has a clean back [meaning a back unladen with stolen goods].

ALFRED'S PREFACE TO GREGORY'S DIALOGUES.

I, ALFRED, by the grace of Christ dignified with the honor of royalty, have distinctly understood, and through the reading of holy books have often heard, that from us to whom God hath given so much eminence of worldly distinction, it is specially required that we from time to time should subdue and bend our minds to the divine and spiritual Law, in the midst of this earthly anxiety; and I accordingly sought and requested of my trusty friends they should transcribe for me out of pious books about the conversation and miracles of holy men the instruction that hereafter followeth; so that I, being strengthened in my mind through the admonition and love, may now and then contemplate heavenly things in the midst of earthly troubles. Now we can plainly hear how the blessed and apostolic man, St. Gregory, spake to his deacon, whose name was Peter, about the manners and life of holy men for instruction and for example to all who are working the will of God.

THE NUN AND THE LETTUCE.

(From Gregory's Dialogues.)

A NUN walking in the convent garden took a fancy to eat a leaf of lettuce, and she ate, without first making the sign of the cross over it. Presently she was found to be possessed with an evil spirit. The abbot was called and questioned the fiend. But the fiend protested that what had happened was not his fault. He said, "I was harmlessly sitting on a lettuce, and then came she and ate me."

St. Benedict's Vision.

(From Gregory's Dialogues.)

It happened that there came to visit the venerable Benedict, as his custom was, Servandus, the deacon and abbot of the monastery that Liberius the patrician had built in South Lombardy. Indeed, he used to visit Benedict's monastery frequently that in each other's company they might be mutually refreshed with the sweet words of life and the delectable food of the heavenly country, which they could not as yet with perfect bliss enjoy, but did at least in aspiration taste it, insomuch that the said Servandus was likewise abounding in the lore of the heavenly grace. When at length the time was come for their rest and repose, the venerable Benedict was lodged in the upper floor of a tower, and Servandus, the deacon, rested on the lower floor of the same tower. There was a solid staircase with plain steps from the nether floor to the upper floor. There was also in front of the tower a spacious house in which slept the disciples of them both.

When now Benedict, the man of God, was keeping the time of his nightly prayer during his brethren's rest, then stood he all vigilant at a window praying to the Almighty Lord. Then suddenly in that time of nightly stillness, as he looked out, he saw a light sent from on high disperse all the darkness of the night, and shine with a brightness so great that the light which then gleamed in the midst of the darkness was brighter than the light of day. Lo, then in this sight a wonderful thing followed next, as he himself afterwards related;—that even all the world, as if placed under one ray of the sun, was displayed before his eyes. When now the venerable father had fastened his attention on the brightness of that shining light, he saw angels conveying in a fiery group into heaven the soul of Germanus, who was bishop of the city of Capua. He desired then to secure to himself a witness of so great a wonder, and called Servandus the deacon twice and thrice, and repeatedly named his name with loud exclamation. Servandus was disturbed at the unusual outcry of the honored man, and he mounted the stairs and looked as directed, and saw verily a small portion of that light. As the deacon was then amazed for so great a wonder, the man of God related to him in order the things that there had happened; and forthwith he sent orders to the faithful man Theoprobus in Casinum, the chief house, that he in the same night should send a man to the city of Capua,

and should ascertain and report to him what had happened about Germanus the bishop. Then it came to pass that he who was sent thither found that the venerable Bishop Germanus had indeed died; and carefully inquiring, he found that his departure was at that very time that the man of God had witnessed his ascent to Heaven.

THE SAXON CHRONICLE.

One of the chief authorities for the early history of England is the Saxon Chronicle, a record written by various authors, who commenced this work by the order of King Alfred. Copies were prepared for the principal monasteries, and seven of these have been preserved, varying in several respects. The history extends from Cæsar's invasion to the year 855 in the earliest copy, and to the year 1154 in the latest. In some places the prose narrative gives way to verse, as in the account of the battle of Brunanburl. The following passage is the modest relation of the critical turn in the fortunes of Alfred.

A.D. 878.—This year, during midwinter, after Twelfth night, the [Danish] army stole away to Chippenham, and overran the land of the West Saxons and sat there; and many of the people they drove beyond sea, and of the remainder the greater part they subdued and forced to obey them, except King Alfred; and he, with a small band, with difficulty retreated to the woods and to the fastnesses of the moors. And the same winter the brother of Hingwar and of Halfdene came with twenty-three ships to Devonshire in Wessex; and he was there slain, and with him eight hundred and forty men of his army; and there was taken the war-flag which they called the Raven. After this, at Easter, King Alfred, with a small band, constructed a fortress at Athelney; and from this fortress, with that part of the men of Somerset which was nearest to it, from time to time they fought against the army. Then, in the seventh week after Easter, he rode to Brixton, on the east side of Selwood; and there came to meet him all the men of Somerset, and the men of Wiltshire, and that portion of the men of Hampshire which was on this side of the sea; and they were joyful at his presence. On the following day he went from that station to Iglea [Iley], and on the day after this to Heddington, and there fought against the whole army, put them to flight, and pursued them as far as their fortress; and there he sat down fourteen days. And then the army delivered to him hostages, with many oaths, that they would leave his kingdom, and also promised him that their king should receive

baptism; and this they accordingly fulfilled. And about three weeks after this King Guthrum came to him, with some thirty men, who were of the most distinguished in the army, at Aller, which is near Athelney; and the king was his god-father at baptism, and his chrism-loosing was at Wedmore: and he was twelve days with the king; and he greatly honored him and his companions with gifts.

THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

THIS account of the battle of Brunanburh, A. D. 937, is modernized from one of the poetical passages of the Saxon Chronicle by Lord Tennyson. The Anglo-Saxon King Athelstan had driven Anlaf or Olaf the Red from possession of his father Sitric's Danish kingdom of Northumbria. Olaf took refuge in his Irish kingdom, and returned thence with 615 vessels into the Humber. He was aided by his father-in-law Constantine II., of Scotland, by Owen, king of Strathclyde, and some British princes. But these allies were completely defeated at Brunanburh, and the victory was celebrated in this spirited ballad.

Athelstan King, Lord among Earls,
Bracelet-bestower and Baron of Barons,
He with his brother, Edmund Atheling,
Gaining a lifelong glory in battle,
Slew with the sword-edge, there by Brunanburh,
Brake the shield-wall, hew'd the linden-wood,
Hack'd the battle-shield,
Sons of Edward with hammer'd brands.

Theirs was a greatness got from their Grandsires—
Theirs that so often in strife with their enemies
Struck for their hoards and their hearths and their homes.

Bow'd the spoiler, bent the Scotsman,
Fell the ship-crews doom'd to the death.
All the field with blood of the fighters
Flow'd, from when first the great sun-star of morning-tide,
Lamp of the Lord God, Lord everlasting,
Glode over earth till the glorious creature
Sunk to his setting.

There lay many a man marr'd by the javelin,
Men of the Northland shot over shield.
There was the Scotsman weary of war.

We, the West Saxons, long as the daylight
Lasted, in companies
Troubled the track of the host that we hated,
Grimly with swords that were sharp from the grindstone,
Fiercely we hack'd at the flyers before us.

Mighty the Mercian, hard was his hand-play,
Sparing not any of those that with Anlaf,
Warriors over the weltering waters
Borne in the bark's-bosom, drew to this island,
Doom'd to the death.

Five young kings put asleep by the sword-stroke,
Seven strong Earls of the army of Anlaf
Fell on the war-field, numberless numbers,
Shipmen and Scotsmen.

Then the Norse leader, dire was his need of it,
Few were his following, fled to his war-ships:
Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king in it,
Saving his life on the fallow flood.

Also the crafty one, Constantinus,
Crept to his north again, hoar-headed hero!
Slender reason had he to be proud of
The welcome of war-knives—he that was reft of his
Folk and his friends that had fallen in conflict,
Leaving his son too, lost in the carnage,
Mangled to morsels, a youngster in war!

Slender reason had he to be glad of
The clash of the war-glaive—
Traitor and trickster and spurner of treaties—
He nor had Anlaf with armies so broken
A reason for bragging that they had the better
In perils of battle on places of slaughter—
The struggle of standards, the rush of the javelins,
The crash of the chargers, the wielding of weapons—
The play that they play'd with the children of Edward

Then with their nail'd prows parted the Norsemen, a
Blood-redden'd relic of javelins, over

The jarring breaker, the deep-sea billow,
Shaping their way toward Dyefin again,
Shamed in their souls.

Also the brethren, king and Atheling,
Each in his glory,
Went to his own in his own West-Saxonland,
Glad of the war.

Many a carcass they left to be carrion,
Many a livid one, many a sallow-skin—
Left for the white-tail'd eagle to tear it, and
Left for the horny-nibb'd raven to rend it, and
Gave to the garbaging war-hawk to gorge it, and
That gray beast, the wolf of the weald.

Never had huger slaughter of heroes
Slain by the sword-edge—such as old writers
Have writ of in histories—hapt in this isle, since
Up from the East hither Saxon and Angle from
Over the broad billow broke into Britain with
Haughty war-workers who harried the Welshmen, when
Earls that were lured by the hunger of glory gat
Hold of the land.

THE DEATH OF BRIHTNOTH.

ONE of the finest fragments of old English literature is the ballad on the battle of Maldon, fought A.D. 991. It is considered by most critics to have been written immediately after the battle. The historian Freeman declares that it "ranks among the noblest efforts of Teutonic poetry." Though the original manuscript is now lost, a copy was published by the antiquarian, Thomas Hearne, in 1726. According to the Chronicle of Ely, Brihtnoth (or Byrhtnoth) was a Northumbrian earl or ealdorman, brave, wise and pious, who having once defeated the Vikings at Maldon in Essex, was called to repel them when they returned. Olaf, their leader, being unable to force the wooden bridge guarded by Wulfstan, marched further up to a ford. There Brihtnoth, with too generous chivalry, allowed him to cross without molestation. Then followed the fierce conflict in which Brihtnoth fell, while some of his associates fled. Yet others, as the poet goes on to relate, fought to revenge their lord's death. The lamented Brihtnoth was buried at the Abbey of Ely, but his bones were removed in the eighteenth century to the Cathedral, where a

tablet records his benefactions to the Church, and a window bears his effigy. The following poetical rendering of the ballad is by H. W. Lumsdeu.

The herald of the Vikings stood beside the river shore,
And the sea-rover's haughty words before the Earl he bore:
"From seamen bold I come: they bid that thou shalt straightway send
Treasure for ransom: better 'twill be for you in the end
To buy with gifts our onslaught off than with us war to hold;
No need to fight if ye agree—we'll make a peace for gold:
If so thou orderest it, who here among the rest are chief,
That thou wilt set thy people free, then bid for their relief,
That they shall to the seamen give as seamen shall decree,
Treasure for peace: then take ye peace, and we will put to sea
With booty-laden ships, and peace henceforth between us be!"
Then Brihtnoth lifted up his voice—his shield he brandished high,
And shook his slender ashen shaft—and thus he made reply:
Wrathful and resolute he spake: "O thou sea-robber, hear
What saith this folk! To you they give no tribute but the spear,
The venomed point, the old keen edge, and all the battle-gear
That works no good for you in fight! Go, seamen's herald, say
This message of yet deeper hate: that here, an Earl I stay
Undaunted, with my men to guard the kingdom, folk and land
Of Æthelred my lord. In war the heathen shall not stand!
That ye should with our spoil go hence unfought, since thus ye came
So far into this land of ours, too great meseems the shame:
Nor think ye to win gold with ease—rather shall grim war play,
And sword and spear our compact make ere we will tribute pay!"
With that he bade his men go forth: their bucklers then they bore
Till at the landing-place they stood, beside the river shore.
Neither could reach the other there, between them flowed the tide;
For after all the flood rolled up, it filled the channel wide.
And till their spears together clashed too long the time did seem
To Vikings and East Saxon ranks arrayed by Panta's stream,
For neither could the other hurt, save by the arrow's flight,
Till ebb of tide. Then ready there and burning for the fight
The Vikings stood, the seamen host. But Wulfstan—warrior old,
The son of Ceola—with his kin by Brihtnoth sent to hold
The bridge against them, with the lance the foremost Viking slew,

Who stepped foolhardy on the bridge. With Wulfstan heroes two,
Ælphere and Maccus, firmly stood, no passage would they yield,
But bravely fought against the foe while they could weapons wield.
Now when the hated strangers saw the bridge-wards there so stout,
They changed their ground, and to the ford they led their forces out.
Then for the heathen host the Earl made way, and over-bold
Men heard the son of Brihthelm shout across the waters cold:
"Lo! here is room for you! Come on, come, warriors, to the fray!
God only knows which of us twain shall hold the field to-day."
Then onward came the wolves of war, they recked not of the flood:
Westward o'er Panta's gleaming waves they bore their shields and stood
Upon the bank. There 'gainst their foes were Brihtnoth's men arrayed,
And at his word they held their ground, and buckler wall they made.
Now drew the time of glorious deeds, the tide of battle, nigh;
And now the fatal hour was come when death-doomed men must die!
Now loud uprose the battle-cry, and greedy for their prey,
The ravens wheeled, the eagles screamed. On earth was noise of fray!
From hand was hurled the sharp-filed spear, the whetted arrow flew,
The bow was busy, shield met spear, and fierce the combat grew.
On either side brave soldiers fell. There Brihtnoth's kinsman died,
Wulfmær, his sister's son, all hewn with sword-wounds deep and wide.
But to the Vikings recompense was fully paid: I know
That Eadward smote one with his sword, nor did the stroke forego
Till at his feet the doomed foe lay. For this his lord gave thanks
To his bower-thane in season due. Thus stoutly in the ranks
The warriors fought with weapons sharp, and each one strove to be
The first whose spear might reach the life of death-doomed enemy.
On earth was slaughter! Firm they stood; and Brihtnoth's words of flame
Stirred every heart to bide the brunt and win a glorious name.
Forth went the hero old in war, he raised his sheltering shield
And shook his spear, and onward went into the battle-field.
Thus of one mind went earl and churl—alike their fell intent.

A southern lance the warrior's lord now pierced, by Viking sent;
But with his shield he thrust at it, the shaft to splinters broke
And bent the head till out it sprang: then fierce his wrath awoke,
And at the foe who dealt the wound he hurled his deadly spear.
Skilled was the leader of the host—he sent the javelin sheer
Through the youth's neck: his guiding hand the Viking sought to slay;
And then another swift he shot, through corselet it made way,
And in the heart through rings of mail the venomed lance-head stood.
The blither was the Earl for that—he laughed, the bold of mood,
And for the day's work rendered thanks that God to him had given.
But from a warrior's clenched hand a dart was fiercely driven:
Too sure it went, and pierced the noble thane of Æthelred.
Beside him stood a beardless youth—a boy in battle dread—
Young Wulfmær, son of Wulfstan: he swift from the hero drew
The bloody dart and hurled it back: the hardened spear-head flew,
And on the earth the Viking lay who thus had reached his lord.
Then rushed a warrior armed to seize the goodly graven sword,
Bracelets and corselet of the Earl, but Brihtnoth drew his blade,
Brown-edged and broad, and fierce the strokes he on his corselet laid.
Too soon another smote his arm and hindered him. Then rolled
On earth the yellow-hilted sword, nor longer could he hold
Keen blade, nor weapon wield; but still the grey-haired leader bade
His men keep heart and onward press, good comrades undismayed.
No longer could he stand upright, his eyes to heaven he bent:
"Ruler of nations! I give thanks for all that Thou hast lent
Of joys in this world. Now have I, gracious Lord! most need
That Thou show favor to my soul, that it to Thee may speed,
And to Thy kingdom, Lord of Angels! pass in peace. I pray
That hell-foes do me no despite." They hewed him as he lay—
The heathen dogs!—and two with him, Ælfnoth and Wulfmær; there
Beside their lord they gave their lives. . . . .
Thus fell the leader of the host, the Earl of Æthelred,
And all his hearth-companions saw that there their lord lay dead.
But hotly thither came proud thanes and dauntless men drew nigh:
One thing alone they all desired—to take revenge or die!

CHAPTER XII.

ROLAND.

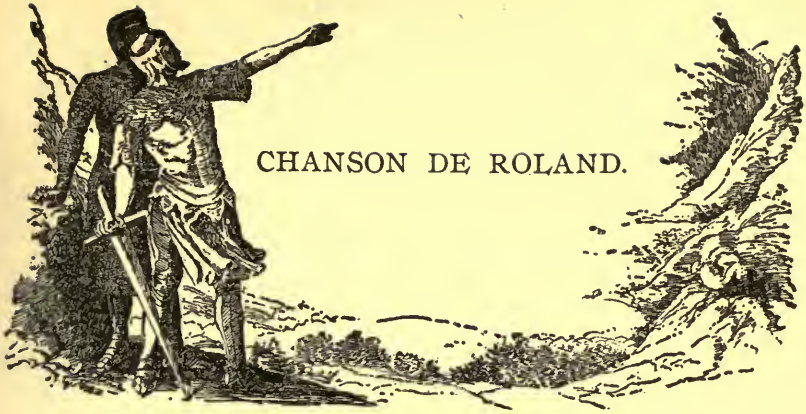
Some time later the stories of Charlemagne and Roland developed. These also were composed to edify fighting men, but several striking differences are apparent. They grew up in France and there is fervent patriotism permeating them; moreover, chivalrous attitude toward love is present. As a matter of fact, there is good reason to believe that in the earlier version the love theme was yet untouched and that it was later interpolated to meet the popular demand for love stories.

The story in brief is this: Charlemagne was the powerful king who had defeated his enemies, one by one, until a great realm had been created. This included much of France, Germany and Italy. The song of Roland places the center of action in the Pyrenees. Charlemagne has been fighting the Saracens and they have been making overtures to him for peace. His nephew, Roland, a brave and valiant knight, counsels against making peace, reverting to an earlier experience when the Saracens had deceived an army in this way and, upon its withdrawal, had attacked the rear guard. But Roland's stepfather, Ganelon, with many older ones, favors making an end of warfare and returning home. This opinion prevails. The question next arises as to who shall carry the answer to the Saracens—the danger of such a mission being recognized. Roland offers to go, but others feel that he is too valuable to his country to be needlessly exposed. Roland slightingly suggests his stepfather, Ganelon, who is actually appointed as peace ambassador. The deep hatred between Roland and Ganelon is now increased; Ganelon thinks Roland is using this means for getting rid of him altogether; Roland taunts him of lack of bravery. This so incites Ganelon that he decides to betray his people to the Saracens. He goes to them as appointed, but instead of negotiating according to the king's direction, he advises them to make the peace and attack the rear of the army when Charlemagne withdraws. This being determined upon, he returns to make sure that Roland shall

be in this vanguard and so destroyed. Matters develop as planned. The Saracens are suddenly upon the flower of Charlemagne's chivalry. Oliver, Roland's friend, urges him to sound upon his powerful horn, which will summon Charlemagne and thus the Saracens will be put to rout. But Roland feels that to summon aid at once would prove his own lack of worth and he refuses to do so. Instead, he tries to withstand the attack, but his small band, being overwhelmingly outnumbered, fall to a man, and when at last Roland blows the horn, the effort causes his death. Terrible now is the revenge taken by the great king. Roland's death and the death of his comrades is the occasion for fearful slaughter of the Saracens.

This story was carried to many lands. Based upon slight historical foundations, it was elaborated upon according to the taste of the reciter. As a matter of fact, Charlemagne was a great conqueror; Roland was not his nephew, but was probably older than he by a century; an army was once overtaken in the Pyrenees, but not by Saracens. Thus it is largely a fanciful product of the age when men fought, but now for the glory of country and the triumph of Christianity. The age of wonder is not passed, for God stays the sun in the heavens, as in the days of Joshua, until the Saracens are put to shame and confusion.

When transplanted to Germany, the story was expanded to emphasize the religious aspect of the struggle; when related in Italy, love affairs of the knights were dwelt upon. Nor should the moral aspect of the song be overlooked wherein Oliver rebukes Roland for sacrificing soldiers needed in the service of the king for personal pride.



CHANSON DE ROLAND.

THE earliest form which French literature assumed is that of the "Chansons de Geste," Songs of Deeds; they are narrative or epic poems, relating to episodes of French history, arranged in stanzas of arbitrary length, each line containing ten or twelve syllables, ending with rhymes in which the vowel sounds, though not the consonants, must agree; these were called "assonant rhymes." Their composers were trouvères, of knightly or priestly rank. The best productions of this kind date from the twelfth century.

The "Chanson de Roland," the earliest of these, is supposed to have been written before the close of the eleventh century. The oldest manuscript of the poem is in the Oxford collection, and contains 4001 ten-syllable lines. The author is believed to have been a Norman trouvère named Théroulde. It tells the tale of the death of Roland at Roncesvalles, and Charlemagne's vengeance. It has been translated into English by John O'Hagan and by Leonce Rabillon.

Marsila, the pagan king of Saragossa, offers homage to Charlemagne if he will return to France. Roland opposes, Ganelon supports the proposal. Roland, denied the embassy to Saragossa, recommends Ganelon, who goes, though reluctantly. Marsila, discovering Ganelon's jealousy of Roland, seduces him to aid in an attack on the French rearguard in the pass of the Pyrenees. The false ambassador now returns with hostages and gifts. Roland guards the rear, against which Marsila gathers a vast host, including many recreant knights. At Roncesvalles they overtake and surround Roland and the peers. Oliver, valiant but wise, urges Roland to sound his horn and bring Charlemagne to the rescue. The hero refuses. Archbishop Turpin, after blessing the Christian host, plunges into the fight and is slain. Thousands are killed; and Roland, when it is too late, blows a blast upon his horn. Before Charlemagne can reach the field, Roland, last of his host, is dead. Charlemagne pursues the already fleeing pagan army, and exacts terrible vengeance. Ganelon is tried and is put to death with his kinsmen. In many subsequent romances Ganelon is

named as the typical traitor, from whom the breed of traitors is descended. Under the name of Orlando, Roland is celebrated by later poets as the typical Christian hero.

ROLAND'S PRIDE.

"IN mighty strength are the heathen crew,"
Oliver said, "and our Franks are few,
My comrade Roland, sound on your horn,
Karl will hear and his hosts return."
"I were mad," said Roland, "to do such deed;
Lost in France were my glory's meed;
My Durindana shall smite full hard,
And her hilt be red to the golden guard,
The heathen felons shall find their fate,
Their death, I swear, in the pass they wait."

"O Roland, sound on your ivory horn,
To the ear of Karl shall the blast be borne,
He shall bid his legions backward bend
And all his barons their aid shall lend."

"Nay, God forbid it for very shame,
That for me my kindred were stained with blame.
Or that gentle France to such vileness fell;
This good sword that hath served me well,
My Durindana such strokes shall deal,
That with blood encrimsoned shall be the steel;
By their evil star are the felons led,
They shall be numbered among the dead."
"Roland, Roland, yet sound one blast,
Karl shall hear ere the gorge be passed,
And the Franks return on their path full fast."
"I will not sound on my ivory horn,
It shall never be spoken of me in scorn,
That for heathen felons one blast I blew;
I may not dishonor my lineage true.
But I will strike ere this fight be o'er
A thousand strokes and seven hundred more,
And my Durindana shall drip with gore,
Our Franks shall bear them like vassals brave,
The Saracen flock but find a grave."

"I deem of neither reproach nor stain,
I have seen the Saracen host of Spain
Over plain and valley and mountains spread
And the regions hidden beneath their tread;
Countless the swarm of the foes, and we
A marvellous little company."
Roland answered him, "All the more,
My spirit within me burns therefore;
God and his angels of Heaven defend
That France through me from her glory bend;
Death were better than fame laid low,
Our emperor loveth a downright blow."

The Horn of Roland.

As Roland gazed on his slaughtered men,
He bespake his gentle compeer again:
"Ah, dear companion, may God thee shield!
Behold, our bravest lie dead on the field!
Well may we weep for France the fair,
Of her noble barons despoiled and bare.
Had he been with us, our king and friend!
Speak, my brother, thy counsel lend,—
How unto Karl shall we tidings send?"
Oliver answered, "I know not how.
Liefer death than be recreant now."

"I will sound," said Roland, "upon my horn,
Karl, as he passes the gorge, to warn.
The Franks, I know, will return apace."
Said Oliver, "Nay, it were foul disgrace
On your noble kindred to wreak such wrong;
They would bear the stain their lifetime long.
Erewhile I sought it, and sued in vain;
But to sound thy horn thou wouldst not deign.
Now shall not mine assent be won,
Nor shall I say it is knightly done." . . .

"Ah, why on me doth thy anger fall?"
"Roland, 'tis thou who hast wrought it all.
Valor and madness are scarce allied,—
Better discretion than daring pride.

All by thy folly our Franks lie slain,
Nor will render service to Karl again.
As I implored thee, if thou hadst done,
The king had come, and the field were won;
Marsil captive or slain, I trow.
Thy daring, Roland, hath wrought our woe.
No service more to Karl we pay,
That first of men, till the judgment day.
Thou shalt die, and France dishonored be,
Ended our loyal company—
A woeful parting this eve shall see."

Archbishop Turpin their strife hath heard,
His steed with the spurs of gold he spurred,
And thus rebuked them, riding near:
"Sir Roland, and thou, Sir Olivier,
Contend not, in God's great name, I crave.
Not now availeth the horn to save;
And yet behoves you to wind its call;
Karl will come to avenge our fall." . . .
Said Roland, "Yea, 'tis a goodly rede,"
Then to his lips the horn he drew,
And full and lustily he blew.
The mountain peaks soared high around;
Thirty leagues was borne the sound;
Karl hath heard it and all his band.
"Our men have battle," said he, "on hand." . . .
With deadly travail, in stress and pain,
Count Roland sounded a mighty strain.
Forth from his mouth the bright blood sprang,
And his temples burst from the very pang.
On and onward was borne the blast,
Till Karl hath heard, as the gorge he passed,
And Naimes and all his men of war.
"It is Roland's horn," said the Emperor,
"And save in battle he had not blown."

Death of Archbishop Turpin.

The archbishop, whom God loved in high degree,
Beheld his wounds all bleeding fresh and free;
And then his cheek more ghastly grew and wan,
And a faint shudder through his members ran.

Upon the battle-field his knee was bent;
Brave Roland saw, and to his succor went,
Straightway his helmet from his brow unlaced,
And tore the shining haubert from his breast;
Then raising in his arms the man of God,
Gently he laid him on the verdant sod.
"Rest, Sire," he cried,—"for rest thy suffering needs."
The priest replied, "Think but of warlike deeds!
The field is ours; well may we boast this strife!
But death steals on,—there is no hope of life;
In Paradise, where the almoners live again,
There are our couches spread,—there shall we rest from pain."
Sore Roland grieved; nor marvel I, alas!
That thrice he swooned upon the thick green grass.
When he revived, with a loud voice cried he,
"O Heavenly Father! Holy Saint Marie!
Why lingers death to lay me in my grave?
Beloved France! how have the good and brave
Been torn from thee and left thee weak and poor!"
Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-love, came o'er
His spirit, and he whispered soft and slow,
"My gentle friend!—what parting full of woe!
Never so true a liegeman shalt thou see;—
Whate'er my fate, Christ's benison on thee!
Christ, who did save from realms of woe beneath
The Hebrew prophets from the second death."
Then to the paladins, whom well he knew,
He went, and one by one unaided drew
To Turpin's side, well skilled in ghostly lore;—
No heart had he to smile,—but, weeping sore,
He blessed them in God's name, with faith that he
Would soon vouchsafe to them a glad eternity.

The archbishop, then,—on whom God's benison rest!—
Exhausted, bowed his head upon his breast;—
His mouth was full of dust and clotted gore,
And many a wound his swollen visage bore.
Slow beats his heart,—his panting bosom heaves,—
Death comes apace,—no hope of cure relieves.
Towards heaven he raised his dying hands and prayed
That God, who for our sins was mortal made,—

Born of the Virgin,—scorned and crucified,—
In Paradise would place him by his side.

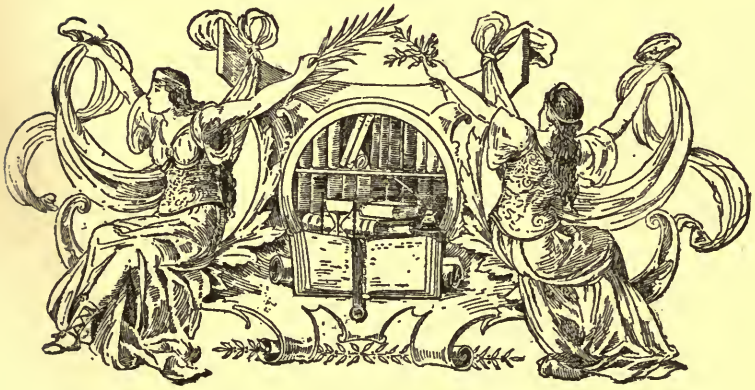
Then Turpin died in service of Charlon,
In battle great and eke great orison;
'Gainst Pagan host alway strong champion;—
God grant to him his holy benison!
—*Translated by* H. W. LONGFELLOW.

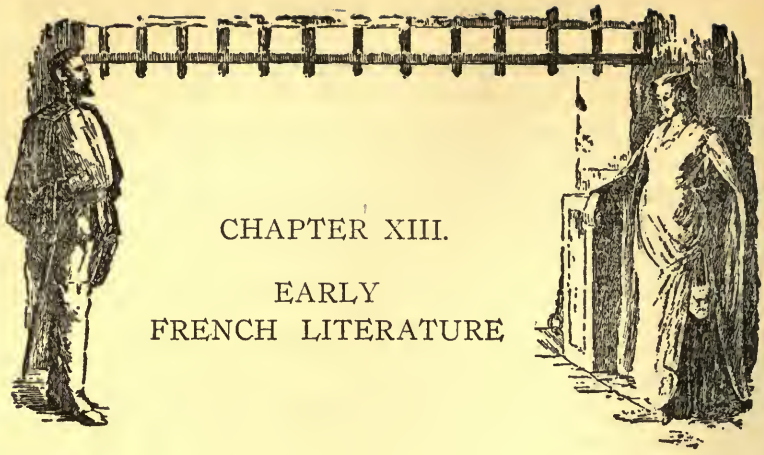
DEATH OF ROLAND.

THAT death was on him he knew full well,
Down from his head to his heart it fell.
On the grass beneath a pine-tree's shade,
With face to earth, his form he laid;
Beneath him placed his horn and sword
And turned his face to the heathen horde.
This hath he done the sooth to show,
That Karl and his warriors all may know,
That the gentle count a conqueror died.
"*Mea culpa*" full oft he cried,
And, for his sins, unto God above,
In sign of penance he raised his glove.

Roland feeleth his hour at hand,
On a knoll he lies towards the Spanish land;
With one hand beats he upon his breast:
"In thy sight, O God, be my sins confessed,
From my hour of birth, both the great and small,
Down to this day, I repent them all."
As his glove he raised to God on high,
Angels of Heaven descend him nigh.
. . . . . .
On his memory rose full many a thought,
Of the lands he won and the fields he fought,
Of his gentle France, of his kin and line,
And his nursing father, King Karl benign.
He may not the tear and sob control;
Nor yet forgets he his parting soul;
To God's compassion he makes his cry:
"O Father true, who canst not lie,
Who didst Lazarus raise into life again

And Daniel shield in the lion's den;
Shield my soul from its peril due,
For the sins I sinned my life-time through."
He did his right-hand glove uplift,
Saint Gabriel took from his hand the gift.
Then drooped his head upon his breast,
And with clasped hands he went to rest.
God from on high sent down to him
One of his angel cherubim;
St. Michael of Peril of the Sea,
St. Gabriel in company.
From Heaven they came for that soul of price,
And they bare it with them to Paradise.





CHAPTER XIII.

EARLY FRENCH LITERATURE

IF the Iberians and Celts who settled in France before European history begins, imagined that they would be undisturbed, they failed to realize that France was the highway to Spain and Britain, besides being next door neighbor to tumultuous Germany, and exposed on the north to the all-devouring Scandinavians. Southern France, on the Mediterranean, afterwards to be Provence, was early occupied by Greek colonists; but it was Cæsar who first conquered "all Gaul," about fifty years before Christ. Latin then became the official language, and soon the prevailing speech; but, four hundred years later, in poured Goths, Franks and Burgundians, and the Merovingian monarchy under Clovis was set up in 486. Now the language was thrown into dire confusion; but the Southern Gauls (who claimed to be Romans) called their illiterate speech the Roman tongue. At the time of Charlemagne, German, spoken by his court, was added to the others; Latin was used by writers; the late Roman, now called Romance, was relegated to the common people. But it had a wide vogue, and has characterized the Italian, Spanish, and others, which became known collectively as the Romance languages. In the tenth century the Normans invaded what has since been called Normandy, adopted the speech of the people, and regulated it. This Norman French, the *langue d'oil* (from the manner in which the word for "yes" was pronounced), divided the country

with the Southern *langue d'oc*—that of the alternative pronunciation. In the twelfth century they appear as French and Provençal, respectively; and later, owing to the growing ascendancy of Paris and the king, the former grew to be the ruling form of speech. It was less soft and rhythmical than the other, but more vigorous; Francis I., and afterwards Richelieu (who founded the French Academy), perfected it, until finally it became the most accurate of modern tongues.

In the era of the Crusades the poetry of Provence won the ear of the world. Provençal song is a beautiful curiosity of literature. It rose to its height in the midst of almost childish ignorance. Not only did most of these poets not understand how to read or write, but they were destitute of knowledge of history, mythology and classical literature. Their sole resources were their delight in a new language, their high animal spirits, and their fantastic devotion to their mistresses; and the perfections of the latter and the singers' own love pangs formed the staple of their effusions. It was a movement led by and largely constituted of the aristocracy; it was strengthened by the enthusiasm of the Crusades, and by the concomitant chivalrous devotion to women. Morality, however, appears at its lowest ebb, in the songs of many troubadours, and in the conduct of their lives; it was an age of charming but exaggerated sentiment and sensuality; it produced no great poet or poem, and, after lasting two hundred years, the poetry ceased, and the language disappeared save as a dialect; largely owing to the fierce persecution of the Albigenses, who were finally stamped out in the thirteenth century.

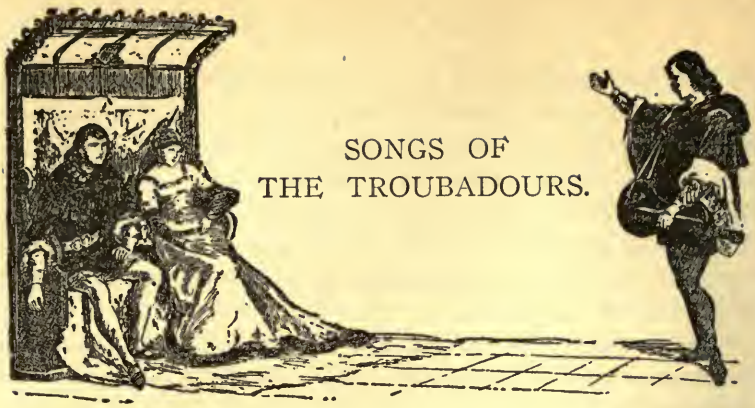
Meanwhile, in the north, the trouvères arose, and achieved enduring fame. The name has the same significance as troubadour ("finder"), but that which the northern poets found was of a different stamp. The Normans, true to their Scandinavian origin were, first of all, warriors, and their love was ennobled by the masculine strain of battle. For more than a century after 1140, the subject of Arthurian romance was the leading theme, both of their poetry and their prose. In the year named, one Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welshman, and probably a monk of St. Benedict, obtained from Arch-

deacon Walter of Oxford (according to his own account) the materials for a history of the Kingdom of Britain. The foundation of the work may have been Nennius's "Historia Britonum," written in the ninth century, and some now lost collection of Breton legends. It was, like the Nibelungenlied, a mingling of historic traditions with imaginative developments or variations. Be that as it may, the imagination of Europe had found food to its taste, and in fifty years the original book had been manipulated and adapted by Germany, Italy and France. The central figure of the story is King Arthur, and the action is concerned with the founding of the Round Table, and the adventures therefrom arising. A few years after its appearance in England it was translated into Anglo-Norman by Geoffrey Gaimar and Wace. By some chroniclers of the time, it was accepted as genuine history. The exploits of the various knights of the Round Table afforded inexhaustible material for poetic and romantic conception, and an Arthurian literature arose on all sides. The first French production was the Breton romance of Tristan, by a Norman knight, Lucas de Gast, in 1170. Before the end of the century appeared the tale of Lancelot, by Walter Map, another Welshman, who studied in Paris. This was in prose, as was also the first printed version, by Sir Thomas Malory, "Morte Arthure," published in 1485. At this period languages were not so strictly confined within geographical limits as they are now, and it is difficult to apportion to one or another people the credit for productions of origin so indeterminate and popularity so wide.

A mediæval romance equally famous in this century, and of older lineage, but which is now almost forgotten, was that of Alexander. Its beginning goes back to the time of Alexander himself, whose companion, Callisthenes, wrote the chronicle of his victories in a book now lost. But in the third century a fabulous story of the hero's career was produced in Alexandria, and Callisthenes' name attached to it. Latin, Syriac, Armenian and Hebrew translations followed. As many as twenty French poets were inspired by the tale, and one of them—Lambert li Cort—in collaboration with Alexander de Paris, evolved, in 1184, what was accepted as

the standard version. It is from this that the Alexandrine verse, still used in French serious poetry, takes its name. Still another prose romance—that of Amadis of Gaul—is, in spite of its name, proved to be of Portuguese creation. Finally, there was the Charlemagne cycle of romance, which belonged to Germany as well as France. In those days of few books, each nation must have the general favorites in the costume of its country.

Besides their romances of chivalry, the trouvères were the inventors of mediæval allegories, of which the Romance of the Rose was the first and the most interminable. Tastes change. In our day allegories are so little appreciated that not even the genius of Spenser can render his "Faerie Queene" popular reading. But the Romance of the Rose, begun about 1260, by Guillaume de Lorris, and finished fifty years later by the satirical Jean de Meung, was devoured by entire populations. According to the English critic, Saintsbury, its vogue was due to the fact that it embodied the mental attitude of its period. It was a period in which free thought was beginning to oppose the dogmas of religion; in which dreams of social equality were gradually unsettling the foundations of caste; in which sensuality and asceticism were arraying themselves against each other, and the desire for wider horizons of knowledge was not yet directed by any recognized canons of criticism. All these matters are discussed or represented in the poem, which is a poem in name only, as being written in measured instead of unmeasured prose. We must also remember that it was the first book of its kind. The ostensible theme is the art of love; but many esoteric significances were read into it, and it was the subject of many learned mystical treatises. The fashion of naming characters according to their divers natures and dispositions was continued through the Elizabethan period, in the works of Spenser and Ben Jonson and others; appears in the Queen Anne dramatists, and is occasionally adopted even now. To the general reader the most familiar example of its use is Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." It is a device which only genius can render tolerable, and which even genius finds a burden.



SONGS OF THE TROUBADOURS.

SOUTHERN FRANCE was the birthplace of the Crusades. Almost simultaneously it was the scene of a peculiar literary movement which flourished for two centuries, and then faded away. This region, favored by a serene climate, had been early subdued by the Romans, and had completely accepted their civilization. Here, after the downfall of the Empire, the spirit of classical refinement remained long in vigor. The Latin language continued to be employed for all affairs of church and state, and for history and poetry. The spoken tongue, a corruption of Latin, known as "rustic Roman," was gradually accepted by the Frankish conquerors. Learned clerks, seeking to please the dispensers of courtly favor, and especially the ladies (who knew little or no Latin), began to cultivate poetry in this Roman language, adopting forms and metres from the classics. Rhyme, a distinguishing characteristic of modern poetry, had already appeared in the church service, and was thence transferred to secular use.

In the numerous castles of princes and nobles this native poetry was welcomed, and the makers of it, called Troubadours (or Finders), were highly honored. Some of them were of noble birth; others rose from humble station by their ability to express the feelings of their aristocratic patrons. Besides the Troubadours, or composers of the songs, who often sang them as well, there was also another class called *Joglars* (French, *iongleurs;* Latin, *joculatores,* or players), who per-

formed or recited the compositions of the former. Sometimes, indeed, a *Joglar* advanced to the rank of a Troubadour, but commonly they remained distinct. In later times, *joglars* (English, jugglers) were merely wandering musicians who added to their attractions various feats of agility and other amusing performances.

War and religion furnished themes for the Troubadours, and didactic and satirical pieces are also found, but, in far the larger proportion of their poetry, love was the predominant motive. The body of this literature is called Provençal, from Provence, the country in which it originated, though it spread not only over southern France, but through northern Spain and Italy. Its peculiar character and history give it a place separate from the main stream of French literature. The free, pleasure-loving spirit of the Provençal court, unrestrained by local patriotism, is exemplified in the verses which Count Raymond Berangar III. recited before the Emperor Frederic II., at Turin, in 1162: "I like a cavalier of France, and a Catalonian lady; the courtesy of the Genoese and the stateliness of Castile; the sweet songs of Provence and the dance Trevisan; the form of the Aragonese, and the speech Julian; the hands and face of the English, and the youth of Tuscany."

The Crusades, begun in the eleventh century to rescue the Holy Land from the Saracens, attempted in the thirteenth to extirpate heresy in Christendom. The home of the Troubadours was found to be the most tainted with infidelity, and a fierce war was excited against the Albigenses, who had been protected by the liberal Counts of Toulouse as their most loyal subjects. The North of France was orthodox, and its aid was invoked against the prosperous South. Heresy was suppressed, but the country was devastated. Its political power and refined civilization were wantonly destroyed. The Provençal literature died in its birthplace, but many manuscripts were preserved in Italy, and were brought to light in the eighteenth century by M. de St. Palaye. Subsequent study has raised them again to their proper place in the literature of the world. The lives of the Troubadours have been found as romantic as their songs.

Several forms of poetry prevailed among the Troubadours.

First, was the *canson,* consisting of several similar stanzas, followed by a shorter one, the *envoi,* in which the song was apostrophized and its mission declared. Second, came the *sonnet,* which was chanted to the sound of a musical instrument, and had not yet been limited to the form which Petrarch consecrated. The last was the *ballade,* which was originally a dance song. There were also poems classified according to their subject, as *plaints,* or complaints against fate, or against suffering imposed by mistresses; *aubades,* or songs of the dawn, putting an end to love's endearments; *serenades,* which were less frequent; *tensons* (contentions), in which a pair of lovers or disputants, vie in alternate verses. There were also a few larger poems, some setting forth the duties and rewards of Crusaders; others, called *tresors* (treasures), giving general instruction in regard to life, or to the wonders of the world.

WILLIAM OF POITIERS.

THE first troubadour whose songs have been preserved to us is William, the ninth Count of Poitiers, who, at the age of fifteen, succeeded his father in the government; he was born in 1071, and died in 1127. In his youth he was handsome as well as brave; in disposition inclined to gaiety and recklessness; and he was gifted with a voice of irresistible charm. He married early; but repudiated his first wife in order to wed Philippa, daughter of the Count of Toulouse, seeking through this connection to make himself master of that centre of refinement. At the outset of his career he failed to share the prevalent religious enthusiasm, and when the other nobles of France flocked to the first Crusade, William stayed at home. Nevertheless, when word was brought of their valor and success, the young Count summoned his vassals and set forth for the Holy Land. But on the banks of the Halys, in Asia Minor, his troop was attacked by the Turks and destroyed, Count William alone escaping from the slaughter, and finally arriving as a simple pilgrim at Jerusalem.

When William returned home, he resumed his pleasure-seeking. He dallied with fair women, and encouraged the tilts and tournaments of chivalry. He affected a certain whimsical fastidiousness, and boasted in his songs that no Frenchman or Norman had ever been received at his court. When, in 1114, a bishop was about to pronounce upon him sentence of excommunication, William drew his sword and threatened to kill the prelate, should he dare to utter the dread formula. The bishop paused a moment as if to collect himself: then spoke the fatal words with solemn emphasis, adding, "Strike now!" But the Count,

bowing with careless grace, sheathed his weapon. "No," quoth he; "I do not love you enough to send you to Heaven by my hand!"

William ultimately lost possession of Toulouse, while engaged in war against the Moslems in Spain. Eleven short poems are ascribed to him; but they are valuable from a historical rather than from a literary standpoint. They are all love-songs, but of widely differing character, some being refined and delicate, others gross and indecent. The latter seem to embody allusions to the author's personal adventures; the former exemplify the peculiar tone and style of Provençal poetry in its most flourishing period. The poem inspired by the Crusade in which he took part has been lost.

The Troubadour's Lay.

Anew I tune my lute to love,
  Ere storms disturb the tranquil hour,
For her who strives my truth to prove,
  My only pride and beauty's flower,
Who will ne'er my pain remove,
  Who knows and triumphs in her power.

I am, alas! her willing thrall,
  She may record me as her own;
Nor my devotion weakness call,
  That her I prize, and her alone.
Without her can I live at all,
  A captive so accustomed grown?

What hope have I, O lady dear?
  Do I then sigh in vain for thee?
And wilt thou ever thus severe
  Be as a cloistered nun to me?
Methinks this heart but ill can bear
  An unrewarded slave to be!

Why banish love and joy thy bowers,
  Why thus my passion disapprove?
When, lady, all the world were ours,
  If thou couldst learn, like me, to love!

AUBADE.

THE following aubade, or dawn-song, by an unknown poet, translated by F. Hueffer, is the prototype of A. C. Swinburne's "In the Orchard."

Beneath a hawthorn, on a blooming lawn,
A lady to her side her friend had drawn,
Until the watcher saw the early dawn.
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!

"Oh, that the sheltering night would never flee,
Oh, that my friend would never part from me,
And never might the watch the dawning see!
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!

"Now, sweetest friend, to me with kisses cling,
Down in the meadow where the ousels sing;
No harm shall hate and jealous envy bring.
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!

"There let with new delight our love abound—
The sweet-voiced birds are caroling around—
Until the watcher's warning note resound.
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!

"I drink the air that softly blows my way,
From my true friend, so blithe, so fair, so gay,
And with his fragrant breath my thirst allay.
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!"

The lady is of fair and gentle kind,
And many a heart her beauty has entwined,
But to one friend is aye her heart inclined.
Ah God, ah God! The dawn! It comes so soon!

BERTRAND DE BORN.

THIS noted knight and troubadour was a native of Born, Perigord, in France, about 1140, and died some time before the year 1215. His nature was restless, fickle and intractable; he was a mischief-brewer, and constantly involved in difficulties of his own provoking. But his poems were brilliant, and his death took place in a monastery.

Richard, son of Henry II. of England, after having effectively taken the part of Bertrand's brother, whom Bertrand had expelled

from his possessions, showed such clemency toward the quarrelsome poet that the latter praised him in a spirited ode. But he aided Prince Henry in rebellion against the king, in punishment for which the monarch besieged and captured Bertrand's castle of Hautefort. In the interview that followed, however, the poet spoke in such loving terms of the dead prince that the king, weeping, commanded that his possessions be restored to him.

When Richard ascended the throne, Bertrand tried to stir up war between him and Philip Augustus of France. But the two potentates compromised their differences by agreeing to take part together in a Crusade, on which Bertrand did not accompany them. He had not yet been knighted; and since, in order to attain that honor, it was necessary to select a lady to receive his homage, Richard suggested that he address his songs to his sister, Eleanor Plantagenet. When, later, she married the Duke of Saxony, Bertrand paid his court to Mænz de Montagnac, wife of Talleyrand de Perigord. She, becoming jealous, dismissed him; and when he found his petitions to be restored to favor rejected, he chose another lady-love, Tiberge de Montausier, who, in accordance with the strange formalities prescribed by the laws of gallantry, succeeded in reconciling him with Mænz. He is said to have been so unknightly as afterwards to have sullied her fair fame.

At length, after so much mischief-making, the warrior-poet assumed the habit of a Cistercian monk, and died in the odor of sanctity. In his Inferno, Dante represents Bertrand de Born as a headless trunk, bearing his severed head "lantern-wise in his hand." This was in requital of his having tempted King Henry's sons to treason.

Elegy on Young King Henry.

Henry II., King of England, in 1172 appointed his eldest son, Henry, ruler of Anjou, and afterwards his sons Richard and Geoffrey rulers of other parts of his Continental possessions. Young Henry died in 1183, before his father, and his death was bitterly lamented by Bertrand de Born, whose elegy is translated by F. Hueffer.

If all the pain, the grief, the bitter tears,
  The sorrow, the remorse, the scornful slight,
Of which man in this life the burden bears
  Were thrown aheap, their balance would be light
Against the death of our young English King.
  Valor and youth stand wailing at his loss;
  The world is waste and dark and dolorous,
Void of all joy, full of regret and sorrow.

All-present death, cruel and full of tears,
  Now mayst thou boast that of the noblest knight

Whose deeds were ever sung to human ears,
Thou hast deprived the world. No fame so bright
That it could darken our young English King.
'Twere better, if it pleased our Lord, to give
Life back to him, than that the traitors live
Who to good men cause but regret and sorrow.

The world is base and dark and full of tears.
Its love has fled; its pleasure passed away;
A falsehood is its truth. Each day appears,
But to regret its better yesterday.
Look up, all ye, to our young English King,
The best among the brave and valorous!
Now is his gentle heart afar from us,
And we are left to our regret and sorrow.

THE COURTS OF LOVE.

In Southern France, seven hundred years ago, court etiquette and the forms of social intercourse among the nobility were regulated by women. War yielded to love and the cultivation of the "gay science." Each Troubadour must elect some lady—generally the wife or daughter of his patron—as the object of his addresses. Gallantry, however, must not transcend certain conventional limits, under pain of banishment or of dire physical penalties, of which the history of the Troubadours furnishes not a few examples. This separation of passionate devotion from the idea of marriage has not been without its effect upon subsequent society and literature.

The establishment of Courts of Love seems so fantastic that their very existence has been doubted. They were composed of noble ladies, whose authority was regulated by a Code of Love, disobedience to which was punished by expulsion. This code is given by André le Chapelain in a Latin treatise, written about 1180. Of its thirty-one maxims we quote the following:

He who conceals not his feelings from others, cannot love.

No one can be bound by a double love.

Wedlock is no excuse against love.

Love is ever increasing or diminishing.

She who survives her lover is bound to a two years' widowhood.

It is shame to love those to marry whom is shame.

Love published rarely endures.

Easy acceptance repels love, coyness encourages love.

True love craves not the embrace of any, save its companion.
Every lover is wont to pale in presence of his love.
Full of love is full of fear.
To a lover, love can deny nothing.
He that is overburdened by luxury cannot love.
Nothing prevents one woman being loved by two men, or two men by one woman.

PIERRE VIDAL.

PIERRE VIDAL has been called the Don Quixote of the Troubadours. Born of humble parents at Toulouse, he had a melodious voice and poetic talent. His devotion to the fair sex was inflamed by the delusion that he was a special object of their admiration. Yet his first adventure scarcely warranted this persuasion. Having spoken lightly of a lady, her husband took revenge by splitting the poet's tongue. This wound, however, was cured by the compassion of Hugues, the Lord of Baux, to whose service he attached himself. Barral, Viscount of Marseilles, also accorded him special honor, and the poet made this lord's wife, Adelaide, the theme of his songs under the name of Andierna, or Vierna. The lady showed the poet some favor, until one day when she was sleeping alone, Vidal stole into the room and, kneeling by her bed, kissed her cheek. Adelaide awoke, thinking it was her husband, but finding her mistake, cried out for help, and the presumptuous poet fled. The lady told her husband and asked for vengeance on the poet's insolence. Barral made light of the adventure, but Vidal had to depart. He went to Genoa, and followed Richard I. in his Crusade.

Vidal's songs now took a new turn, and were filled with boasts of his prowess. His comrades, playing upon his vanity, induced him to marry a lady of Cyprus, who they pretended was niece of the Eastern Emperor. His romantic imagination became possessed with the notion that he was unjustly excluded from the throne. He assumed the title and dignity of Emperor, caused a throne to be carried before him, and made preparation to assert his rights. Yet he forgot not his former life, and to secure restoration of his honor, he went back to obtain pardon from the Viscountess of Marseilles. His former patrons assisted him, but when Lady Adelaide was requested to signify his pardon by giving him freely the kiss he had before stolen, she refused.

The mad poet was next smitten with the charms of a lady named Lopa de Penantier, and to show his devotion, took the name of Loup (Wolf), and offered to submit to the perils of being hunted in a wolf's skin. The proposition was accepted, and shepherds with dogs pursued him to the mountains, and so cruelly was he mangled that he was carried back as dead. The lady and her husband nursed him back to

health, though they ridiculed his folly. Wolves were then common throughout France, and the belief in Were-wolves prevailed.

Vidal's next insanity was shown in his mourning for the death of Count Raymond of Toulouse. He cut off the ears and tails of his horses, but let his own beard and nails grow to immoderate length, and required his servants to do the same. King Alfonso of Aragon came to Provence while Vidal was in this plight. The king and his barons besought the poet to resume his gayety and compose a new song to be carried to Spain. Finally the poet consented, and recounted his recent adventures, including the wolf-chase. Vidal afterwards visited the court of Alfonso and composed several poems there. Yet he had not abandoned his dream of empire in the East. He made a new voyage thither, but returned with his ambition ungratified, and died in 1229.

My Native Provence.

With my breath I drink the air
  That my native Provence sends me,
  For a message ever lends me
Joy from her most dear and fair.
  When they praise her I rejoice,
  Ask for more with eager voice,
Listen, listen night and morrow.

For no country 'neath the sun
  Beats mine from Rozer unto Vensa,
  From the sea to the Durensa:
Nowhere equal joy is won.
  With my friends, when I did part,
  And with her I left my heart,
Who dispelled my deepest sorrow.

Nothing harms me all the day,
  While her sweet eyes stand before me,
  And her lips that rapture bore me.
If I praise her, no one may
  Call my rapturous words a lie,
  For the whole world can descry
Nothing wrought in sweeter fashion.

All the good I do or say
  Only to her grace is owing,
  For she made me wise and knowing,
For she made me true and gay.

St. Francis Preaching to the Birds.

If in glory I abound
To her praise it must redound
Who inspires my song with passion.

THE TROUBADOUR'S INSPIRATION.

Ah! if renown attend my name,
And if delight await my song,
Thine is the glory, thine the fame,
The praise, the joy to thee belong;
For 'twas thy beauty taught me first
To emulate the poet's lay,
Thy smile my trembling numbers nurst,
And soothed my early fears away.
If aught I breathe of good and sweet,
The strain by thee is taught to flow,
My songs thy accents but repeat,
Their purity to thee they owe.

If gazing crowds around me sigh,
And listen with enraptured ear,
'Tis that thy spirit hovers nigh,
'Tis that thy tender voice they hear.
When faint and low I touch the string,
The failing sounds, alas! are mine;
But when inspired and rapt I sing,
The power, the charm, the soul is thine!

FLAMENCA.

THE most notable narrative poem of Provençal origin is Flamenca, probably composed in the early part of the thirteenth century. The only manuscript of it was found at Carcassonne in an imperfect state, so that the author's name is unknown. It has been edited by M. Paul Meyer, who added a translation into modern French. The story gives a vivid picture of mediæval life, and yet in spirit is not far from a modern novel.

The valiant knight, Archimbaut Count of Bourbon, sought in marriage Flamenca, the daughter of Count Gui de Nemours, whom he had never seen, and the father preferred him even to the King of Hungary. Being assured of acceptance, Archimbaut set out in grand style, while a splendid reception was prepared for

him at Nemours. Count Gui introduced the noble suitor to his daughter abruptly, "Here is your bride; take her if you like." Count Archimbaut replied, "Sir, if she does not gainsay it, I was never so willing to take anything in my life;" and the lady, smiling, addressed her father, "Sir, one can see that you have me in your power, since you give me away so easily as it is your will, I consent." At these words Archimbaut is filled with joy and presses her hand warmly. But the father leads him out, while Flamenca followed him with her eyes, saying, "God be with you." A magnificent wedding ensued, five bishops and ten abbots assisting at the ceremony. At the banquet, the bride's father and the groom wait on the table, as custom required. But the groom's eyes watch the bride, and he is tired of the feasting of the guests and the singing of the joglars. Nine days the festivities lasted, and then the groom returned to prepare his castle at Bourbon in Auvergne, for its new mistress. So far all is bright and cheerful, and the poet shows his skill and pleasure in describing courtly festivities.

The king of France honors his trusty baron Gui de Nemours by escorting Flamenca to her husband. The queen and all the court attend the celebration prepared by Count Archimbaut. At the tournament the king carries on the point of his lance the sleeve of a lady's dress. The queen, however, suspects that it is Flamenca's, and soon informs the new husband of her suspicion. Jealousy immediately takes possession of his soul, and though he conceals his feeling before his guests, he rages inwardly. "What was I dreaming of, when I took a wife? God! I was mad. Was I not well off and happy before? Ill befall my parents that they advised me to take what never did good to any man!"

The jealous husband changes his behavior. He shuts himself up, and pretends to be very much occupied. He suspects every visitor of designs on his wife and mutters that he would like to throw them out headlong. Then he ironically invites them to stay for dinner, that they may have good opportunity for love-making. Yet all the while he looks like a snarling dog. Soon he grows so wild and fierce in his moods, that he neglects his person, and goes about unwashed, letting his beard grow long and matted like a badly-made sheaf of oats, and even tearing out his hair. Next the crazy knight resolves to keep his wife a close prisoner, and exclaims, "May I be hanged, if she ever go out without me except to church to hear mass, and that only on high feast days!" Yet the lady, shut up in the tower, has two devoted

maidens, Alice and Margarida. Unaware of any reason on her part for her husband's strange conduct and harsh treatment, she ceases to love him.

Meantime Archimbaut's actions have been bruited abroad, and knights and troubadours unite in condemning the savage tyrant. Guillem de Nevers, a rich and valiant knight, a lover of poetry, who has been educated at the University of Paris, decides that the lady must be comforted and the jealous husband punished. But how can this feat be performed? How can the lady be even approached? The tower is too firmly guarded. How could he meet her even in church, where she is screened in a private pew?

Guillem de Nevers is a scholar, and thus finds means to gain the favor of the priest, who makes him his clerk. According to the practice of the times, he thus has the opportunity of carrying to her the mass-book which was kissed by the people. Flamenca notices the handsome new clerk, but she is astonished when, instead of the formula, "Peace be with thee!" he whispers "Alas!" Returning home she muses on the clerk's word. At first she is indignant at his impertinence. "What right has he to grieve for me? He is strong and free and should be happy. Why should he mock at my suffering? I must sigh and weep. The household drudge is enviable compared with me. I could not be worse with a rival or a stepmother." But the maidservants suggest other thoughts. Margarida declares, "Your beauty has won the clerk's heart. He has no other chance of speaking to you, and therefore has run this risk to show you his feeling." With such suggestions Flamenca is persuaded to pardon, and even to look favorably on the clerk's conduct, and the three women consult what should be said when next the clerk and lady meet. Two syllables can only be whispered, and the fair conspirators agree upon the question, *Que plaines?* "What do you grieve for?" Guillem is visibly moved when Flamenca utters the words, but she is not certain that he has understood them. She therefore rehearses the scene in her chamber, while her maid, Alice, holds out to her a book, as the clerk had done. The maid assures her that he must have heard and understood the question. A week, however, must intervene before the answer can be obtained, and then the clerk replies, "I die."

This singular dialogue, strictly limited to two whispered syllables each Sunday, and carried on before the eyes of the jealous husband, is prolonged for many weeks. Its further course ran

thus: *Flamenca.*—Of what? *Guillem.*—Of love. *F.*—For whom? *G.*—For you. *F.*—What can I? *G.*—Heal me. *F.*—How so? *G.*—By craft. *F.*—Use it. *G.*—I have. *F.*—What craft? *G.*—You must go. *F.*—Where to? *G.*—The baths.

The author describes these baths, which were on the estate of Count Archimbaut. Diseased people of various nations resorted to them, and found written in each room for what malady it was good. Hot and cold baths were supplied, on terms fixed by the landlord. There were also rooms in which people could lie down and rest, or refresh themselves, as they pleased. There was a remedy for every ailment, and every one might go away cured. Here Guillem had won the good will of the landlord and his wife by paying promptly and living familiarly. He now induced them to let their house to him for a season, while they went elsewhere. Guillem then had a subterraneous passage constructed from the house to one of the bathing-cells. Carrying out the plot, Flamenca soon requires the baths to relieve her pain and want of sleep. Archimbaut is persuaded to grant the request, and conducts his wife to the place. The gallant landlord shows her every attention, and leads her, with her two faithful maidens, to the bath. The husband locks the door of the bath-room on the outside, while the maidens bolt it on the inside. But the subterraneous passage leads to a room splendidly adorned for the distinguished visitor.

Archimbaut had already noticed a change in his wife's manner towards him. She became careless, showed no affection—hardly common politeness. At last, when the lady proposed that she be restored to liberty on promise of faithfulness to her husband, he found himself tired of playing jailor, and consented. The lady then vows to him, in the presence of her maidens, "Henceforth I will guard myself quite as well as you have hitherto guarded me." The lady therefore leaves her lover, who departs to win new fame. Yet she agrees to see him again at a tournament, which Archimbaut intends to hold in celebration of his good fortune. Guillem, restored to his rank, becomes renowned for his prowess. He is invited by Archimbaut to attend his feast, and is introduced to Flamenca as a valiant and famous knight. At the tournament Guillem is easily first among the combatants, while Archimbaut, freed from his wretched jealousy, takes the second rank.

Here the manuscript ends abruptly, yet the story has evidently been told.

CHAPTER XIV.

LEGENDS OF KING ARTHUR.

The Tales of King Arthur and the Legend of the Holy Grail grew out of knight errantry. As in the previous stories, the common people are little considered and seldom portrayed at all. Their stories are many of them preserved to us in the *Fabliaux*—merry, satirical tales. The ideals surrounding chivalry are seen best in these two legends, which setting forth the quintessence of knighthood, have influenced all posterity. The instructions given to each knight: "Go forth into the world, redress all wrong, defend the weak, be true," are nowhere else exemplified so forcefully or in such a variety of ways as in the Stories of King Arthur.

How Dame Elaine, Galahad's Mother, Came in Great Estate Unto Camelot, and How Sir Launcelot Behaved Him There.

And when Dame Elaine, the daughter of King Pelles, heard of this feast, she went to her father, and required him that he would give her leave to ride to that feast. The king answered, I will well ye go thither, but in any wise, as ye love me and will have my blessing, that ye be well beseen in the richest wise; and look that ye spare not for no cost; ask, and ye shall have all that you needeth. Then, by the advice of Dame Brisen, her maiden, all thing was apparelled unto the purpose, and there was never no lady more richly beseen. So she rode with twenty knights and ten ladies and gentlewomen to the number of a hundred horses. And when she came to Camelot, King Arthur and Queen Guenever said, and all the knights, that Dame Elaine was the fairest and the best beseen lady that ever was seen in that court.

And anon as King Arthur wist that she was come, he met her and saluted her, and so did the most part of all the knights of the Round Table, both Sir Tristram, Sir Bleoberis, and Sir Gawaine, and many more that I will not rehearse. But

when Sir Launcelot saw her he was so ashamed, and that because he drew his sword on her, that he would not salute her nor speak to her, and yet Sir Launcelot thought she was the fairest woman that ever he saw in his life days. But when Dame Elaine saw Sir Launcelot that would not speak to her, she was so heavy that she wend her heart would have to burst. For wit ye well, out of measure she loved him. And then Elaine said unto her woman, Dame Brisen, The unkindness of Sir Launcelot slayeth me near. Ah peace, madam, said Dame Brisen, I will undertake that he shall come to you, and ye would hold you still. That were me lever, said Dame Elaine, than all the gold that is above the earth. Let me deal, said Dame Brisen. So when Elaine was brought unto Queen Guenever, either made other good cheer by countenance, but nothing with hearts. But all men and women spake of the beauty of Dame Elaine, and of her great riches. Then the queen commanded that Dame Elaine should sleep in a chamber nigh unto her chamber, and all under one roof. And so it was done as the queen had commanded. Then the queen sent for Sir Launcelot, and bid him come to her, or else, I am sure, said the queen, that ye will go to your lady, Dame Elaine, by whom ye had Galahad. Ah, madam, said Sir Launcelot, never say ye so; for that was against my will. Then, said the queen, look that ye come to me when I send for you. Madam, said Sir Launcelot, I shall not fail you, but I shall be ready at your commandment. This bargain was soon done and made between them, but Dame Brisen knew it by her crafts, and told it to her lady, Dame Elaine. Alas, said she, how shall I do. Let me deal, said Dame Brisen, for I shall bring him by the hand, even to you, and he shall ween that I am Queen Guenever's messager. Now well is me, said Dame Elaine, for all the world I love not so much as I do Sir Launcelot.

So then Dame Brisen came to Sir Launcelot and said, Sir Launcelot du Lake, my lady, Queen Quenever, awaiteth upon you. O my fair lady, said Sir Launcelot, I am ready to go with you where ye will have me. So Sir Launcelot took his sword in his hand, and then Dame Brisen took him by the finger and led him unto her lady, Dame Elaine; and then she departed and left them together. Wit ye well the lady

was glad, and so was Sir Launcelot, for he wend that it was the queen. Then Queen Guenever sent one of her women unto Sir Launcelot; and when she came there, she found Sir Launcelot was away: so she came to the queen and told her all. Alas, said the queen, where is that false knight become? Then was the queen nigh out of her wit, and then she writhed and weltered as a mad woman; and at last the queen met with Sir Launcelot, and thus she said, false traitor knight that thou art, look thou never abide in my court, and not so hardy, thou false traitor knight that thou art, that ever thou come in my sight. Alas, said Sir Launcelot; and therewith he took such an heartly sorrow at her words that he fell down to the floor in a swoon. And therewithal Queen Guenever departed. And when Sir Launcelot awoke of his swoon, he leapt out at a bay-window into a garden, and there with thorns he was all to-scratched in his visage and his body, and so he ran forth he wist not whither, and was wild wood as ever was man; and so he ran two year, and never man might have grace to know him.

. . . . .

So it befell, that King Pelles had a nephew, his name was Castor, and so he desired of the king to be made knight, and so at the request of this Castor, the king made him knight at the feast of Candlemas. And when Sir Castor was made knight, that same day he gave many gowns. And then Sir Castor sent for the fool, that was Sir Launcelot. And when he was come afore Sir Castor, he gave Sir Launcelot a robe of scarlet and all that belonged unto him. And when Sir Launcelot was so arrayed like a knight, he was the seemliest man in all the court, and none so well made. So when he saw his time he went into the garden, and there Sir Launcelot laid him down by a well and slept. And so, at afternoon, Dame Elaine and her maidens came into the garden to play them, and as they roamed up and down, one of Dame Elaine's maidens espied where lay a goodly man by the well sleeping, and anon showed him to Dame Elaine. Peace, said Dame Elaine, and say no word; and then she brought Dame Elaine where he lay. And when that she beheld him, anon she fell in remembrance of him, and knew him verily for Sir Launce-

lot, and therewithal she fell on weeping so heartily that she sank even to the earth. And when she had thus wept a great while, then she arose and called her maidens, and said she was sick. And so she went out of the garden, and she went straight to her father, and there she took him apart by herself, and then she said, Oh, father, now I have need of your help, and but if that ye help me, farewell my good days forever. What is that, daughter? said King Pelles. Sir, she said, thus is it: in your garden I went for to sport, and there by the well I found Sir Launcelot du Lake sleeping. I may not believe that, said King Pelles. Sir, she said, truly he is there, and me seemeth he should be distract out of his wit. Then hold you still, said the king, and let me deal. Then the king called to him such as he most trusted, a four persons, and Dame Elaine, his daughter, and when they came to the well and beheld Sir Launcelot, anon Dame Brisen knew him. Sir, said Dame Brisen, we must be wise how to deal with him, for this knight is out of his mind, and if we awake him rudely, what he will do we all know not. But ye shall abide, and I shall throw such an enchantment upon him that he shall not awake within the space of an hour; and so she did. Then within a little while after King Pelles commanded that all people should avoid, that none should be in that way there as the king would come. And so when this was done, these four men and these ladies laid hand on Sir Launcelot. And so they bare him into a tower, and so into a chamber where was the holy vessel of the Sancgreal, and by force Sir Launcelot was laid by that holy vessel, and there came a holy man and uncovered that vessel, and so by miracle, and by virtue of that holy vessel, Sir Launcelot was healed and recovered. And when that he was awaked he groaned and sighed, and complained greatly that he was passing sore.

And when Sir Launcelot saw King Pelles and Elaine he waxed ashamed, and said thus: Oh Lord Jesu, how came I here? For God's sake, my lord, let me wit how I came here? Sir, said Dame Elaine, into this country ye came like a mad man clean out of your wit. And here have ye been kept as a fool, and no creature here knew what ye were, until by fortune a maiden of mine brought me unto you, where as ye lay sleeping by a well, and anon, as I verily beheld you, I

knew you. And then I told my father, and so were ye brought afore this holy vessel, and by the virtue of it thus were ye healed. O, said Sir Launcelot, if this be sooth, how many there be that know of my woodness. Truly, said Elaine, no more but my father and I and Dame Brisen. Now, I pray you, said Sir Launcelot, keep it in counsel, and let no man know it in the world, for I am sore ashamed that I have been thus miscarried, for I am banished out of the country of Logris forever, that is for to say, the country of England. And so Sir Launcelot lay more than a fortnight, or ever that he might stir for soreness. And then upon a day he said unto Dame Elaine these words: Lady Elaine, for your sake I have had much travel, care and anguish, it needeth not to rehearse it, ye know how. Notwithstanding I know well I have done foul to you, when that I drew my sword to you, for to have slain you. And all was the cause that ye and Dame Brisen deceived me. That is truth, said Dame Elaine. Now will ye for my love, said Sir Launcelot, go unto your father, and get me a place of him wherein I may dwell: for in the court of King Arthur may I never come. Sir, said Dame Elaine, I will live and die with you, and only for your sake, and if my life might not avail you, and my death might avail you, wit ye well I would die for your sake. And I will go to my father, and I am sure there is nothing that I can desire of him but I shall have it. And where ye be, my lord, Sir Launcelot, doubt ye not but I will be with you with all the service that I may do. So forthwithal she went to her father, and said, Sir, my lord, Sir Launcelot, desireth to be here by you in some castle of yours. Well, daughter, said the king, sith it is his desire to abide in these marches, he shall be in the castle of Bliant, and there shall ye be with him, and twenty of the fairest ladies that be in this country, and they shall be of the great blood; and ye shall have ten knights with you. For, daughter, I will that ye wit we all be honored by the blood of Sir Launcelot.

PARCIVAL.

PARCIVAL was educated by his widowed mother in profound retirement in the forest. He grew up grave, serious, and high-minded, full of vague desires and aspirations. While roaming pensively in the

woods. he saw three knights in bright armor, mounted on spirited horses. A longing for adventure took possession of his soul, and he begged his mother's permission to enter the great world in which his father had been renowned. When she gave a sad consent, Parcival hastened to the court of King Arthur. Here he wins general admiration by his surpassing beauty, courage, skill in feats of arms, and all manly exercises, and perfect knighthood. Hearing that a fair princess is besieged in her castle by rebellious subjects, he hastens to her rescue, overcomes her enemies, and receives her hand as his reward. But a higher destiny awaits him. He soon bids his bride farewell, being filled with desire to inform his mother of his success and happiness. While on his return, some fishermen lead him to a lofty castle. He enters a spacious hall, and finds four hundred knights seated on elegant couches. But on the most splendid he sees a person of kingly aspect, who yet shows signs of grief and suffering. This is King Anfortas, the guardian of the Holy Grail, and the castle is the temple of that mysterious vessel. Parcival remains in ignorance of the fact, though entrance to this place was indeed the reward of his Christian chivalry.

He gazed awhile! the changes rung!
The gates of steel have open flung
Their portals; two sweet maidens there
  Appear, with veil and flowery wreath,
Binding the tresses long and fair
  Which fall in waving locks beneath.
Two candlesticks of beaten gold
  This lovely pair, all graceful, bear;
If aught could move the king to love,
  Sick as he is, he'd find it there.
It was the Countess Terriprobe,
  And her sweet friend; a girdle bright
Confined the rich and scarlet robe,
  Which floated o'er her form of light!

A second pair then nearer drew;
Of these one was a duchess too.
A tray of ivory pure she bore;
  Her lips were red as summer roses,
Her robe with gems all studded o'er
  A hue deep as her lips discloses;
The virgins bow'd and placed the tray
Before the monarch where he lay.
Four more, with torches, then appear,
  And then four more who bear a stone

Shining with radiance, bright and clear,
That eye can scarcely gaze upon!
These lovely maids, so young and fair,
Had wreaths of flowers amid their hair;
Their robes, tight bound with jewell'd zone,
Were green as grass, when freshly grown!

. . . . . .

At length appeared the queen alone,
A light from her sweet features shone,
As when, at the approach of day,
Shines, through the clouds, the sun's bright ray!
Upon a cushion soft and fair
Of finest silk that Persia wove,
She bore that treasure, rich and rare,
All earthly joy, or bliss above!
To which no mortal dare aspire!
Above the reach of all desire,
The Holy Grail!

Parcival retires to rest. Next morning he finds beside him his vestments and a rich scimitar the king had presented him; a horse, ready saddled and bridled, stands at the castle gate, but no human form is to be seen. Parcival mounts his steed and is riding slowly away, when he hears a mocking voice and beholds a dwarf upon the castle walls, who tauntingly reproaches him for not having inquired the meaning of all the strange sights he had seen; the dwarf then, with a wild, unearthly laugh, disappears. Soon Parcival meets a lovely maiden, overwhelmed with grief and holding in her arms a bleeding corpse. It is his cousin Sigune, bearing the body of her beloved husband, and, though it is the first time they have ever met, they recognize each other as relatives. From her, Parcival learns his fatal omission in not inquiring the name of the castle where he had been welcomed; for by him alone could Anfortas be restored to health.

While musing on all these extraordinary proceedings, Parcival perceives three drops of blood in the snow, and these drops recall the recollection of his wife. Years, however, pass before he again beholds her or his twin boys, to whom, since his departure, she has given birth. His present journey proves a useless one. Soon after his departure, his sad and broken-hearted mother, whose affections had been bound up in her son, had died.

After many adventures, Parcival returns to King Arthur's court, where he is about to be received as knight of the Round Table, when an enchantress appears and pronounces a curse on him for that omission which had led to such calamitous results; for Anfortas is still a victim to his wound. Sad, yet resigned, the young hero renounces his fond hopes of distinction; he resolves, as an expiation of his unconscious sin, to devote himself henceforward to the defence of the Holy Grail, if permitted this high honor. Then mounting his steed, he rides sorrowfully away.

For four long and weary years does Parcival wander through the world. He has lost his trust in man and God. At length he meets a knight who, by his wise and holy counsel, gradually leads back his erring spirit to faith, trust and hope. By him he is conducted to an aged hermit who, he learns, is his uncle, who has long devoted himself to the service of God, and who teaches him that pride and self-esteem are obstacles to that high and holy office, which is now the aim of all his desires. It was these passions which had subjected Anfortas to the power of the demon and exposed him to that terrible wound from which he was to recover only when Parcival, to whom he was to deliver up the sovereignty, should enter the fortress and ask those simple yet mysterious questions.

Parcival, disdaining worldly fame or honor, henceforth devotes the whole energies of his noble nature to these duties and sacrifices, which alone can make him worthy of becoming the guardian of the Holy Grail. After encountering many dangers, and vanquishing many foes, the penitent knight obtains admittance again into the mysterious castle, and now does not forget his question. He has the satisfaction of restoring the king to health and of once more beholding his long-lost wife and embracing the children he had never yet beheld. To the youngest of these sons he gives over his temporal kingdom; the elder, Lohengrün, is to succeed him in the more precious sovereignty which he himself assumes. But, from this moment, a law is promulgated by which all knights of the Holy Grail are forbidden, when they have once left the precincts of the fortress, to disclose to any earthly ear from what origin they are sprung.

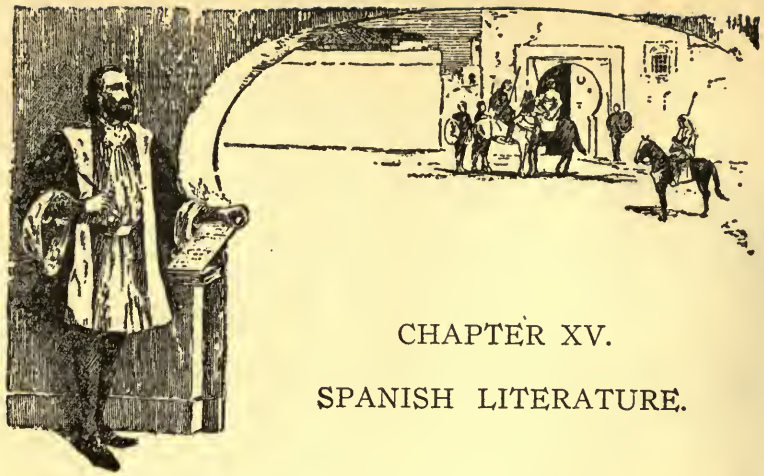
REYNARD THE FOX.

The opposite side of the picture is revealed in another mediæval story: Reynard the Fox—a satire upon the deceit, falsity and pretense of the Middle Ages. Since the time of Æsop, the novelty of making animals talk to exemplify the folly of mankind has been popular. We have only to recall the Jungle Stories of Kipling and the Stories of Uncle Remus among recent writings, and *Chanticleer* and *The Blue Bird* among modern plays, to perceive the truth of this statement.

It is difficult to say just what the earlier versions of Reynard the Fox included, for as it remains to us it contains the reflection of many men upon mediæval society and its abuses. It is not a closely connected, logical story—rather a series of stories.

King Noble—the lion—holds court; all the animals attend upon him save only Reynard the Fox. One after another demand justice against Reynard for his depredations. The King passes over many of their complaints as trivial, but at length a wounded Hen is borne into the presence of the King, the Cock and companion hens weeping over her sad demise. The King sends for the miscreant, but the Cat and Wolf who go to fetch him return torn and bleeding. At last the Badger, armed with the royal seal, succeeds in bringing him to court. The Fox is tried and sentenced to be executed; however, he turns penitent and begs to go upon a pilgrimage for the salvation of his soul ere the sentence is carried out. The King, moved by his grief, pardons him; whereupon as quickly as he has passed beyond the immediate precincts, he gleefully repairs to his former haunts and continues his misdoings.

It is scarcely necessary to explain the keen shafts of satire; cunning rascality is everywhere successful; it prevails over all justice and right. A life of misdeeds may be atoned for by a pilgrimage and a bit of palm from the Holy Land offset years of oppression and tyranny.



CHAPTER XV.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

THE country known as Spain is a geographical cul-de-sac. Divided from the rest of Europe on the landward side by the Pyrenees across the isthmus, it is surrounded on all other sides by seas. All invasions from the east must end here. It was occupied before the beginning of recorded history by the Iberians. More than two hundred years before Christ the Carthaginians, quickly followed by the Romans, invaded it, and the latter's domination lasted six hundred years. Before the fall of the Western Empire came the Vandals, Suevi and Alans, and the Visigothic kingdom, then erected, continued until the appearance of the Arabians in 710 A.D. Against a stubborn resistance the latter gradually possessed themselves of the Peninsula, until only among the mountains of the Asturias in the northwest did an unconquered remnant find shelter. The Mohammedan rule lasted till 1031, when the caliphate began to crumble and the Spaniards to reoccupy their territory. Steadily they pushed the invaders back. The Berber fanatics crossed the Straits of Gibraltar in the eleventh century and conquered an adjoining realm, from which they were not finally ousted for two hundred years. But, in 1479, Castile and Aragon were united, and, in 1492, the Moors were driven from their last strong hold in Granada. In the succeeding century, Spain reached her apogee of glory. In the seventeenth her decline began,

and it has continued until to-day she who once dominated the civilized world arouses only its contempt.

Nowhere more clearly than in this story is the logic of events exemplified. The Spaniards whom the Moors attacked were a brave people and loved freedom; their political position and the mountainous topography and inspiring climate of their country made them so. In addition, they were stimulated by the sacred duty of defending the cause of the Cross against the Crescent. Thus, they became a nation of heroes. And when at last victory came to them, they were exalted with a noble pride, and their minds, aroused in every faculty, were open to receive the benefits of that culture which the Saracens had communicated to the country. In both physical and intellectual vigor they towered above their contemporaries. But, in the midst of this brilliant prosperity, the serpent of the Inquisition crawled into view and instilled its paralyzing poison into the veins of the nation. Spain fell, becoming first the enemy, then the byword of mankind.

The language followed the development of the political history. In the beginning of the Christian Era, Latin, in a corrupted form, was the language of the country. It was still further modified under the Gothic dispensation; and when the inhabitants were forced back to the Asturias, they found there a settlement of Iberians whose original tongue had scarcely changed since the pre-Christian period. Hence came a new amalgamation; but when the Moslem yoke was lifted, and the northwestern champions descended among their countrymen who had submitted to it, they found them possessed of a language in many respects differing from theirs, and of a quite superior civilization. They assimilated both; and now, in the Castilian dialect, the speech of the nation assumed its final form. Other dialects, such as the Catalan, there were, but they were not cultivated. The Castilian most fully expressed the genius and nature of the people. It is resonant, orotund and distinct, the language of men who fear none and respect themselves; and it is distinguished from the other Romance languages by the strong, masculine gutturals derived from the Arabic and Gothic. It became the vehicle of a literature second to none in eloquence, humanity and

humor. The language and the literature remain; but the character of their creators is no more.

The first literary monument is the Poem of the Cid, produced about 1200. The poem, of nearly four thousand lines, is probably based upon popular ballads of earlier date. Its unknown author has caught the very spirit of the time, and combines with poetry sometimes of almost Homeric quality, a living picture of the character and manners of the Spain of the eleventh century. In 1250 the prose Chronicle of Spain was written by Alfonso the Wise, and remains the standard authority on the Cid's career. From it the distinct Chronicle of the Cid was compiled. In popular imagination the hero soon became a being of ideal attributes; but, in sober fact, he was no doubt one of the grand figures of history. His title, The Cid, was bestowed by five Moslem chiefs whom he had forced to acknowledge his sway in a single battle; El Seyyid, The Lord, is the Arabic form; to it his countrymen added Campeador, Champion. His name was Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, the castle of Bivar, near Burgos, having been his birthplace in the year 1040. He died at Valencia, in 1099.

Passing by Gonzalo Berceo, the author of some pious versified platitudes, we find in Alfonso the Wise the first named author of Spain. Perhaps his title would be better translated Learned than Wise; for great though were his intellectual eminence and his acquirements, he made but an indifferent ruler, and was finally driven from the throne by his son Sancho. His code of laws, known as "Las Siete Partidas," The Seven Parts, became the foundation of Spanish jurisprudence, and some of its rules are accepted in modern law. He caused an astronomical table to be compiled, and he composed a history of his country, which begins with the creation of the world, and is carried down to the period of his father's death. The style of this work is dignified, yet free and picturesque, and has served as a model to writers who came after him. Alfonso made the Castilian dialect the vehicle of his translation of the Holy Scriptures, and ordered that it should be employed in all legal proceedings, thereby confirming it as the official and popular language of the country. His merit as a writer is demonstrated by the inferior

style of the chroniclers who continued his history. It is not easy to overestimate the benefits which this monarch bestowed upon the land which he nevertheless failed successfully to govern.

The "Conde Lucanor" of his nephew Don Juan Manuel, a turbulent and unruly prince, but endowed with striking gifts of mind and genius, has been called "the most valuable monument of Spanish literature in the fourteenth century;" it is the only one identifiable among twelve books which he claims to have composed. It consists of fifty tales conceived in the Oriental style, and is one of the earliest works in Castilian prose. The Decameron of Boccaccio was its Italian contemporary; but, whereas that work was designed solely to amuse, the book of Don Juan shows the working of a vigorous and earnest brain, seeking to instruct as well as to entertain. It was a mine for much subsequent literature, and Shakespeare, among others, found in it the suggestion for his "Taming of the Shrew." This noble writer and statesman is one of the most strongly marked and animated figures of his age.

The poet Juan Ruiz, whose life covers the middle part of the fourteenth century, has been compared with Chaucer. He had a satiric and humorous vein, and skill in narrative, and his "Battle of Don Carnival with Madame Lent," is a quaint and diverting allegory, though devoid of the human touch which Chaucer gave. He was nicknamed Archpriest of Hita, that being the place of his abode.—The Dance of Death, in its first Spanish form, is by some ascribed to the Jew Rabbi Santob, a fourteenth century genius, but the conception was universally popular, and appeared in so many guises and languages that it is difficult to trace its origin. It probably owes its first suggestion to Germany.

The period from the appearance of the Poem of the Cid to the end of the fourteenth century shows the Spanish Court as the centre of literary culture. But, side by side with this, there was a rude and racy popular literature, even more valuable to the student of the human mind. The ballads of Spain have been famous ever since they were written. Over one thousand are known, but of none of these have the authors been identified. They grew up like hardy wayside plants,

which all were free to pluck and enjoy. Their subjects are the heroes of chivalry and their adventures; Moorish stories; episodes of Spanish domestic life; and, in brief, they picture the life of the people as it was not portrayed in the regular chronicles. Their method is direct and simple, but there is a humorous keenness in the treatment, and a fidelity to the national traits, which place them above other literature of their class. The verse is octosyllabic, and the poem is sometimes divided into four-line stanzas. One hundred and sixty ballads on the Cid are extant; twenty on Fernan Gonzales, a half-mythical hero of the tenth century; Bernardo del Carpio's tragic story is recounted in another group; and The Seven Lords of Lara supply the theme of others. Charlemagne and his Paladins, whose story has enriched so much European literature, are not forgotten by the Spanish balladist. The Moorish ballads are of another type; they reflect a more sensuous, fantastic and luxurious life than that of the country in general. Yet, without this element, the Spanish nature is not complete.

THE POEM OF THE CID.

THE following literal translation by Butler Clarke of a favorite passage in the Poem of the Cid illustrates "the heroic simplicity, the rapid movement, the life-like pictures the poem presents of the turbulent times in which it was composed, and the free and light-hearted spirit it breathes throughout."

They clasp their shields before their hearts;
Their lances are leveled with pennants decked;
Their heads they bent low over the saddle;
To smite them they went with valiant hearts.
Loudly calls "He who was Born in a happy Hour,"*
"Strike them, my knights, for love of charity!
I am Ruy Diaz the Cid Campeador of Bivar!"
One and all shower blows on the band round Pero Vermuez:
Three hundred lances are they, each with its pennant decked:
A Moor apiece they killed, each with a single blow,
And when they wheeled about, they slew as many more.
There might one see many lances rise and sink and rise again,
Many a shield pierced and thrust through,
Many a corselet burst and broken,
Many a white pennant come forth red in blood,
Many a good horse free without a master.
The Moors call on Mahomet, the Christians on St. Iago:
In but a little space a thousand and three hundred Moors are slain.

THE CID AND THE COUNTS OF CARRION.

The Cid, after being banished from the Kingdom of Aragon, made war on the Moors, conquered the city of Valencia and established himself as its ruler. The king then renewed his favor and requested the Cid to bestow his two daughters in marriage upon the Infants (Princes) of Carrion. The Cid complied, and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp at Valencia. But the Cid's followers charge the Princes with cowardice, and they resolve to depart. The Cid dismisses them in the most friendly manner, gives them two famous swords, and loads them with presents. But the Infants in passing through a forest send their retinue ahead and then strip their brides, beat them and tie them to trees. Here the unfortunate ladies might have perished, had not an adherent of the Cid, suspecting treachery,

* This is one of the favorite names of the Cid.

followed them at some distance. They were brought back to Valencia. The Cid demanded justice, and the king summoned the Cortes on the occasion. The nobles assemble, and the Cid asks first for his swords, which are at once restored. Then he asks for restoration of his goods, which the Infants resist, but the Cortes decide against them. When they plead that they are unable to pay immediately, their property is taken at an appraisement. Finally the Cid demands satisfaction for the insult to his daughters.

The Infants give up all they have, their goods are at an end:
They go about in haste to their kindred and their friend;
They borrow as they can, but all will scarce suffice;
The attendants of the Cid take each thing at a price:
But as soon as this was ended, he began a new device.
"Justice and mercy, my Lord the King, I beseech you of your grace!
I have yet a grievance left behind, which nothing can efface.
Let all men present in the court attend and judge the case,
Listen to what these counts have done, and pity my disgrace.
Dishonored as I am, I cannot be so base,
But here, before I leave them, to defy them to their face.
Say, Infants, how had I deserved, in earnest or in jest,
Or on whatever plea you can defend it best,
That you should rend and tear the heart-strings from my breast?
I gave you at Valencia my daughters in your hand,
I gave you wealth and honors, and treasure at command;
Had you been weary of them, to cover your neglect,
You might have left them with me, in honor and respect.
Why did you take them from me, dogs and traitors as you were?
In the forest of Corpes, why did you strip them there?
Why did you mangle them with whips? why did you leave them bare
To the vultures and the wolves, and to the wintry air?
The court will hear your answer, and judge what you have done:
I say, your name and honor henceforth is lost and gone."
The Count Don Garcia was the first to rise:
"We crave your favor, my Lord the King, you are always just and wise.
The Cid is come to your court in such an uncouth guise,
He has left his beard to grow and tied it in a braid,
We are half of us astonished, the other half afraid.
The blood of the Counts of Carrion is of too high a line

To take a daughter from his house, though for a concubine;
A concubine or leman from the lineage of the Cid,
They could have done no other than leave them as they did.
We neither care for what he says nor fear what he may threat."
With that the noble Cid rose up from his seat:
He took his beard in his hand: "If this beard is fair and even,
I must thank the Lord above, who made both earth and heaven.
It has been cherished with respect, and therefore it has thriven;
It never suffered an affront since the day it first was worn;
What business, Count, have you to speak of it with scorn?
It never yet was shaken, nor plucked away, nor torn,
By Christian nor by Moor, nor by man of woman born,
As yours was once, Sir Count, the day Cabra was taken;
When I was master of Cabra, that beard of yours was shaken;
There was never a footboy in my camp but twitched away a bit;
The side that I tore off grows all uneven yet."
Fernan Gonzalez started forth upon the floor;
He cried with a loud voice: "Cid, let us hear no more.
Your claim for goods and money was satisfied before.
Let not a feud arise betwixt our friends and you.
We are the Counts of Carrion: from them our birth we drew.
Daughters of emperors or kings were a match for our degree:
We hold ourselves too good for a baron's like to thee.
If we abandoned, as you say, and left and gave them o'er,
We vouch that we did right, and prize ourselves the more."
The Cid looked at Bermuez, that was sitting at his foot:
"Speak thou, Peter the Dumb! what ails thee to sit mute?
My daughters and thy nieces are the parties in dispute:
Stand forth and make reply, if you would do them right.
If I should rise to speak, you cannot hope to fight."
Peter Bermuez rose; somewhat he had to say:
The words were strangled in his throat, they could not find their way;
Till forth they came at once, without a stop or stay:
"Cid, I'll tell you what, this always is your way;
You have always served me thus: whenever we have come
To meet here in the Cortes, you call me Peter the Dumb.
I cannot help my nature: I never talk nor rail;
But when a thing is to be done, you know I never fail.
Fernando, you have lied, you have lied in every word:
You have been honored by the Cid, and favored and preferred.
I know of all your tricks, and can tell them to your face:

Do you remember in Valencia the skirmish and the chase?
You asked leave of the Cid to make the first attack:
You went to meet a Moor, but you soon came running back.
I met the Moor and killed him, or he would have killed you;
I gave you up his arms, and all that was my due.
Up to this very hour, I never said a word:
You praised yourself before the Cid, and I stood by and heard
How you had killed the Moor, and done a valiant act;
And they believed you all, but they never knew the fact.
You are tall enough and handsome, but cowardly and weak.
Thou tongue without a hand, how can you dare to speak?
There's the story of the lion should never be forgot:
Now let us hear, Fernando, what answer have you got?
The Cid was sleeping in his chair, with all his knights around;
The cry went forth along the hall that the lion was unbound.
What did you do, Fernando? Like a coward as you were,
You slunk behind the Cid, and crouched beneath his chair.
We pressed around the throne, to shield our lord from harm,
Till the good Cid awoke: he rose without alarm;
He went to meet the lion, with his mantle on his arm;
The lion was abashed the noble Cid to meet;
He bowed his mane to the earth, his muzzle at his feet.
The Cid by the neck and mane drew him to his den,
He thrust him in at the hatch, and came to the hall again:
He found his knights, his vassals, and all his valiant men;
He asked for his sons-in-law; they were neither of them there.
I defy you for a coward and a traitor as you are.
For the daughters of the Cid, you have done them great unright:
In the wrong that they have suffered, you stand dishonored quite.
Although they are but women, and each of you a knight,
I hold them worthier far; and here my word I plight,
Before the King Alfonso, upon this plea to fight:
And if it be God's will, before the battle part,
Thou shalt avow it with thy mouth, like a traitor as thou art."

Uprose Diego Gonzalez and answered as he stood:
"By our lineage we are counts, and of the purest blood;
This match was too unequal, it never could hold good.
For the daughters of the Cid we acknowledge no regret;
We leave them to lament the chastisement they met;
It will follow them through life for a scandal and a jest:
I stand upon this plea to combat with the best,
That, having left them as we did, our honor is increased."

Uprose Martin Antoninez, when Diego ceased:
"Peace, thou lying mouth! thou traitor coward, peace!
The story of the lion should have taught you shame, at least:
You rushed out at the door, and ran away so hard,
You fell into the cesspool that was open in the yard.
We dragged you forth, in all men's sight, dripping from the drain:
For shame, never wear a mantle nor a knightly robe again!
I fight upon this plea without more ado:
The daughters of the Cid are worthier far than you.
Before the combat part, you shall avow it true,
And that you have been a traitor, and a coward too."
Thus ended was the parley and challenge 'twixt these two.

The Cid Pawns His Coffers.

The Poem of the Cid, describes, not only his exploits in the field but also the domestic affairs of the hero and his daughters, and incidents occur of a lighter and occasionally humorous sort. The following is one of the best specimens of this kind.

Unto his trusty henchman Antoninez spake the Cid:
"In faith and love I well do know thou'lt do as thou art bid:
My gold is done, and silver, too; there's nothing left to spend;
And now our broken fortunes thou shalt help us to amend.
And first pray we that our device the good God will forgive,
For harm to no man would we do—but noble knights must live!
So we will take two goodly chests, covered with cramasie,
Right richly dight with nails of gold, each locked with golden key,
Fit for to hold a king's treasure (though treasure 's what we lack),
But with this golden sand right full these coffers we will pack;
And when all safely they are lockt, and bolted tight and true,
Do thou forthwith betake thyself to Vidas, the rich Jew;
And unto him and Rachel must thou whisper this true tale:—
'Alas, good friends, my luckless evil state I sore bewail:
An outlaw I, in peril sore, and wearied in my flight,
Two chests well-heaped with treasure much distress me, day and night.

The king bemoans his loss, and I would ask to hide them here
In pledge with ye, my trusty friends,—no danger need ye fear!'"
The faithful Antoninez bowed unto the Cid, and laughed:
No word spake he, but ere he went, one stirrup-cup he quaffed:
Then hied him on his Arab steed right swiftly to the Jews,
Who greatly marvelled at his mien and eke at his strange news.
He saith unto them privily: "I trust ye as my friends,
For in this little matter we do compass mutual ends:
Betray me to no Christian, nor yet to any Moor,
And I'll make ye so rich, ye cannot make yourselves grow poor.
My Cid the Campeador hath ta'en the tax-man's duty—
Hath gathered in the king his name great store of golden booty,
And yon two coffers that you see are crammed with glittering gold,
Too weighty to be carried, so he wants them to be sold.
Meanwhile he begs you hold them, and loan him what is fair
Upon them: so come now with me, I'll place them in your care.
But first, to seal our compact, and to safely screen us both,
Give me your hands in mine, and swear a binding Hebrew oath,
That ye will not these coffers ope, nor pry between their joints,
For one clear year, or till such day as my true Cid appoints."
Then up spake eager Vidas:—"And how much will he pay
To me and Rachel here to keep these treasure-coffers—say?"
Saith Antoninez then, "My Cid will pay you in full measure
A guerdon that will swell your generous bosoms high with pleasure.
He needs one hundred marks this day, which ye shall give to me;
Or ride ye with me to him now; he gladly will ye see."
Then swift they mounted and away unto the Cid his tent:
He laughed a secret laugh as low these Jews before him bent;
His hand they kissed, and signed the bond which Antoninez penned,
That never lock should be undone, until a year should end.
Then back rode they, the Cid also, the money for to pay;
But first the Jews essayed those doughty coffers twain to weigh.
Then up spake Rachel,—"Campeador, a boon I crave of thee:
Wilt thou a fine red Moorish skin make gift of unto me?"
Quick quoth the Cid, "Most gladly I this gift to thee will offer;
But if perchance I should forget, then charge it on this coffer."
And now upon the floor a gorgeous Bagdad carpet spread,
Whereon a spotless linen sheet was laid from off the bed,

And out upon the sheet did Vidas shining shekels pour,
Three hundred marks in silver, then three hundred gold ones more:
Six hundred marks those Jews held cheap against the Cid his coffers,
Which Antoninez slowly picked and counted; then he proffers
This merry word,—"My service in this adding to your riches,
Deserves, methinks, a meed of thanks, if not a pair of breeches!"
"Here's thirty marks," quoth Vidas, "which we freely give to you;
And you can buy a fox-skin cloak and pair of breeches too."
Then in high glee away hied Antoninez and the Cid,
And long and merrily they laughed upon the trick they did.
But soon the Cid his fortunes by successes did restore,
And then those Jews he paid in full, with a hundred marks more.

THE CID BALLADS.

The Young Cid.

The Count of Gomez, nicknamed Lozano, had quarreled with the Cid's father about the guardianship of Prince Sancho, and struck him in the face in the king's presence. The young Cid resolved to avenge the disgrace done to his aged father.

The Cid was yet of tender age, and deep in thought he stood,
How best to right his father's wrongs in Count Lozano's blood.
He looked upon his powerful foe, surrounded by his train,
Who from the wild Asturian hills could bring a thousand men,
Who in the court of Ferdinand shone out the foremost star;
His voice in council ever first, his arm the first in war.
Full little recked he of the man, but much of the disgrace,
The first that e'er had cast a stain on Layn Calvo's face.
From Heaven he begged for justice, from Earth a field of fight,
Permission from his aged sire, from Honor manly might.
He minded not his tender age, for from his very youth
A cavalier is trained to die for honor and for truth.

He took him down an ancient sword, Mudarra's* of Castile;
It seemed to mourn its master's death, that old and rusty steel.
And knowing well that it alone would for the deed suffice,
Before he girt it 'round his waist, the youth, with daring, cries:
"O valiant sword, bethink thee mine is Mudarra's arm;
A cause like his thou hast to right, a quarrel and a harm.
I know full well thou blushest now thy master's hand to lack;
But never wilt thou have to blush to see me turn my back.
As true as is thy tempered steel thou'lt find me on the field;
Thy second master, like thy first, was never born to yield.
But should the foeman master thee, not long the shame shall rest;
Up to the hilt I'll drive thee straight, and sheathe thee in my breast.
To meet the Count Lozano the hour is now at hand;
And woe betide that braggart knight, his shameles tongue and hand."
So dauntlessly the Cid goes forth, so high his spirits mount,
That in the space of one short hour he met and slew the count.

*Mudarra was a bastard son of Lara; his mother was the sister of the Moorish king of Cordova. He won renown by avenging the death of his seven legitimate brothers, who were slain by the treachery of their uncle.

The Cid's Last Commands.

Among the various translations of the ballads of the Cid, those by J. Y. Gibson take high rank. The following is a good example.

The Cid lay dying, slowly dying, two days would end his life;
He bade them bring Ximena, his well-beloved wife.
He called for Don Geronimo, for Alvar Fañez too,
Bermudez and Gil Diaz, his servant leal and true.
When all the five had gathered, and stood around his bed,
He looked at them with loving eyes, and thus he slowly said:
"Right well ye know the tidings, King Bucar is at hand,
With thirty kings and countless Moors, to take from me this land.
My last commands I give you, hear now what I've to tell:
When the breath has left my body, I pray you wash it well;
And take the myrrh and balsam, the Sultan's gift to me,
And from the head down to the feet anoint it lovingly.
And thou, my dear Ximena, and all thy women here,
When I have gone and passed away, shed not a single tear;
No sound of grief or wailing be heard within the hall,
For if the Moors should learn my death much evil would befall.
And when King Bucar marches with all his proud array,
And plants his tents around the town, be joyful on that day.
Send every townsman to the walls, as many as may be,
And beat the drums and sound the horns, with shoutings and with glee.
And when ye all are ready to journey to Castile,
Send secret message to your men, and keep the matter still.
Let not a single Moorman in all the suburbs know;
Collect your treasures every one, in readiness to go.
Then saddle Bavieca with harness of the best,
And place my body on his back, in seemly garments dressed;
And fix it well and truly, that it may firmly stand;
And let my sword Tizona be held within my hand.
Let the Bishop Don Geronimo go forward at my side;
And let the good Gil Diaz my Bavieca guide,
And thou, Pedro Bermudez, do thou my banner hold,
As thou hast nobly held it in many a fight of old.
And thou, brave Alvar Fañez, go forth against the Moor,
For though his hosts be wondrous strong, thy victory is sure.
This boon hath Heaven granted in answer to my prayer;

Thou shalt in triumph leave the field, with wealthy spoils and rare.
I leave until to-morrow what more I have to say;
And when to-morrow's sun hath set, I shall have passed away."

The Dead Cid's Victory.

Cold, cold in death Rodrigo lay, the Cid of noble name;
To do his master's last behest the good Gil Diaz came.
He first embalmed the body, and wondrous was the sight;
The face retained its beauty, with color fresh and bright.
The eyes were wide and open, and comely was the beard;
Of death there were no tokens, so life-like he appeared.
He placed a board behind the back, and one upon the breast;
And in his chair, both firm and straight, he left the Cid to rest.
Twelve days were gone; the men of war were ready for the fight,
To chase King Bucar from the land, with all his men of might.
They saddled Bavieca, and there at eventide
They placed the dead Cid on his back, as he was wont to ride.
With dress and hose and armlets of colors black and white,
He looked as he was wont to be, when harnessed as a knight.
A shield, with waving proud device, did from his neck hang down;
A helm of painted parchment was planted on his crown:
It looked withal like burnished steel, wrought by a cunning hand;
And with his arm upraised he held Tizona, his good brand.
At dead of night, when all was still, the silent march began;
With stalwart knights, four hundred strong, Bermudez led the van;
He rode in front, with banner spread, the baggage came behind;
To guard its precious treasures four hundred were assigned.
Next came the body of the Cid in midst of all the train;
Upon his right the Bishop rode, Gil Diaz held the rein,
A hundred noble knights were round to guard the honored corse;
Ximena followed with her maids, and twice three hundred horse.
They seemed to be but twenty, so silently they passed;
And when they left the town behind, the day was breaking fast.
Now first was Alvar Fañez to hurry to the fight;
Against the power of Bucar and all his men of might;
When lo! a swarthy Mooress rode up to strike a blow,
Of gallant mien and cunning hand to draw the Turkish bow;
Her name it was Estrella, for like a star she shot.

Her shining darts that cleft the air, and never swerved a jot.
A hundred sisters black as night rode onward in her train;
They fought that day a gallant fight, but died upon the plain.
Amazed stood Bucar and his kings, to see the Christian throng;
Arrayed in shining robes, they seemed full seventy thousand strong.
But there was one of stately mien, that towered above the rest;
His charger white as driven snow, a red cross on his breast,
A banner white was in his hand, his falchion gleamed like fire;
And as he rode the Moormen down, he smote them in his ire.
A panic seized the Pagan ranks, to fight they had no mind;
King Bucar fled with all his kings, and left the field behind.
With hurry-scurry to their ships they every man did flee;
The Christians smote them hip and thigh, and chased them to the sea.
Ten thousand 'mid the waters sank, and many more were slain;
The rest embarked, and hoisted sail, and left the coast of Spain.
King Bucar found a safe retreat; there died full twenty kings;
The Cid's men captured all their tents, their gold and precious things.
The poorest men grew wealthy then, the rich were richer still;
With merry hearts they took the road, and journeyed to Castile.
Within Cardena's cloister, and in San Pedro's fane,
They laid the body of the Cid, who gave renown to Spain.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CID.

How the Cid Made the Coward a Hero.

When the Cid first began to lay siege to the city of Valencia, Martin Pelaez came unto him; he was a knight, a native of Santillana in Asturias, a hidalgo, great of body and strong of limb, a well-made man and of goodly semblance, but withal a right coward at heart, which he had shown in many places when he was among feats of arms. And the Cid was sorry when he came unto him, though he would not let him perceive this; for he knew he was not fit to be of his company. Howbeit he thought that since he was come he would make him brave whether he would or not. And when the Cid began to war upon the town, and sent parties against it twice and thrice a day, for the Cid was always upon the alert, there was fighting and tourneying every day.

One day it fell out that the Cid and his kinsmen and friends and vassals were engaged in a great encounter, and this Martin

Pelaez was well armed; and when he saw that the Moors and Christians were at it, he fled and betook himself to his lodging, and there hid himself till the Cid returned to dinner. And the Cid saw what Martin Pelaez did, and when he had conquered the Moors he returned to his lodging to dinner. Now it was the custom of the Cid to eat at a high table, seated on his bench, at the head. And Don Alvar Fañez, and Pero Bermudez, and other precious knights, ate in another part, at high tables, full honorably, and none other knights whatsoever dared take their seats with them, unless they were such as deserved to be there; and the others who were not so approved in arms ate upon *estrados*, at tables with cushions. This was the order in the house of the Cid, and every one knew the place where he was to sit at meat, and every one strove all he could to gain the honor of sitting to eat at the table of Don Alvar Fañez and his companions, by strenuously behaving himself in all feats of arms; and thus the honour of the Cid was advanced. This Martin Pelaez, thinking that none had seen his baseness, washed his hands in turn with the other knights, and would have taken his place among them. And the Cid went unto him, and took him by the hand and said, You are not such a one as deserves to sit with these, for they are worth more than you or than I; but I will have you with me: and he seated him with himself at table. And he, for lack of understanding, thought that the Cid did this to honor him above all the others.

On the morrow the Cid and his company rode toward Valencia, and the Moors came out to the tourney; and Martin Pelaez went out well armed, and was among the foremost who charged the Moors, and when he was in among them he turned the reins, and went back to his lodging; and the Cid took heed to all that he did, and saw that though he had done badly he had done better than the first day. And when the Cid had driven the Moors into the town, he returned to his lodging, and as he sat down to meat he took this Martin Pelaez by the hand, and seated him with himself, and bade him eat with him in the same dish, for he had deserved more that day than he had the first. And the knight gave heed to that saying and was abashed; howbeit he did as the Cid commanded him: and after he had dined he went to his lodging and began to think upon what the Cid had said unto him, and perceived that he had seen all the baseness which he had done; and then he understood that for this cause he would not let him sit at board with the other knights who were precious

in arms, but had seated him with himself, more to affront him than to do him honor, for there were other knights there better than he, and he did not show them that honor. Then resolved he in his heart to do better than he had done heretofore.

Another day the Cid and his company and Martin Pelaez rode toward Valencia, and the Moors came out to the tourney full resolutely, and Martin Pelaez was among the first, and charged them right boldly; and he smote down and slew presently a good knight, and he lost there all the bad fear which he had had, and was that day one of the best knights there: and as long as the tourney lasted there he remained, smiting and slaying and overthrowing the Moors, till they were driven within the gates, in such manner that the Moors marvelled at him, and asked where that devil came from, for they had never seen him before. And the Cid was in a place where he could see all that was going on, and he gave good heed to him, and had great pleasure in beholding him, to see how well he had forgotten the great fear which he was wont to have. And when the Moors were shut up within the town, the Cid and all his people returned to their lodging, and Martin Pelaez, full leisurely and quietly, went to his lodging also, like a good knight. And when it was the hour of eating the Cid waited for Martin Pelaez, and when he came, and they had washed, the Cid took him by the hand and said, My friend, you are not such a one as deserves to sit with me from henceforth, but sit you here with Don Alvar Fañez, and with these other good knights, for the good feats which you have done this day have made you a companion for them; and from that day forward he was placed in the company of the good. And the history said that from that day forward this knight Martin Pelaez was a right good one, and a right valiant, and a right precious, in all places where he chanced among feats of arms, and he lived alway with the Cid, and served him right well and truly.

And the history saith, that after the Cid had won the city of Valencia, on the day when they conquered and discomfited the King of Seville, this Martin Pelaez was so good a one, that setting aside the body of the Cid himself, there was no such good knight there, nor one who bore such part, as well in the battle as in the pursuit. And so great was the mortality which he made among the Moors that day, that when he returned from the business the sleeves of his mail were clotted with blood, up to the elbow; insomuch that for what he did that day his name is written in this history, that it may never die. And when the Cid saw him come

in that guise, he did him great honor, such as he never had done to any knight before that day, and from thenceforward gave him a place in all his actions and in all his secrets, and he was his great friend. In this knight Martin Pelaez was fulfilled the example which saith, that he who betaketh himself to a good tree hath good shade, and he who serves a good lord winneth good guerdon; for by reason of the good service which he did the Cid, he came to such good state that he was spoken of as ye have heard; for the Cid knew how to make a good knight, as a good groom knows how to make a good horse.

CHRONICLE OF DON JAYME OF ARAGON.

BEFORE the Castilian dialect had secured literary supremacy in the Spanish language, the Catalan was its chief rival. One of the chief prose works in this dialect is the Chronicle of James I., of Aragon, surnamed the Conqueror, written by himself. Its quaint diction and naïve exhibition of the manners and customs of his time make it still interesting. The following passage gives a clear view of his father, who is called, in the Catalan dialect, En Pere, corresponding to Don Pedro in Castilian.

After my birth, En Simon de Montfort, who had the land of Carcassone and Badarres and of Toulouse, which the king of France had conquered, desired to have friendship with my father, and asked for me, that he might bring me up at his court. My father trusted so much in Montfort and his friendship, that he delivered me to him to bring up. And, while I was in his power, the people of those countries came to my father and told him that he might well become lord of those countries, if he would only occupy them. The King, En Pere, my father, was liberal and compassionate, and for the pity that he had of the deputies, said that he would take possession. But they deceived him with fair words; for if, on the one hand, they gave him promises, on the other they were deficient in deeds. And I afterwards heard it said by En Guillen de Cervera and others who were with my father, that the deputies said to him, "My lord, here are our castles and our towns; take possession of them, and put your officers in them." But when my father was about to take possession of the land they said, "My lord, will you turn our wives out of our houses? We and they will be yours; we will do your will." But they did nothing that they had promised him. And

they showed him their wives and their daughters and their kinswomen, the fairest they could find. But when they found that he was a woman's man, they took away his good thoughts, and turned them to what they wished. However, it would take me too long a time to relate these matters, and I will pass on to more important affairs.

En Simon de Montfort was at Murel with from eight hundred to a thousand horsemen, and my father came on him there. There were with him from Aragon Don Miguel de Luzia . . . . and others of his household, and I recollect hearing some of them say that, with the exception of Don Gomes and some who were killed in the battle, all the rest abandoned him and fled. I also recollect hearing that Don Nuno Sanxes and En Guillen de Montcade were not in the battle; they sent a message to the king that he should wait for them; but the king would not wait, and fought the battle with those few that were with him.

The night of the day that the battle was fought the king had passed in debauchery, so that, as I afterwards heard, his own seneschal, called Gill (who afterwards became Knight Hospitaller), and many other witnesses, say the king was so exhausted by the preceding debauch that he could not stand up at Mass, when it came to the Gospel, but kept his seat all the while it was read. And before the battle En Simon de Montfort wished to put himself in his power and do his will. He wanted to come to terms with him, but my father would not accept of them. And when Count Simon and those within Murel saw that, they confessed and received the body of Jesus Christ, and said, "We will rather die in the field than here, shut up in this town." And thereon they came out to fight in a body. On my father's side the men did not know how to range for the battle, nor how to move together; every baron fought by himself, and against the order of war. Thus through bad order, through our sins, and through the Murelians fighting desperately since they found no mercy at my father's hands, the battle was lost. There died my father, for such has ever been the fate of my race, to conquer or die in battle.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE NIBELUNGENLIED.

THE Song of the Nibelungs, though written after 1200 A.D., relates a complex story of the fifth century. It has evidently been shaped by its gifted author from legends which had been current among the people for centuries. The entire poem, comprising more than 9,800 lines, relates nearly forty adventures, occupying not less than thirty years. As the scene varies from Burgundy to Hungary, and the chief personages from the half-civilized Franks to the savage Goths and Huns, it gives striking pictures of the manners and customs of the age. There are many anachronisms, and though the story belongs to the time antecedent to the introduction of the Christian faith in Germany, the externals of both Christianity and chivalry serve as drapery, under which heathen characteristics are still visible. Yet the author, like Homer, never obtrudes his personality, while the rude yet noble warriors whose deeds he recites, and the passionate queens, whose pride and rivalry furnish the motive of the epic, are vividly portrayed. The minor characters also are true to life, and their types are still found in the nations occupying central Europe.

The beautiful Princess Kriemhild lived with her mother and three brothers in the city of Worms, in Burgundy. A frightful dream had warned her that her husband should be slain, and she therefore refused many offers of marriage. But the noble Siegfried, son of Siegemund and Siegelinde, of Santen, famed for his exploits, especially in winning the treasure of the Nibelungs, heard of her beauty and resolved to seek her for his wife. Siegemund and Siegelinde warn their son of the pride of the Burgundians, and the temper of their uncle Hagen. But Siegfried refuses counsel, and sets out on his enterprise accompanied by twelve champions. On the seventh day they "ride up the sand" to Worms. King Gunther, Kriemhild's brother, inquires of his knights who the splendidly-equipped stranger is. Only the wise Hagen is able to tell him, and to relate how Siegfried happened upon the two Nibelungen princes examining their treasure, which had been brought out of a cavern on the hill-side, where it was guarded by a dwarf; how they invited Siegfried to divide it for them, but in their impatience provoked him, whereupon, with the sword Balmung, which they had offered him for his trouble, he slew them and their twelve giants, and compelled the dwarf to swear allegiance, and then became owner of the treasure and the Tarnkappe, which not only rendered the wearer invisible, but

endowed him with the strength of twelve men. Hagen also tells how Siegfried once slew a terrible dragon, and, by bathing in its blood, became invulnerable. Upon this, Siegfried is welcomed by Gunther and his brothers, but when he challenges the king to combat, proposing that the victor should be king, the wrath of Hagen and Ortwin is roused, and there is an uprising of the vassals. They are soon appeased, and Siegfried spends a whole year at Worms, without having hinted at his errand, or having seen his lady love, although she, from her window-lattice, had often beheld the handsome stranger as he returned victorious from the knightly exercise.

A time arrived when the Danish King Liudgast and his Saxon ally King Ludger demand tribute from Gunther, which he refuses to pay. War ensues, and Siegfried joins the Burgundians, and by means of the good sword Balmung, is chiefly instrumental in conquering the two kings, and effecting their capture. The victorious army returns to Worms; the captive kings swear fealty, and a great festival is appointed in honor of the victor. Kings and princes many, and more than five thousand vassals, meet on Whitsun-morning to joust and revel, and Kriemhild is present to grace the sports. Siegfried and Kriemhild now meet for the first time and walk wooingly side by side.

Meantime, tidings come over the Rhine of many fair maidens, one of whom King Gunther thought to win. He has set his heart on Brunhild, queen of Isenland, "far over the sea." She was very beautiful, but capricious. Any suitor had to compete with her, in hurling the spear, in leaping, and in throwing the stone. If successful, he could claim her for his wife; if not, he forfeited his own life. Siegfried objects to this enterprise, but is easily persuaded to accompany Gunther, when promised Kriemhild's hand as a reward. They set out, accompanied by the two warriors, Hagen and Dankwart. Siegfried pilots the vessel, and in twelve days they arrive at the palace of Isenstein. They disembark in view of many fair ones looking from the castle windows, in the midst of whom stood the snow-white maiden Brunhild. Siegfried, for reasons of his own, has stipulated that he shall act the part of vassal to King Gunther. His reception by the queen is somewhat cool, as he explains with polished courtesy, that he is present as an attendant on his sovereign lord, who has come to sue for her hand. The conditions of wooing are stated, and the ground is cleared for the contest. Brunhild performs prodigies of strength and agility, but Siegfried in the tarnkappe (cap of in-

visibility) and strong as twelve men, stands by Gunther, who goes through the motions and gestures, while Siegfried hurls the spear, and throws the stone. The Amazon has to confess with shame that she is fairly outdone. But she hesitates to go with Gunther, and large numbers of her vassals appear in arms before the castle. Siegfried slips down to the beach, puts on the tarnkappe, and pilots the vessel to Nibelungland, whence he quickly returns with a thousand picked men.

Brunhild delays no longer, but immediately sets out with the king to Worms, where, when she arrives, she receives a royal welcome from Queen Ute and Kriemhild. Two bridals are celebrated at the same time, for Siegfried receives his reward, and great festivities follow. But still Brunhild has an evil eye on Siegfried, and tells the king that it grieves her sore to see a vassal sitting by the side of the princes. Gunther replies that he is a king's son, with many lands and castles; but she is not satisfied. She is still sullen when they retire to the bridal chamber; and as the king does not reply to her liking when she further questions him, she binds him hand and foot, and suspends him from a peg on the wall. In the morning he tells his sorrow to Siegfried, who proposes to take his place that same night. Then Siegfried in his tarnkappe wrestles in the darkness with the queen and despoils her of her girdle and ring, without which she is powerless as any other woman. Of course, she is under the impression that it is Gunther who has vanquished her. Kriemhild questions her lord about his absence; he evades at first, but at last confesses, and presents her with Brunhild's ring and girdle. The honeymoon is over; Siegfried gives Kriemhild the Nibelung treasure as a bridal portion, and they return to Santen, where they are received with great rejoicings, and remain in peace for ten years.

Brunhild now pretends to wonder why Siegfried being a vassal does not render homage, and expresses a desire to see Kriemhild. At her request, they are invited, and cordially received by Gunther and his queen. Great festivities take place and all goes well for eleven days, when the two proud keen-tempered women begin quarreling over the merits of their respective husbands, and the matter of precedence. Kriemhild dresses her forty maidens in the finest apparel, orders out all her husband's knights, and walks foremost to the minster where mass is to be said. Brunhild, outdone in splendor, is furious, but, as queen, claims precedence of Kriemhild at the church-door, but the latter refuses to walk behind one who had been Siegfried's mistress. Brunhild waits at

the gate till after service, and demands proof of the accusation, whereupon Kriemhild produces the ring and girdle, which she knew had been come by innocently enough. Brunhild bursts into tears, and "rues full sore that ever she was born." Mischief is now afoot. Hagen, under treacherous professions of friendship, finds out the secret of Siegfried's vulnerability, and believing him to be a sincere friend, Kriemhild, in an evil hour, embroiders a little silken cross over the vulnerable spot between the shoulders, where the linden leaf fell when he bathed in the dragon's blood.

A great hunt is ordered in the Odenwald; Siegfried is to accompany the king. Kriemhild has evil forebodings and beseeches him not to go; he embraces her tenderly and bids her farewell. After a merry chase and a hunter's repast, they hie to a spring to drink. While Siegfried is stooping to drink, Hagen thrusts his spear through the silken cross embroidered on his garment, and flees pursued by the wounded man, who, with the spear still stuck between his shoulders, beats the traitor with his shield till it is broken in pieces. Then the hero's strength fails; he falls, and after a short struggle, during which he commends his wife to the care of her kin, he breathes his last. Kriemhild's grief is boundless; she can only sit in tears, and pour out sorrow and love in vain. For more than three years she spoke not a word to Gunther, nor once looked at Hagen; but at length a reconciliation is effected through Gernot and Giselher, and she is persuaded to send for the Nibelung treasure to Worms. She is so lavish with her gifts that Hagen fearing her influence among the vassals, has the hoard sunk in the Rhine. From this time forth the Burgundians, as possessors of the treasure, bear the name of Nibelung.

Thirteen years have passed, and Kriemhild still bewails the loss of her husband. She was about to retire to an abbey for the rest of her life when King Etzel, of Hungary (Attila the Hun), sends Rudiger to sue for her hand. At first she listens like a woman of stone, but when Rudiger hints at Etzel's power to avenge her wrongs, she is all attention, and suddenly consents. Hagen foreboding evil, bitterly opposes this match, which Gunther favors. Taking cold leave of her relations, Kriemhild sets out with her brothers Gernot and Giselher as chief of the convoy. They are met at Tuln by Etzel with a royal escort, among whom are Dietrich of Bern (Theodoric of Verona), and the king's own brother Blodel. The nuptials are celebrated when they reach Vienna, and seventeen days of festivities follow.

Seven years had passed in the land of the Huns, when Queen Kriemhild bore a son. Six more years pass before her plans for vengeance are fully laid. Her husband is affectionate and hospitable, she herself is universally esteemed for her kindness. She desires, or pretends to desire, to see her relatives. At her request, her easy husband sends his minstrels to invite the Burgundians to a great midsummer festival; they have strict injunctions from Kriemhild not to leave Hagen behind. Gunther and his brothers accept the invitation with pleasure; but Hagen is bitterly opposed to it. But when Giselher hints that he is afraid, the old warrior determines to go. With nine thousand vassals, a thousand and sixty knights in gay attire, and his brother Dankwart and Valker of Alzey in close attendance, Hagen sets out on the fateful journey. In twelve days they reach the Danube, where Hagen interviews the mermaids, strikes off the ferryman's head, ferries his men across and breaks the boat in pieces After a fierce fight with the Bavarians, they reach Passau, where they are entertained by Bishop Pellegrin, and pass on to Bechlaren, where they are again hospitably received by Rudiger, whose daughter Dietelind is betrothed to Giselher.

On the confines of Etzel's territories, they are met by Dietrich of Bern, who has come to salute them and warn them of approaching evil. On arriving at Etzel's court, they are received by Kriemhild with treachery in her soul. She kisses Giselher and takes him by the hand; but Hagen she openly defies, and is openly defied by him. At this point a very fine picture is drawn of Hagen's friendship with Volker, the Fiddler, one side of whose fiddle-bow was a keen-edged sword. That night the Nibelungs had sumptuous lodgings, but Hagen and Volker keep watch. Volker, leaning his shield against the wall, takes his viol and plays the careworn men to sleep.

Next day a great festival is held. As the knights are taking their seats in the banqueting hall, Kriemhild urges Dietrich to revenge her on her enemies. He refuses. Etzel's brother Blödel is then induced, under promise of a beautiful lady for his bride, to fall upon the Nibelungs in their quarters. The Huns, with an overpowering force, slay all the Nibelung vassals and twelve knights. Dankwart alone is left; streaming with blood, he rushes to the hall. Hagen tells him to guard the door and not to let a single Hunnish knight come out alive. Just before Dankwart enters, Ortlieb, the king's son, has been shown to the guests. Hagen makes some disdainful remark, which causes anger.

Kriemhild incites the strife, and for answer sees her son's head smitten off by Hagen. A fierce hand-to-hand combat takes place. Valder joins Dankwart at the door to prevent the Huns coming in to help their fellows. The contest rages. Kriemhild calls on Dietrich to protect her, and for an instant the tumult ceases. Gunther, Dietrich, and the queen withdraw. The combat is renewed with double fury. The Huns surround the hall in large numbers. Gunther, Gernot, and Giselher beg their sister to be allowed to leave the hall and fight in the open air. She offers to spare their lives if they will deliver Hagen into her hands, but not one will consent. She then orders the Huns to fire the hall. The fighters quench the fire and slake their thirst with blood. The uproar continues at short intervals all through the night, ever followed by a brief but terrible silence.

In the morning six hundred Nibelungs are still alive. Rudiger reluctantly enters the hall by the queen's commands to finish the conflict. He and Gernot fall by each other's hand. At last only Hagen and Gunther are left, and they are faint and wounded. Dietrich binds them and brings them before the queen, beseeching her to spare their lives. She questions Hagen about the treasure, but he refuses to tell. Then she orders Gunther's head to be struck off, and holds that by the hair in front of him; but the only answer she received was: "Of the hoard knoweth no one but God and me; from thee, she-devil, shall it ever be hid." Upon this, with her husband's sword, Balmung, the enraged queen, strikes off his head. Old Hildebrand, the only one of Dietrich's men left, exasperated at her cruelty, springs upon her and stabs her to the heart, the king, Etzel, not opposing the deed. Such is the fearful catastrophe of the bloody tragedy of the Nibelungs.

Siegfried at King Gunther's Court.

Then spake the country's ruler, "He shall be welcome here,
Bold is the knight and noble, that I discover clear,
And much shall it avail him on our Burgundian ground."
Then thither went king Gunther where he Siegfried found.
The host and his companions so well receiv'd the guest,
That nothing there was wanting that courtesy expressed;
And low inclin'd the warrior to all in presence there,
Since they had giv'n him greeting so friendly and so fair.
"I wonder much," said Gunther, "and fain would understand,

Whence comes the noble Siegfried to this Burgundian land,
And what he here is seeking at Worms upon the Rhine."
To the king the guest made answer, "Concealment is no art of mine.
Afar I heard the tidings, e'en in my father's land,
That here with you were dwelling (fain would I know the band)
The best and prowest champions, so voic'd by all and some,
That ever king surrounded; therefore I'm hither come.
Your own renown I've heard too through all this country ring,
That never eye of mortal has seen so bold a king.
Your prowess and your knighthood are vouch'd by high and low,
Now ne'er will I turn homeward till this by proof I know.
I too am a warrior and shall a sceptre sway,
And I would fain bring all men perforce of me to say,
That I both lands and liegemen have nobly merited.
This to maintain I'll freely pledge my honor and my head.
Now since you are so famous for manhood and for skill,
Nought reck I, if my purpose be taken well or ill,
But all that's own'd by Gunther I'll win by strength of hand,
And force to my obedience his castles and his land."
The king was lost in wonder, and with him all the rest,
At such a strange pretension from that o'erweening guest,
Who claim'd his whole possessions that stretch'd so wide around.
His vassals heard the challenge, and for anger sternly frown'd.
"How," cried the valiant Gunther, "have I deserv'd this wrong,
That what my noble father with honor rul'd so long,
I now should yield to any, o'ermaster'd by his might?
Ill should I show, that I too can bear me like a knight!"
"I'll ne'er renounce my purpose," the fiery youth replied;
"If through thy might thy country cannot in peace abide,
I'll take on me to rule it, and what I hold in fee,
If thou by strength canst take it, shall alike submit to thee.
Let thy broad lands and also mine be laid in equal scale,
And whichsoe'er in battle o'er th' other shall prevail,
To him let all be subject, the liegemen and the land."
But Hagen sought, and Gernot, such purpose to withstand.

KRIEMHILDE.

SHE came out from her chamber; so comes the morning red
Forth from the gloomy clouds; upon her dress were spread
Bright gems; her glowing cheeks her secret love confessed;
Of all the maids on earth she the fairest was and best.

For as among the stars the full moon clearly gleams
And scatters every cloud with her bright and silver beams,
So 'mid the other ladies Kriemhilde's beauty shone;
The hearts of many heroes beat high as they looked on.

The chamberlains before her walked, in costly garments dressed,
To see the lovely maiden the warriors onward pressed;
As Siegfried stood expecting to look upon her face,
By turns despair and love found within his bosom place.

Thus said he to himself—"How could I ever deem
That I could win the maid?—'twas but an idle dream.
But if I cannot win her, then I were better dead,"
And with his thoughts his cheeks by turns were pale and red.

The servants found the hero bold,—Siegfried of Netherland,
And bade him boldly come in front of all the warriors' band;
"King Gunther to his presence is pleased to summon you,
That his sister may salute you, and give the honor due."

His soul rose high within him when he saw Kriemhilde there,
And rosy flushed his cheeks as spoke the maiden fair;
"I bid you welcome, Siegfried, a warrior good and brave,"
The kindly salutation new strength and courage gave.

To thank her for her kindness the hero bowed his head,
And all that he had longed to say was in a moment said;
For, as he bowed his head, a stolen glance was cast,
And suddenly from eye to eye the tender secret passed.

In all the summer season, or the pleasant month of May,
He never had such pleasure as on that happy day—
When he walked beside the maiden whom he came to make his bride,
When Kriemhilde whom he loved was walking by his side.

How Siegfried was Betrayed.

One day it fell that Siegfried close whisp'ring found the band,
When thus began to ask them the knight of Netherland,
"Why creep the king and chieftains so sorrowful along?
I'll help you to revenge it, if you have suffer'd wrong."
"Good cause have I for sorrow," Gunther straight replied,
"Ludegast and Ludger both have me defied.
With open force they threaten to ravage all my land."
Then spake the dauntless champion, "Their pride shall Siegfried's hand,
Both to your boot and honor, bring lower, and once more
I'll do unto those boasters e'en as I did before.
Ere I end, o'er castles, o'er lands, o'er all I'll spread
Wide waste and desolation, or forfeit else my head.
Do you and your good warriors sit by the chimney side;
With my knights here about me thither let me ride.
How willingly I serve you, my acts and deeds shall show,
And every one shall feel it who boasts himself your foe."
"Ah! how this promise cheers me!" the king dissembling said,
As though rejoic'd in earnest at that free-proffer'd aid.
Low bow'd to him the false one with fawning semblance fair,
Then return'd Sir Siegfried, "Take now no further care."

For the march the Burgundians prepar'd in show the while,
Yet Siegfried and his warriors 't was done but to beguile.
Then bade he straight make ready each Netherlandish knight.

They sought out the best harness and surest arms they might.
Then spake the valiant Siegfried, "Sir Siegmund, father mine,
Best tarry here in quiet till we return to Rhine.
Conquest, if God befriend us, we shortly back shall bring.
Meanwhile live blithe and merry with our good host the king."
The flags anon were hoisted, and forward all would fare;
Among the men of Gunther many a one was there
Who knew not his lord's secret, and thought no treachery.
There might you see with Siegfried a mighty company.
Their helms and eke their mailcoats upon their steeds were tied.
Many a knight of prowess ready was to ride.
Then Hagen, lord of Trony, as had before been plann'd,
Went to take leave of Kriemhild ere yet they left the land.
"Ah! well is me," said Kriemhild, "that I've a lord who lends
Such firm assistance ever to back my dearest friends,
As now does my brave Siegfried for my brethren's sake;
Therefore," said the lady fair, "good courage will I take.
My good friend, Sir Hagen, bear in remembrance still
How much I love my kinsmen, nor ever wish'd them ill.
For this requite my husband, nor let me vainly long;
He should not pay the forfeit, if I did Brunhild wrong.
My fault," pursued she sadly, "good cause had I to rue.
For it I have far'd badly; he beat me black and blue;
Such mischief-making tattle his patience could not brook,
And for it ample vengeance on my poor limbs he took."
"You'll be friends together," said he, "some other day.
But, Kriemhild, my dear lady, tell me now, I pray,
At my hands to your husband what service can be done.
Fain would I do it, lady, better love I none."
The noble dame made answer, "Fear should I not at all,
That by the sword of any my lord in fight would fall,
But that he rashly follows his fiery martial mood.
Else could no harm befall the noble knight and good."
"Lady," then answer'd Hagen, "since thus you harbor fear
Lest hostile force should slay him, let me yet further hear,
What best may serve our purpose the warrior to defend.
On foot, on horse, I'll watch him, his guardian and his friend."
Said she, "Thou art my cousin, and I alike am thine;
To thy good faith commend I this dearest lord of mine.
That thou wilt tend his welfare, assurance firm I hold."
Then told she him the secret far better left untold,
Said she, "My husband's daring, and thereto stout of limb;

Of old, when on the mountain he slew the dragon grim,
In its blood he bath'd him, and thence no more can feel
In his charméd person the deadly dint of steel.
Still am I ever anxious, whene'er in fight he stands,
And keen-edg'd darts are hailing from strong heroic hands,
Lest I by one should lose him, my own beloved make.
Ah! how my heart is beating still for my Siegfried's sake!
So now I'll tell the secret, dear friend, alone to thee
(For thou, I doubt not, cousin, will keep thy faith with me),
Where sword may pierce my darling, and death sit on the thrust.
See, in thy truth and honor how full, how firm my trust!
As from the dragon's death-wounds gush'd out the crimson gore,
With the smoking torrent the warrior wash'd him o'er.
A leaf then 'twixt his shoulders fell from the linden bough.
There only steel can harm him; for that I tremble now."
Then said the chief of Trony, "A little token sew
Upon his outer garment; thus shall I surer know
The spot that needs protection as in the fight we stand."
She thought his life to lengthen, the while his death was plann'd.
Said she, "Upon his vesture with a fine silken thread
I'll sew a secret croslet; by this small token led
Thy hand shall guard my husband, as through the press he goes,
And in shock of battle confronts his swarming foes."
"So will I do," said Hagen, "my honor'd lady dear."
She thought her lord to profit, and keep from danger clear,
But all she did to aid him serv'd but to betray.

Leave then took Sir Hagen, and joyous strode away.
What he had learn'd from Kriemhild his lord then bade him show.
"Put off this march," said Hagen, "and let us hunting go;
Now have I all the secret; now in my hand is he;
Could you but contrive it?" "For that," said Gunther, "trust to me."
The false king and his courtiers to hear his words were fain.
I ween, so base a treason knight ne'er will do again,
As then was done by Hagen, when to his faith for aid
So fair a lady trusted, and so foully was betrayed.

Hagen Kills Siegfried.

King Gunther, with Hagen, Siegfried, and other followers, goes to hunt wild boars in a forest. Kriemhilde had a foreboding of evil, and entreated the hero not to join in the chase.

Then said the hero Siegfried, "Kriemhilde, do not mourn;
No evil thing shall happen me, and soon I will return;
Of enemies about the court I know not I have one;
Your brother owes me kindness sure for all that I have done.

But then again said Kriemhilde, "Oh, Siegfried, keep away.
I had another dream just before I woke to-day:
Two rocks fell down upon us as you walked along the vale,
And hid you from my sight as I woke, with weeping pale."

Then Siegfried folded closely Kriemhilde in his arms,
And kissed her many times, to banish her alarms,
Till she gave him leave to go; then he hastened to the chase—
But never more saw Kriemhilde her husband's living face.

After slaying several wild animals, the heroes went together to slake their thirst at a spring in the forest.

The spring was clear and cool and sweet: King Gunther stooped
to drink
Beside the hero Siegfried, who kneeled upon the brink;
And when the king had quenched his thirst, he rose and stood
again,
But Siegfried, while he bowed his head, by Hagen's hand was
slain.

First Hagen took the hero's bow and falchion from his side,
And carried them away 'mid the forest leaves to hide;
Then, with javelin in hand, he looked upon the coat
Where the fatal spot was marked, and then suddenly he smote!

Etzel Marries Kriemhild.

And now rode on King Etzel (with Dietrich at his side,
And a countless host of followers) to greet his chosen bride:
Thus to herself said Kriemhild, when she saw the endless
throng—
"'Tis well; I shall have warriors now who will avenge my
wrong!"

Then to the queen spake Rudiger:—"My lady, here we stay—
King Etzel comes; of followers, lo! what a vast array!
I will name to you the warriors most worthy of a kiss;
For you cannot give to all in a company like this!"

So saying, noble Rudiger gave to the queen his hand,
And from her steed she lighted down upon the Austrian land;
All the heroes stood aside, while through the glittering throng,
To meet the beauteous Kriemhild, King Etzel walked along.

And now her veil is lifted, and her subjects all behold
Her beauty shining out, as from a shrine of gold;
The beauty of her countenance a general pleasure spread;
"Queen Helke was not fairer," all the Hunnish warriors said.

When Etzel had saluted her, she turned, at Rudiger's sign,
And gave a kiss to Blödel, who was in the royal line;
And twelve most noble princes of such favor had a share;
But she looked with grace and kindness on all the heroes there.

And now the king commanded, for all the pleasure of his bride,
That o'er the plain of Tulna his companies should ride;

Christian knights and heathen warriors, in many-colored dress,
To make a martial spectacle, together onward press.

And now arose loud clangor from meeting spear and shield,
Soon many splintered lances were scattered o'er the field;
Now many colors glittered together in the air;
What sounds of arms and battle-cries were loudly ringing there;

To see the splendid tournament forth went both king and queen;
In the centre of the plain their pavilion was seen;
It was decked with glorious colors, and on the grassy ground
A hundred tents for noble knights were stationed all around.

So with many noble tourneys they passed the merry day,
And the heroes went to rest in the evening cool and gray;
There was stillness on the plain until morning clear and bright,
When King Etzel soon devised for his queen a new delight.

In procession to Vienna he bade his heroes go,
With all their clans in full array they made a wondrous show,
But more beauteous was the view of Vienna for the queen—
Here Austria's fairest ladies all in dresses gay were seen.

Of people out of many lands the crowd was now so great,
They could not all be entertained within the city gate;
But Etzel's knights and warriors, at Rudiger's command,
Dispersed their various companies o'er all the neighboring land.

And here, in gay Vienna, on the feast of Whitsuntide,
Kriemhild, who had hid her sorrows all, was once again a bride;
When she beheld the thousands who were all her subjects now,
Though sorrow still was in her heart, pride gathered on her brow.

So costly were the jewels which to many knights she gave,
So many were her gifts to Etzel's heroes brave,
They disbelieved the story of her loss so often told;
"Our queen," said they, "has surely brought the Nibelungen gold!"

A festival of seventeen days was in Vienna held;
The pageantry of every day all former days excelled;
I cannot tell you half of the pleasures that were planned;—
'Twas remembered as a wonder long in all the Austrian land.

Now Kriemhild was a queen again! With Etzel at her side,
She looked upon the host of men, her followers, with pride;
And thus she whispered to herself—"O'er such a mighty band
Even Siegfried, in his day of power, did never hold command!"

Yet in the midst of all this festival array,
The thoughts of Kriemhild often would wander far away,
And to hide the tears upon her face her head she would incline,
For her heart was still with Siegfried, in his castle on the Rhine.

GUDRUN.

Of the two great mediæval epics of popular origin the Nibelungenlied may be compared to the vast Mississippi, varying much in its prolonged course; now peaceful and bright, but again dreadful with its swollen flood; but the poem of Gudrun is like a shorter river, with smooth, yet strong, current. The latter poem is divided into three parts, and comprises altogether thirty-two chapters or adventures. It begins with the story of Hagen, son of Sigeband, King of Eijirland or Ireland. This Ireland is thought to have been a part of Holland.

While King Sigeband and his guests were enjoying a festival, Hagen, aged seven, was in charge of a noble maiden in the castle grounds. Suddenly a huge griffin swooped down upon the child and carried him off to a lonely island, as food for the young griffins. One of the brood, in hopping from bough to bough with the child, alighted on one which gave way. The boy was dropped, scrambled out of sight, and by and by made his way to a cave, in which were three noble maidens who had also escaped from the monster. Under their care he grew up. Once he chanced upon the corpses of some sailors on the strand. Among them was a knight in full armor. This dress the youth quickly put on. Scarcely had he done so, when he was attacked by the griffin. The monster was slain, and also a number of others that came to the rescue. While hunting one day Hagen was attacked by a dragon. Him he also slew, drank of the dragon's blood, and was endowed with superhuman strength.

After some time he and his companions hailed a ship, on board which they were taken and kindly treated by the captain, who turned out to be the Count Garadie, between whom and Hagen's father there was a mortal feud. The count, on learning the youth's parentage, thought to detain him as a hostage; but Hagen, after throwing thirty of the crew overboard and threaten-

ing the count, compelled him to steer to Ireland. When Hagen at last reached home, he was received with great joy by his parents, who had believed him dead. Sigeband and the count became friends; Hagen inherited his father's crown, and married Hilde, an Indian princess, who had been one of his companions on the island. They had a beautiful daughter named Hilde after her mother.

The story of Hilde forms the second division of the poem. She had many suitors, but as all had to enter the lists with Hagen, and all were conquered by him, she had to adopt other schemes. Hetel, King of the Hegelings in North Germany, had heard of the lady's charms, but was afraid to encounter the father. He wished to send one of his three staunchest retainers to do battle for him. They were Wat, Horant and Fout. But none of them dared to meet the fierce Hagen. They resorted to stratagem. A slendid cypress-wood vessel was built, and armed men were stowed in the hold. A suitable convoy of other craft also, containing armed men, accompanied the flag-ship to Hagen's sea-fortress, where the three delegates gave themselves out as merchants banished from Hetel's dominions. By their liberal dealings, and magnificent presents to the king, the queen, and her ladies, they found their way to the court, where Horant charmed the queen by his singing. Hilde secretly invited the minstrel to her apartments, and was apprised of Hetel's desire. She readily consented to accompany the three merchants. The king, queen and Hilde were invited to escort them to their vessels, as King Hetel was now reconciled. This they readily did. Hilde was purposely separated from her parents, and quickly boarded the cypress bark. Armed men sprang to the deck on all the vessels, and they set sail. Hagen had no ship ready to pursue, but next day he reached Hetel's shores with a shipload of warriors. A desperate battle was fought, in which both kings were wounded. They were reconciled by Hilde's entreaties, and she became Hetel's queen with the consent of her father.

The third section of the poem relates the story of Gudrun, the beautiful daughter of Hetel and Hilde. Many were the royal and noble wooers who sought her hand, but all were scornfully rejected by Hetel, who had now become as haughty and imperious as his father-in-law. The principal suitors were Siegfried of Moorland, Herwig of Seeland, and Hartmut, son of Ludwig, King of Normandy. The two first were repelled with scorn; Hartmut visited Hetel's castle in disguise, but was advised by

Gudrun to flee for his life. Suddenly Herwig made a descent on Hetel's castle with three thousand knights; a fierce contest took place; Hetel and Herwig had a hand-to-hand combat. However, peace was established through Gudrun; she was betrothed to Herwig, and the marriage was to take place in a year. As soon as Siegfried heard of the betrothal, he invaded Herwig's dominions with a powerful army. Herwig would surely have been overpowered by overwhelming numbers, had not Hetel come to the rescue. Siegfried was driven into a fortress and besieged. New complications now arose. Hartmut, hearing of Hetel's absence, renewed his suit to Gudrun, and when informed that she was betrothed to Herwig, destroyed the castle, and carried her off with sixty of her maidens. Word was sent to Hetel, who, with Siegfried and Herwig, pursued the Normans, and overtook them at Wülpensand Island at the mouth of the Schelde, where the Normans had anchored and gone on shore. The battle that ensued lasted from early morn till sunset, and in it Hetel was slain by Ludwig. During the night the Normans stole to their ships and escaped. The Hegelings and their allies were in no condition to pursue. Thirteen years elapsed, during which Gudrun and her maids suffered the worst indignities at the hands of Gerlint, Hartmut's mother. Meantime the Hegeling youth had grown up; an army of eighty thousand attacked the Norman castle, razed it to the ground, and returned in triumph to the land of the Hegelings with Gudrun and her sixty maidens, and with Hartmut with eighty of his knights as prisoners of war.

All ended happily; virtue was rewarded; vice received due punishment. Ludwig, who seized Gudrun by the hair and threw her into the sea, and slew her father Hetel, was himself slain by Herwig in the attack on the Norman castle. On the same day, the wicked Queen Gerlint had her head struck off by Wat. Hartmut was released, and married Hildeburg, Gudrun's companion in captivity. Hartmut's sister Ortrun was married to Gudrun's brother, Ortwein. Herwig's sister was married to Siegfried. Gudrun, of course, was married to Herwig. Thus four royal marriages were celebrated in one day, and peace was established among these savage sea-kings.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MINNESINGERS.

The Minnesingers (Love-singers) in Germany correspond to the Troubadours of Southern Europe. They were poets closely attached to the courts of the feudal nobles, and sang in short lyrics of love and war. While the Troubadours, whether in France, Italy or Spain, adopted the Provençal language, with its elaborate forms of verse, the Germans adhered faithfully to their own speech, and produced lyrics in which considerable originality was shown. The tone is nobler and less sentimental, befitting the ideas and traditions of the Teutonic race. This epidemic of courtly poetry prevailed in Germany, as in Southern Europe, from the middle of the eleventh century to the end of the thirteenth. Its greatest exponents were Walther von der Vogelweide and Wolfram von Eschenbach; but there were hundreds of minor fame who were known only by single lyrics. As in the case of the Troubadours, the lives of many Minnesingers were even more interesting and romantic than their songs. In the

same age there appeared popular hero-ballads and national epics entirely distinct from the effusions of the courtier-like Minnesingers. The old heroic poetry banished from the mead-halls of kings and barons had taken refuge in the gatherings of the common folk. The minstrels, once the companions of rulers, had been compelled to wander from city to city, and from village to village, entertaining the crowds at fairs and market-places. The Minnesingers, ministering to the entertainment of the ladies of the castle, chose personal themes and treated them in sentimental style.

CONRAD VON KIRCHBERG.

COUNT CONRAD VON KIRCHBERG was a Suabian, who lived in the latter part of the twelfth century. The following is the best of his songs.

May, sweet May, again is come,
May that frees the land from gloom;
Children, children, up and see
All her stores of jollity.
On the laughing hedgerow's side
She hath spread her treasures wide;
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody;
Hill and dale are May's own treasures.
Youths rejoice! In sportive measures
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

Up, then, children! we will go
Where the blooming roses grow;
In a joyful company
We the bursting flowers will see;
Up, your festal dress prepare!
Where gay hearts are meeting, there
May hath pleasures most inviting,
Heart and sight and ear delighting.
Listen to the birds' sweet song.
Hark, how soft it floats along!

Courtly dames our pleasures share!
Never saw I May so fair;
Therefore dancing will we go.
Youths, rejoice! the flowerets blow!
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

. . . . . .

Our manly youths,—where are they now?
Bid them up and with us go
To the sporters on the plain;
Bid adieu to care and pain
Now, thou pale and wounded lover!
Thou thy peace shalt soon recover.
Many a laughing lip and eye
Speaks the light heart's gayety;
Lovely flowers around we find,
In the smiling verdure twined,
Richly steeped in May-dew's glowing.
Youths rejoice! the flowers are blowing!
Sing ye, join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

Oh, if to my love restored,—
To her, o'er all her sex adored,—
What supreme delight were mine!
How would care her sway resign!
Merrily in the bloom of May
Would I weave a garland gay.
Better than the best is she,
Purer than all purity;
For her spotless self alone
I will praise this changeless one;
Thankful or unthankful, she
Shall my song, my idol be.
Youths, then join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

BORN about 1160 in Tyrol, and wandering in manhood from the Adriatic to the Baltic, Walther von der Vogelweide was the highest type of the Minnesinger. He was a welcome guest at the courts of emperors, dukes and landgraves, but he preserved a noble independence amid all the vicissitudes of a turbulent time. He acquired not only wide experience of the world, social and political, but a lofty genuine patriotism not limited to a small principality, but embracing the whole German race. In his conception of love this grand poet was true to the nobler ideas of that race. He regarded it not as the fleeting passion of a day or a season, but as the life-long devotion of two hearts to each other. In style he shows the gracefulness of the Troubadour, but he does not sacrifice truth to form or artificial rules. His songs express a natural purity as well as a vehemence of passion. This truthfulness renders them readable when the sweetness of minor poets cloys the taste. He avoids wearisome detail and a multiplicity of figures, but dashes off in a happy phrase a truthful portrait or a memorable incident. The decline of the Minnesingers may be dated from the death of their greatest representative in 1227.

A LAMENT.

AH! my best years have fled away,
Like dreams, or like a minstrel's lay;
I see, once more, my native ground,
And wonder as I look around;
For now I see a stranger here,
Where many faces once were dear:
My playmates all are gray and old;
The land itself seems drear and cold:
They've felled the trees on yonder hill;
The river flows beside it still;
But my best years have passed away
As on the sea the drops of spray,
Or like the waves upon the shore—
I say "Alas!" for evermore.

Time, like the earth with flowers bespread
In youthful spring, is dark and dead
When age and cares are coming on,
And friends and pleasures all are gone.

One consolation now remains—
To combat on the holy plains,
Not for riches, nor renown,
But for an everlasting crown;
For absolution, for release
From all my sins; for rest and peace.
May I but tread that sacred shore!
Then will I say "Alas" no more!

To the Ladies of Germany.

This song is supposed to have been written by Walther on his return from an embassy to France in 1201.

Ye should bid me welcome, ladies,
For my word is now to you,
All that ye have heard before this
Is but empty vain halloo.
But ye should reward me nobly;
If my recompense is right,
I can tell you what will please you;
Help me then with all your might.

I will tell to German maidens
Such a word that all the more
They shall delight the universe,
And I will ask slight pay therefor.
What then shall I ask in payment?
They are all so good, so dear,
That my earnest prayer is lowly:
Let them give me welcome cheer.

Many lands I've wandered over;
From their glories I have come.
Ill would sure befall the rover,
Should I rest afar from home.
What true pleasure could I ever
Have in foreign court or hall?
What avails me to seek falsehood?
German truth surpasses all.

From the Elbe west to the Rhineland,
And back again to Hungary's plain,

These are still of lands the fairest
That in all the world remain.
Furthermore, I swear by Heaven,
That in person, mien and grace,
Fairer than all other ladies
German ladies take their place.

WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH.

WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH holds an honorable place among mediæval poets. He was a knight of Bavaria, and died in 1220, being about sixty years of age. Although the form of his work is marked by the characteristics of his period, there is a tone in his poetry which seems essentially modern. While thoroughly Christian in spirit, he does not yield entirely to the churchly and ascetic ideas then prevalent. He holds stoutly to the primitive ideals of a German warrior. He recognizes the virtues of the heathen, the manliness of sport and war, and the love of adventure. The Arthurian legend had been diffused through Europe, and Wolfram took as his chief hero Parzival, the Christian knight, and for his theme the quest of the Holy Grail. Yet he does not treat this famous mediæval allegory in a mechanical spirit. He dwells upon the development of the perfect knight from the erring man, and shows how his own experience of evil was necessary, as well as early and late instructions, to make him fit for his self-imposed task and its glorious accomplishment. In Titurel he went back to a still earlier period, yet without much change of characters.

THE BELOVED LADY.

WOULD I the lofty spirit melt
Of that proud dame who dwells so high,

Upper and Lower Churches of Assisi.

Kind Heaven must aid me, or unfelt
  By her will be its agony.
Joy in my soul no place can find:
  As well might I a suitor be
To thunderbolts, as hope her mind
  Will turn in softer mood to me.

Those cheeks are beautiful, are bright
  As the red rose with dewdrops graced;
And faultless is the lovely light
  Of those dear eyes, that, on me placed,
Pierce to my very heart, and fill
  My soul with love's consuming fires,
While passion burns and reigns at will;
  So deep the love that fair inspires!

But joy upon her beauteous form
  Attends, her hues so bright to shed
O'er those red lips, before whose warm
  And beaming smile all care is fled.
She is to me all light and joy;
  I faint, I die, before her frown;
Even Venus, lived she yet on earth,
  A fairer goddess here must own.
. . . . . .
While many mourn the vanished light
  Of summer, and the sweet sun's face,
I mourn that these, however bright,
  No anguish from the soul can chase,
By love inflicted: all around,
  Nor song of birds, nor ladies' bloom,
Nor flowers upspringing from the ground,
  Can chase or cheer the spirit's gloom.
. . . . . .
Yet still thine aid, beloved, impart;
  Of all thy power, thy love, make trial;
Bid joy revive in this sad heart,
  Joy that expires at thy denial:
Well may I pour my prayer to thee,
  Beloved lady, since 't is thine
Alone to send such care on me;
  Alone for thee I ceaseless pine.

The Watchman and the Lovers.

I heard before the dawn of day
  The watchman loud proclaim:
"If any knightly lover stay
  In secret with his dame,
Take heed, the sun will soon appear;
Then fly, ye knights, your ladies dear,
    Fly ere the daylight dawn!

"Brightly gleams the firmament,
  In silvery splendor gay,
Rejoicing that the night is spent,
  The lark salutes the day:
Then fly, ye lovers, and be gone!
Take leave, before the night is done,
    And jealous eyes appear!"

That watchman's call did wound my heart,
  And banished my delight:
"Alas! the envious sun will part
  Our loves, my lady bright!"
On me she looked with downcast eye,
Despairing at my mournful cry,
    "We tarry here too long!"

Straight to the wicket did she speed:
  "Good watchman, spare thy joke!
Warn not my love, till o'er the mead
  The morning sun has broke.
Too short, alas! the time, since here
I tarried with my leman dear,
    In love and converse sweet."

"Lady, be warned! on roof and mead
  The dewdrops glitter gay;
Then quickly bid thy leman speed,
  Nor linger till the day;
For by the twilight did I mark
Wolves hasting to their covert dark,
    And stags to covert fly."

THE GARDEN OF ROSES.

In the "Garden of Roses" the old heroic ballad takes a burlesque turn, which shows that chivalry was declining when it was written.

'Mongst the roses Staudenfuss trod with mickle pride;
With rage and with impatience, his foe he did abide;
Much he feared no Longobard would dare to meet his blade:
But a bearded monk lay ready for the fight arrayed.

"Brother Ilsan, raise thine eyes," spake Sir Hildebrand,
"Where, 'mongst the blooming roses, our threatening foe does stand:
Staudenfuss, the giant hight, born upon the Rhine.
Up, and shrive him of his sins, holy brother mine!"

"It's I will fight him," cried the monk; "my blessing shall he gain;
Never 'mongst the roses shall he wage the fight again."
Straight above his coat of mail his friar's cowl he cast,
Hid his sword and buckler, and to the garden passed.

Among the blooming roses leaped the grisly monk:
With laughter ladies viewed his beard, and his visage brown and shrunk;
As he trod with angry step o'er the flowery green,
Many a maiden laughed aloud, and many a knight, I ween.

Up spake Lady Chrimhild,—"Father, leave thine ire!
Go and chant thy matins with thy brothers in the choir."
"Gentle lady," cried the monk, "roses must I have,
To deck my dusky cowl in guise right gay and brave."

Loudly laughed the giant, when he saw his beard so rough:
"Should I laughing die to-morrow, I had not laughed enough:
Has the kemp of Bern sent me his fool to fight?"
"Giant, straight thy hide shall feel that I have my wits aright."

Up heaved the monk his heavy fist, and he struck a weighty blow,
Down among the roses he felled his laughing foe.
Fiercely cried Sir Staudenfuss, "Thou art the devil's priest!
Heavy penance dost thou deal with thy wrinkled fist."

Together rushed the uncouth kemps; each drew his trusty blade;
With heavy tread below their feet they crushed the roses red;
All the garden flowed with their purple blood;
Each did strike full sorry blows with their falchions good.

Cruel looks their eyes did cast, and fearful was their war,
But the friar cut his enemy o'er the head a bloody scar;
Deeply carved his trusty sword through the helmet bright;
Joyful was the hoary monk, for he had won the fight.

They parted the two champions speedily asunder:
The friar's heavy interdict lay the giant under.
Up rose Queen Chrimhild, to Sir Ilsan has she sped,
On his bald head did she lay a crown of roses red.

Through the garden roved he, as in the merry dance;
A kiss the lady gave him, where madly he did prance.
"Hear, thou lady fair; more roses must I have;
To my two-and-fifty brothers I promised chaplets brave.

"If ye have not kemps to fight, I must rob thy garden fair,
And right sorry should I be to work thee so much care."
"Fear not, the battle shalt thou wage with champions bold and true:
Crowns and kisses may'st thou gain for thy brothers fifty-two."

. . . . . .

Up spake the queen,—"Monk Ilsan, see your chaplets ready dight;
Champions two-and-fifty stand waiting for the fight."
Ilsan rose, and donned his cowl, and ran against them all;
There the monk has given them many a heavy fall.

To the ground he felled them, and gave them his benison;
Beneath the old monk's falchion lay twelve champions of renown:
And full of fear and sorrow the other forty were;
Their right hands held they forth, begged him their lives to spare.

Quickly ran the monk, to the Queen Chrimhild he hied:
"Lay thy champions in the grave, and leave thy mickle pride;
I have dight them for their death; I did shrive them and anoint them:
Never will they thrive or speed in the task thou didst appoint them.

"When again thy roses blow, to the feast the monk invite."
The Lady Chrimhild gave him two-and-fifty chaplets bright.

"Nay, Lady Queen, remind thee! By the holy order mine,
I claim two-and-fifty kisses from your lips so red and fine."

And when Chrimhild, the queen, gave him kisses fifty-two,
With his rough and grisly beard full sore he made her rue,
That from her lovely cheek 'gan flow the rosy blood:
The queen was full of sorrow, but the monk—it did him good.

Thus should unfaithful maiden be kissed, and made to bleed,
And feel such pain and sorrow, for the mischief she did breed.

LAURIN, THE DWARF KING.

"THE Little Garden of Roses" is a collection of poems ascribed to Henry of Ofterdingen. The story runs thus: The Lady Similt, with her brother Dietlieb, goes forth to revel in the spring festival under the linden tree in the forest. Thence she is carried off by the dwarf King Laurin, whose tarn-cap renders him invisible. Dietlieb and his knights seek for her, and are told of the dwarf, his exploits and power—and particularly of his rose garden, around which a silken line is drawn. Dietrich of Bern (Theodoric of Verona) and his friend Wittich resolve to spoil his garden, but on arriving at the spot Dietrich forbears, while Wittich destroys its beauty. Afterwards they rest, until suddenly the little king appears.

BEHOLD there came a little king
In warlike manner dight,
A king he was o'er many a land,
And Laurin was he hight.
A lance with gold entwined around
The little king did bear,
And on the lance a pennon gay
Wav'd fluttering in the air.

And thereupon two greyhounds fleet
Right seemly were portrayed,
And alway looked as though they chased
The roebuck through the glade.
His courser bounded like a fawn,
With golden trappings gay,
And costly gems, too, sparkled round,
Bright glittering as the day.

And in his hands the hero grasped
Right firm the golden rein;

With ruby-red the saddle gleamed
As he pricked o'er the plain. . . . .
Around his waist a girdle fair
He wore of magic might;
The power of twelve the stoutest men
It gave him for the fight.

Cunning he was and deep in skill,
And when his wrath arose
The foe must be of mickle power
That could withstand his blows. . . . .
And tall at times his stature grew
With spells of grammary,
That to the noblest princes he
A fellow meet might be.

A crown of purest gold he bore
Upon his helmet bright,
With richer gems or finer gold
No mortal king is dight.
Upon the crown and on the helm
Birds sing their merry lay;
The nightingale and lark did chant
Their melodies so gay;

It seem'd as on the greenwood tree
They tuned their minstrelsy;
By hand of master were they wrought
With spells of grammary.
Upon his arm a buckler bright
Showed spar'hawks swift and gay,
While a fierce leopard 'mongst the trees
Was ravening for his prey.

A savage combat ensued; and the king is obliged to yield to the superior force of Dietrich. He then makes use of his tarn-cap, and, lost to sight, strikes with greater effect. But, finally, his cap falls off, and the contending parties effect a reconciliation. The king conducts the champions through lovely meadows to his palace within the mountain. They pass through a golden gate, and another of steel, which are closed behind them. Then a necromancer casts a spell upon them, so that they cannot behold each other, and they cry out against the king's broken faith, but he assures them they shall not suffer. They enter the royal hall.

The Dwarf King's Court.

Many a winsome dwarf was seen, graithed in rich attire;
Garments bright with gold and gems bore each little sire.
From the gems full mighty strength had the dwarfish chivalry:
Quaintly they danced, and on their steeds they rode right cunningly.

Far they cast the heavy stone, and, in their warlike game,
They broke the lance, and tourneyed before the knight of fame.
There many harpers tuned their lay, and played with mirth and glee,
Loudly, in the royal hall, their merry minstrelsy.

Before the table high appeared four learned singing men,
Two short, and two of stature tall, and sung in courtly strain.
Soon to the table sped the king, and bade his meiny all
Wait upon his noble guests, in the royal hall.

Similt, the lady fair, heard of the royal feasts:
Of her servants did she ask, "Who are the stranger guests?"
"Noble knights of German birth," spake a kemp of stature small;
"Laurin bids ye speed to court, for well ye know them all."

Quickly spake the lady,—"Up my damsels fair!
Deck ye in your richest guise, for to court we will repair."
Soon they dight them royally in glittering array;
Full blithe they were to speed to court with Similt, the gentle may.

There came many a minstrel, tuning his lay of mirth;
Shawms and trumpets shrill they blew, the sweetest on the earth.
There full many a song was sung by learned singing men;
Of war and chivalrous emprise they tuned the noble strain.

Now to court, in bright array, all the maids are gone,
With many a knight not two feet long; one leaped, the other run;
Merry were they all; and before the lovely dame,
Two tall, two little gleemen sang the song of fame.

Before the queen they chanted the merry minstrelsy,
And all who heard their master-notes dwelt in mirth and glee.
There fiddlers quaint appeared, though small their stature were,
Marching, two and two, before the lady fair.

Similt into the palace came, with her little maidens all;
Garments they wore which glittered brightly in the hall,
Of fur and costly ciclatoun, and brooches of fine gold:
No richer guise in royal courts might mortal man behold.

The gentle Lady Similt bore a golden crown;
Full many a precious stone around the cavern shone;
But one before the others glittered gorgeously;
The wight who wore that noble gem ever blithe must be.

And now the spell was ta'en away from the champions bold;
Full glad they were when openly their feres they might behold.
Right noble cheer was offered to the champions brave;
In royal guise the feast was held the whole day in the cave.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NORSE STORIES.

THE general name "Edda" was given to the miscellaneous collection of writings, laboriously gathered and skillfully classified by Sturluson, which are now designated the Prose, or Younger Edda, to distinguish them from the older mythological poems discovered in 1643 by Bishop Sveinsson, and called the Elder Edda. The original meaning of the word "Edda" was "great-grandmother," and Sturluson's choice of this as title for his collection of ancient traditions no doubt sprang from the same simple motive which led to the naming of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather."

The mythological hero-songs bore no internal clew either to their authorship or collector. As the legends evidently belonged to the ninth century, or earlier, it seemed reasonable to Sveinsson to credit one Sæmund Sigfusson, a learned noble of Norway, who lived in Iceland between 1055 and 1132, with their preservation. They were thus made known as the "Edda Sæmundi Multiscii." Later investigation has rejected Sæmund entirely, while retaining the descriptive title of Edda for convenience, and for no other reason. The poems are now assigned to the thirteenth century, having been gathered from various quarters by various hands during the preceding centuries.

The Eddas exhibit the various aspects of the Scandinavian religious system. This is in the highest degree sombre, picturesque and impressive. The earth is a vast circular plane, round which lies coiled the serpent of Midgard. In its centre stands the ash tree Yggdrasil, whose branches pierce heaven, while its roots penetrate Asgard, the abode of the gods, Jotunheim, where dwell the giants, and Nifihel, the realm of death. Under each root springs a fountain; amidst the boughs, whose dew is honey, sit an eagle, a squirrel and four stags. The squirrel runs up and down, sowing enmity between the eagle and the snake Nithhoggr, which gnaws below.

Midgard, the earth, was formed from the eyebrow of the

giant of the sea, Ymir, generated first of creatures from the intercourse of heat and cold in the abyss Ginnungagap. Odin and his brothers slew and cast him into the gulf; his flesh, bones, hair and blood became respectively the land, mountains, forests and rivers. Jotunheim, or Utgard (the outer earth), was situated at the extreme north. In Nifihel reigned over the dead the goddess Hel; it was beneath the earth, and was environed by the river Slid, rushing over a bed of swords. In the south was Muspel, from which at the end of all things Surt its king would come with sword of fire to destroy the world. Asgard, above, had several divisions, one of which, Valhalla in Gladsheim, was the meeting place of the gods. At the foot of Yggdrasil dwelt the three virgin goddesses, the Norns or Fates, whose decrees were irrevocable.

Loki, handsome and evil, the god of destruction, was father of the Midgard serpent, of Hel, and of the wolf Fenris, a water-demon, who was destined to slay Odin, and to be slain himself by Odin's son Vidar. Loki was bound by the gods till the end, when he should be loosed and slain by Heimdal, the warder of Heaven, whom he also should slay. This final cataclysm, in which the powers of good and evil meet, was called Ragnarok (Twilight of the Gods); then perish gods, demons, and the universe itself; but from its ruins springs a new and more lovely world, with a new race of men, forever freed from evil.

The twelve gods—Odin, Thor, Balder and the rest; the twelve goddesses, and all the other mythologic personages, good and evil, are thus seen to be but mortal, though in a category different from that of earth's inhabitants. There is an unknown, unnamed Power above all, whose will for good must finally prevail. This conception is unlike both the Hindu and the Greek, though there are in it traces of both; it is more human and sympathetic than either. The history of its development deserves the deepest study; and we are as yet only upon the threshold of its hidden meanings.

Allied to the mythology is the great romance of the Nibelungenlied. This poem was written by an unknown scribe in Southern Germany about the middle of the thirteenth century; but the materials were the product of an earlier time,

and are of Gothic origin. The Old Norse version is found in the Volsunga Saga and the Edda. The Norse Sigurd, the hero of the tale, becomes the German Siegfried; his wife, Gudrun, is the Kriemhild of the later version; the Norse Brunhild is a Valkyrie, won by Sigurd for Gunnar. The Valkyries are the nine handmaidens of Odin, who serve at the banquets of Valhalla, and in battles, flying through the air, touch with their spears the heroes who are to fall, and conduct their souls to the abodes of the blessed. Volsung is the great-grandson of Odin, and the father of Sigmund, from whom Sigurd descended. The story is free from the Christian elements which are introduced into the German poem; it is heathen throughout, and the gods take active part in the drama. In spirit it is sublime and heroic, yet profoundly human; the passion and tragedy are titanic, yet strictly in accord with the truth of the heart. The men and women portrayed are endowed with godlike beauty and frank, impetuous natures. Nothing in ancient classic poetry surpasses these mighty conceptions; and it is evident that a story conceived with such power and insight must assume many incarnations in successive ages; the very soul of the Norse is in it. It is upon these ancient ballads, and not upon the German, that Wagner's cycle of operas is based.

The "Voluspa" (Prophecy of the Sibyl) is the most ancient and striking poem in the Elder Edda. There is a fascination in its mysticism and gloomy tone, heightened by the beauty of a style that is all its own. We have not penetrated the meaning of the shrouded allusions as the sibyl chants to great Odin and the listening lesser gods of the beginning of things, of the making of mortals and the tremendous doom that shall fall with Ragnarok, the battle and chaotic end of the world and life. "The melodies of this earliest Icelandic verse, elaborate in their extreme and severe simplicity, are wholly rhythmical and alliterative, and return upon themselves like a solemn incantation."

About ten poems contain the mythological portion of the Elder Edda. The favorite and most poetical of these is the "Thrymskvitha," Song of Thrym, the giant who stole the hammer of Thor. The story progresses in the most natural

way, never losing force for the sake of display. It tells how the hammer was taken, and on his trying to regain it Thor was told that Thrym would not give it up until the goddess Freyia should be given him in marriage. Thereupon Thor himself undertook the trick of impersonating Freyia, and thus deceived and slew the thief.

The rest of the Edda recounts the deeds of the legendary heroes. The "Volundarkvitha" Song of Volundr, and the songs of Helgi, the son of Hiovarth, and of Helga, the Hunding's Bane, are romances of love and war. In the score of poems which connectedly follow the main lines of these two, we have the story of the family feuds between the Volsungs and the Nibelungs which forms the basis of the old German Nibelungenlied, inferior in poetic force to the original Icelandic.

THE VOLUSPA.

THE Prophetess Vola, having imposed silence on all intellectual beings, declares that she is going to reveal the decrees of the All-father. She begins with a description of the chaos; and proceeds to the formation of the world, and of its various inhabitants, giants, men, and dwarfs. She explains the employments of the Norns or fates, and of the gods; their most remarkable adventures; their quarrels with Loki, and the vengeance that ensued. She concludes with a description of the end of the world; the battle of the inferior deities and the evil beings; the renovation of the universe; the blessedness of the good, and the punishment of the wicked.

GIVE silence, all
Ye sacred race,
Both great and small,
Of Heimdal sprung:
Val-father's deeds
I will relate,
The ancient tales
Which first I learned.

I know giants early born, my ancestors of former times; nine worlds I know, with their nine poles of tender wood, beneath the earth.

In early times, when Ymer lived, there was no sand, nor sea, nor cooling wave; no earth was found, nor heaven above; one chaos all and nowhere grass.

Until Bor's sons upraised the expanse, by whom Midgard the great was made. From the south the sun shone on the walls; then did the earth green herbs produce.

The sun turned south; the moon shone; her right hand held the horse of heaven. The sun knew not his proper sphere; the stars knew not their proper place; the moon knew not her proper power.

Then all the powers went to the throne, the holy gods, and held council: they gave night and cock-crowing their names, morning also, and noon-day tide, and afternoon, the years to tell.

The Asas met on Ida's plains; they raised altars and built temples; anvils they laid, and money coined; their strength they tried in various ways, when making songs, and forming tools.

On the green they played in joyful mood, nor knew at all the want of gold, until there came three Thursa maids, exceeding strong, from Jotunheim:

Until there came out of the ranks, powerful and fair, three Asas home, and found on shore, in helpless plight, Ask and Embla without their fate.

They had not yet spirit or mind, blood or beauty, or lovely hue. Odin gave spirit, Heinir gave mind, Lothur gave blood and lovely hue.

I know an ash, named Yggdrasil, a stately tree, with white dust strewed. Thence come the dews that wet the dales; it stands aye green over Urda's well.

Thence come the maids who know all things; three from the hall beneath the tree; one they named Was, and the next Being, the third, Shall Be, on the shield they cut.

. . . . . .

She sat without when the Ancient came, the awful god, and viewed his eye.

What ask ye me? Why tempt ye me? Full well I know, great Odin, where thine eye thou lost; in Mimir's well, the fountain pure; mead Mimir drinks each morning new, with Odin's pledge. Conceive ye this?

To her the god of battles gave both costly rings and shining gold, the art of wealth, and witchcraft wise, by which she saw through every world.

She saw Valkyries come from afar, ready to ride to the tribes of gods; Skuld held the shield, Skaugul came next, Gunnr, Hildr, Gaundul, and Geir-skaugul. Thus now are told the Warrior's Norns, ready to ride the Valkyries.

Heith she was named wherever she came, the prophetess of cunning arts. She knew right well bad luck to seethe, and mischief was her only sport.

Murder she saw, the first that ever was in the world, when Gullveig was placed on the spear, when in Harr's hall they burnt her: thrice she was burnt, thrice she was born, oft, not seldom, and yet she lives.

Then all the powers went to the throne, the holy gods, and held council: what punishment they should inflict on the Asas now for bad advice; or whether all the gods should hold convivial feasts:

Now the castle-walls of Asaborg were broken, by murderous Vanes who took the field: forth Odin flew and shot around: this murder was the first that ever was in the world.

When all the powers went to the throne, the holy gods, and held council: who had involved the air in flames, or given Odder's maid to giants:

There Thor alone was in ill mood; he seldom sits when told the like; broken were oaths and promises and all contracts that had been made.

She knows where Heimdal's horn lies hid, full deep beneath the sacred tree: she sees a flood rush down the fall from Odin's pledge. Conceive ye yet?

. . . . . .

The sun turns pale; the spacious earth the sea engulfs; from heaven fall the lucid stars: at the end of time, the vapors rage, and playful flames involve the skies.

She sees arise, the second time, from the sea, the earth completely green: the cascades fall; the eagle soars, that on the hills pursues his prey.

The gods convene on Ida's plains, and talk of man, the worm of dust: they call to mind their former might, and the ancient runes of Fimbultyr.

The fields unsown shall yield their growth; all ills shall cease; Balder shall come, and dwell with Hauthr in Hropt's abodes. Say, warrior gods, conceive ye yet?

She sees a hall outshine the sun, of gold its roof, it stands in heaven: the virtuous there shall always dwell, and evermore enjoy delights.

How Thor Recovered his Hammer.

Wroth waxed Thor, when his sleep was flown,
And he found his trusty hammer gone;
He smote his brow, his beard he shook,
The son of earth 'gan round him look;
And this the first word that he spoke:
"Now listen what I tell thee, Loke,
Which neither on earth below is known,
Nor in Heaven above: my hammer's gone."
Their way to Freyia's bower they took,
And this the first word that he spoke:
"Thou, Freyia, must lend a wingéd robe,
To seek my hammer round the globe."

Freyia. That shouldst thou have, though 'twere of gold,
And that, though 'twere of silver, hold.

Away flew Loke; the wingéd robe sounds,
Ere he has left the Asgard grounds,
And ere he has reached the Jotunheim bounds.
High on a mound, in haughty state,
Thrym, the King of the Thursi, sat;
For his dogs he was twisting collars of gold,
And trimming the manes of his coursers bold.

Thrym. How fare the Asi?—the Alfi how?
Why com'st thou alone to Jotunheim now?

Loke. Ill fare the Asi; the Alfi mourn;
Thor's hammer from him thou hast torn.

Thrym. I have the Thunderer's hammer bound
Fathoms eight beneath the ground;
With it shall no one homeward tread,
Till he bring me Freyia to share my bed.

Away flew Loke; the wingéd robe sounds,
Ere he has left the Jotunheim bounds,
And ere he has reached the Asgard grounds.
At Midgard Thor met crafty Loke,

And this the first word that he spoke:
"Have you your errand and labor done?
Tell from aloft the course you run:
For, sitting, oft the story fails;
And, lying, oft the lie prevails."

Loke. My labor is past, mine errand I bring;
Thrym has thine hammer, the giant king;
With it shall no one homeward tread,
Till he bear him Freyia to share his bed.

Their way to lovely Freyia they took,
And this the first word that he spoke:
"Now, Freyia, busk as a blooming bride:
Together we must to Jotunheim ride."
Wroth waxed Freyia with ireful look;
All Asgard's hall with wonder shook;
Her great bright necklace started wide:
"Well may ye call me a wanton bride,
If I with you to Jotunheim ride."

The Asi did all to council crowd,
The Asiniæ all talked fast and loud;
This they debated, and this they sought,
How the hammer of Thor should home be brought.
Up then and spoke Heimdaller free,
Like the Vani, wise was he:
"Now busk we Thor as a bride so fair;
Let him that great bright necklace wear;
Round him let ring the spousal keys,
And a maiden kirtle hang to his knees,
And on his bosom jewels rare,
And high and quaintly braid his hair."
Wroth waxed Thor with godlike pride:
"Well may the Asi me deride,
If I let me be dight as a blooming bride."
Then up spoke Loke, Laufeyia's son:
"Now hush thee, Thor—this must be done:
The giants will straight in Asgard reign
If thou thy hammer dost not regain."

Then busk'd they Thor as a bride so fair,
And the great bright necklace gave him to wear;

Round him let ring the spousal keys,
And a maiden kirtle hang to his knees,
And on his bosom jewels rare,
And high and quaintly braided his hair.
Up then rose the crafty Loke,
Laufeyia's son, and thus he spoke:
"A servant I thy steps will tend,
Together we must to Jotunheim wend."
Now home the goats together hie,
Yoked to the axle they swiftly fly.
The mountains shook, the earth burned red,
As Odin's son to Jotunheim sped.

Then Thrym, the King of the Thursi, said:
"Giants, stand up—let the seats be spread:
Bring Freyia, Niorda's daughter, down,
To share my bed, from Noatun.
With horns all gilt each coal black beast
Is led to deck the giants' feast;
Large wealth and jewels have I stored,
I lack but Freyia to grace my board."
Betimes at evening they approached,
And the mantling ale the giants broached.
The spouse of Sifia ate alone
Eight salmons and an ox full grown
And all the cates on which women feed,
And drank three firkins of sparkling mead."

Then Thrym, the King of the Thursi, said:
"Where have ye beheld such a hungry maid?
Ne'er saw I bride so keenly feed,
Nor drink so deep of the sparkling mead.
Then forward leaned the crafty Loke,
And thus the giant he bespoke:
"Naught has she eaten for eight long nights,
So did she long for the nuptial rites."

He stooped beneath her veil to kiss,
But he started the length of the hall, I wis:
"Why are the looks of Freyia so dire?
It seems as her eyeballs glistened with fire."
Then forward leaned the crafty Loke,
And thus the giant he bespoke:

"Naught has she slept for eight long nights,
So did she long for the nuptial rites."
Then in the giant's sister came,
Who dared a bridal gift to claim:
"Those rings of gold from thee I crave,
If thou wilt all my fondness have—
All my love and fondness have."
Then Thrym, the King of Thursi, said:
"Bear in the hammer to plight the maid;
Upon her lap the bruiser lay,
And firmly plight our hands and fay."

The Thunderer's soul smiled in his breast,
When the hammer hard on his lap was placed,
Thrym first, the King of the Thursi, he slew,
And slaughtered all the giant crew.
He slew that giant's sister old,
Who prayed for bridal gifts so bold;
Instead of money and rings, I wot,
The hammer's bruises were her lot.—
Thus Odin's son his hammer got.

THE YOUNGER EDDA.

THE "Edda Snorra Sturlusonar" is so called from having been collected, arranged, and enriched by the very remarkable man whose life marks an epoch in the history of Iceland and its literature. He stands out from the canvas, a unique figure in the gallery of national portraits. Snorri, son of Sturla, was born in 1179, the youngest son of a western chief, and was trained to literary tastes by another powerful noble, Jon Loptsson. His early marriage brought wealth, which enabled him in 1206 to build an imposing pile at Reykjaholt, including a costly bath of hewn stones, into which water was conducted from a hot spring in the neighborhood. The bath and ruins of the castle are still to be inspected. Snorri studied law for a few years and became chief magistrate of Iceland in 1215. He visited the young King Hakon in Norway, remaining there a long time, when disputes arose between Norwegian and Icelandic traders and made serious trouble. Earl Skuli, tutor to the King, proposed to despatch a military expedition to Iceland, but was dissuaded by Snorri on his pledge to procure the submission of the Icelanders. Thereupon Snorri became the vassal of the King of Norway, and by virtue of his position was able for some fifteen years to enrich himself rather than his master. Then Hakon turned against Snorri, who fled from his Reykjaholt castle in 1236 in fear of his own people, and returned to Norway the next year. Earl Skuli was planning a revolt. Snorri at once elected to join the traitor, though not openly. Three years later he returned to Iceland on hearing of murderous feuds in his family, though Hakon had refused permission for the visit. While Snorri was away, Hakon learned of the treachery, and put an end to Skuli's revolt. Gissur, son-in-law of Snorri, had killed a cousin of the latter, which was what led Snorri to return and settle family matters as best he could. Hakon sent orders to Gissur to seize Snorri and send him captive to Norway for punishment. This loyal vassal attacked his father-in-law in his Reykjaholt stronghold and there slew him on the 22d of September, 1241.

If Snorri is not to be revered as a model of civic virtue and knightly courage, he cannot be denied his title to honor as the rescuer, the preserver, and the adorner of as noble a national literature as the world of his day could show. He was at once a maker of history, a historian, and a born man of letters. The traditions of his people he carefully gathered, assorted, and beautified by the strong and simple language in which he gave them immortality. His sturdy sense shines out in many a quaint utterance, such as this bit from one of his prefaces, which well shows his blunt style. "When Harold Hairfair was King in Norway, Iceland was settled, and with the king were scalds whose songs folk yet know by heart, yea and all songs on the kings who have since held sway in Norway; and most store we set by that which is said in such songs as were sung before the chiefs themselves or the sons of them; and we hold all that for true, which is found in these songs concerning their way-farings and their battles. Now it is the manner of scalds to praise those most whom they stand before while giving forth their song, but no one would dare to tell the king himself deeds, which all who hearkened, yea and himself withal, knew well were but windy talk and lying; for no praise would that be, but mocking rather."

The Prose Edda consists of the *Formuli,* Preface; the *Gylfaginning,* or Delusion of Gylfi; the *Bragaraethur* or *Skaldskaparmal,* dialogue of Bragi and Œgir on the art of poetry; the *Hattatal,* a discourse on metres used in Snorri's three poems in praise of Hakon and Skuli. The *Gylfaginning* presents the completest and best epitome of the early mythology of Scandinavia accessible. This and the Yngling saga give the doings of the gods and the creation of the Northern lands with wonderful graphic power and detail, the prose of Snorri surpassing the poem in the purity and force of its flow.

Thor and the Giant.

One day the god Thor set out with Loki, in his own chariot, drawn by two he-goats; but, night coming on, they were obliged to put up at a peasant's cottage. The god Thor immediately slew his two he-goats, and, having skinned them, ordered them

to be dressed for supper. When this was done, he sat down to table, and invited the peasant and his children to partake with him. The son of his host was named Thialfe, the daughter Raska. Thor bade them throw all the bones into the skins of the goats, which he held extended near the table; but young Thialfe, to come at the marrow, broke, with his knife, one of the shank-bones of the goats. Having passed the night in this place, Thor arose early in the morning, and, dressing himself, reared the handle of his hammer; which he had no sooner done, than the two goats reassumed their wonted form, only that one of them now halted upon one of his hind legs. The god, seeing this, immediately judged that the peasant, or one of his family, had handled the bones of this goat too roughly. Enraged at their folly, he knit his eyebrows, rolled his eyes, and, seizing his hammer, grasped it with such force, that the very joints of his fingers were white again. The peasant, trembling, was afraid of being struck down by one of his looks; he therefore, with his children, made joint suit for pardon, offering whatever they possessed in recompense of any damage that had been done. Thor at last suffered himself to be appeased, and was content to carry away with him Thialfe and Raska.

Leaving his he-goats in that place Thor set out on his road for the country of the Giants; and, coming to the margin of the sea, swam across it, accompanied by Thialfe, Raska and Loki. The first of these was an excellent runner, and carried Thor's wallet or bag. When they had made some advance, they found themselves in a vast plain, through which they marched all day, till they were reduced to great want of provisions. When night approached, they searched on all sides for a place to sleep in, and at last, in the dark, found the house of a certain giant; the gate of which was so large, that it took up one whole side of the mansion. Here they passed the night; but about the middle of it were alarmed by an earthquake, which violently shook the whole fabric. Thor, rising up, called upon his companions to seek along with him some place of safety. On the right they met with an adjoining chamber, into which they entered; but Thor remained at the entry, and whilst the others, terrified with fear, crept to the farthest corner of their retreat, he armed himself with his hammer, to be in readiness to defend himself at all events. Meanwhile they heard a terrible noise, and when the morning was come, Thor went out, and observed near him a man of enormous bulk, who snored pretty loud. Thor found that this was the noise which

had so disturbed him. Thor girded on his belt of prowess, which had the virtue of increasing strength; but the giant awaking, Thor was affrighted, and durst not launch his hammer, but contented himself with asking his name. "My name is Skrymner," replied the other; "as for you, I need not inquire whether you are the god Thor. Pray, tell me, have not you picked up my glove?" Then presently stretching forth his hand to take it up, Thor perceived that the house wherein they had passed the night was that very glove, and the chamber was only one of its fingers.

Hereupon Skrymner asked whether they might not join company, and Thor consenting, the giant opened his wallet, and took out something to eat. Thor and his companions having done the same, Skrymner put both their wallets together, and, laying them on his shoulder, began to march at a great rate. At night, when the others were come up, the giant went to repose under an oak, showing Thor where he intended to lie, and bidding him help himself to victuals out of the wallet. Meanwhile he fell to snore strongly. But, what is very incredible, when Thor came to open the wallet, he could not untie one single knot. Vexed at this, he seized his hammer, and launched it at the giant's head. He, awaking, asked, what leaf had fallen upon his head, or what it could be. Thor pretended to go to sleep under another oak; but observing about midnight that Skrymner snored again, he took his hammer and drove it into the hinder part of his head. The giant, awaking, demands of Thor, whether some small grain of dust had not fallen upon his head, and why he did not go to sleep. Thor answered, he was going; but, presently after, resolving to have a third blow at his enemy, he collects all his force, and launches his hammer with so much violence against the giant's cheek, that it forced its way into it up to the handle. Skrymner, awaking, slightly raises his hand to his cheek, saying, "Are there any birds perched upon this tree? I thought one of their feathers had fallen upon me." Then he added, "What keeps you awake, Thor? I fancy it is now time for us to get up, and dress ourselves. You are now not very far from the city of Utgard. I have heard you whisper to one another, that I was of very tall stature; but you will see many there much larger than myself. Wherefore I advise you, when you come thither, not to take upon you too much; for in that place they will not bear with it from such little men as you. Nay, I even believe that your best way is to turn back again; but if you still persist in your resolution, take the road that leads eastward; for, as for me, mine

lies to the north." Hereupon Skrymner threw his wallet over his shoulder, and entered a forest.

I never could hear that the god Thor wished him a good journey; but proceeding on his way, along with his companions, he perceived, about noon, a city situated in the middle of a vast plain. This city was so lofty, that one could not look up to the top of it, without throwing his head quite back upon the shoulders. The gate-way was closed with a grate, which Thor never could have opened; but he and his companions crept through the bars. Entering in, they saw a large palace and men of a prodigious stature. Then addressing the king, who was named Utgarda-Loke, they saluted him with great respect. The king, having at last discerned them, broke out into such a burst of laughter as discomposed every feature of his face. "It would take up too much time," says he, "to ask you concerning the long journey you have performed; yet, if I do not mistake, that little man whom I see there should be Thor: perhaps, indeed, he is larger than he appears to me to be; but in order to judge of this," added he, addressing his discourse to Thor, "let me see a specimen of those arts by which you are distinguished, you and your companions; for nobody is permitted to remain here, unless he understand some art, and excel in it all other men." Loki then said, that his art consisted in eating more than any other man in the world, and that he would challenge any one at that kind of combat. "It must, indeed, be owned," replied the king, "that you are not wanting in dexterity, if you are able to perform what you promise. Come, then, let us put it to the proof." At the same time he ordered one of his courtiers, who was sitting on a side-bench, and whose name was Loge (*i. e.* Flame), to come forward, and try his skill with Loki in the art they were speaking of. Then he caused a great trough, full of provisions, to be placed upon the bar, and the two champions at each end of it; who immediately fell to devour the victuals with so much eagerness, that they presently met in the middle of the trough, and were obliged to desist. But Loki had eat only the flesh of his portion; whereas the other had devoured both flesh and bones. All the company therefore adjudged that Loki was vanquished.

Then the king asked what that young man could do who accompanied Thor. Thialfe answered, that, in running upon skates he would dispute the prize with any of the courtiers. The king owned that the talent he spoke of was a very fine one; but that he must exert himself, if he would come off conqueror. He

then arose and conducted Thialfe to a "snowy" plain, giving him a young man named Hugo (Thought) to dispute the prize of swiftness with him. But this Hugo so much outstripped Thialfe that, in returning to the barrier whence they set out, they met face to face. Then said the king, "Another trial, and you may perhaps exert yourself better." They therefore ran a second course, and Thialfe was a full bow-shot from the boundary when Hugo arrived at it. They ran a third time, but Hugo had already reached the goal before Thialfe had got half way. Hereupon all who were present cried out, that there had been a sufficient trial of skill in this kind of exercise.

Then the king asked Thor in what art he would choose to give proof of that dexterity for which he was so famous. Thor replied, that he would contest the prize of drinking with any person belonging to his court. The king consented, and immediately went into his palace to look for a large horn, out of which his courtiers were obliged to drink when they had committed any trespass against the customs of the court. This the cup-bearer filled to the brim and presented to Thor, whilst the king spake thus: "Whoever is a good drinker will empty that horn at a single draught; some persons make two of it, but the most puny drinker of all can do it at three." Thor looked at the horn, and was astonished at its length; however he was very thirsty, he set it to his mouth, and without drawing breath, pulled as long and as deeply as he could, that he might not be obliged to make a second draught of it; but when he withdrew the cup from his mouth, in order to look in, he could scarcely perceive any of the liquor gone. To it he went again with all his might, but succeeded no better than before. At last, full of indignation, he again set the horn to his lips, and exerted himself to the utmost to empty it entirely—then looking in, he found that the liquor was a little lowered; upon this, he resolved to attempt it no more, but gave back the horn.

"I now see plainly," said the king, "that thou art not quite so stout as we thought thee: but art thou willing to make any more trials?" "I am sure," said Thor, "such draughts as I have been drinking would not have been reckoned small among the gods; but what new trial have you to propose?" "We have a trifling game here," replied the king, "in which we exercise none but children. It consists in lifting my cat from the ground. Nor should I have mentioned it, if I had not already observed that you are by no means what we took you for." Immediately a

large iron-colored cat leaped into the middle of the hall. Thor, advancing, put his hand under the cat's belly, and did his utmost to raise him from the ground—but the cat, bending his back, had only one of his feet lifted up. "The event," says the king, "is just what I foresaw; the cat is large, but Thor is little in comparison of the men here." "Little as I am," says Thor, "let me see who will wrestle with me." The king, looking round him, says, "I see nobody here who would not think it beneath him to enter the lists with you; let somebody, however, call hither my nurse Hela (Death) to wrestle with this god Thor; she hath thrown to the ground many a better man than he." Immediately a toothless old woman entered the hall. "This is she," says the king, "with whom you must wrestle."

Thor and the woman struggled long, but the more vigorously Thor assailed her, the more immovable she stood. At length the old woman had recourse to stratagems, and Thor could not keep his feet so steadily, but that she, by a violent struggle, brought him upon one knee. Then the king came to them and ordered them to desist—adding, there now remained nobody in his court whom he could ask with honor to condescend to fight with Thor.

Thor passed the night in that place with his companions, and was preparing so depart thence early the next morning, when the king ordered him to be sent for, and gave him a magnificent entertainment. After this he accompanied him out of the city. When they were just going to bid adieu to each other, the king asked Thor what he thought of the success of his expedition. Thor told him he could not but own that he went away very much ashamed and disappointed. "It behooves me then," says the king, "to discover the truth to you, since you are out of my city, which you shall never re-enter whilst I live and reign. And I assure you, that had I known beforehand you had been so strong and mighty, I would not have suffered you to enter now. But I enchanted you by my illusions: first of all in the forest, where I arrived before you. And there you were not able to untie your wallet, because I had fastened it with a magic chain. You afterwards aimed three blows at me with your hammer: the first stroke, though slight, would have brought me to the ground, had I received it; but when you are gone hence you will meet with an immense rock, in which are three narrow valleys of a square form, one of them in particular remarkably deep. These are the breaches made by your hammer, for I at that time lay concealed behind the rock, which you did not perceive.

"I have used the same illusions in the contests you have had with the people of my court. In the first, Loke, like hunger itself, devoured all that was set before him: but his opponent, Loge, was nothing else but a wandering Fire, which instantly consumed not only the meat, but the bones, and the very trough itself. Hugo, with whom Thialfe disputed the prize of swiftness, was no other than Thought, and it was impossible for Thialfe to keep pace with that. When you attempted to empty the horn, you performed, upon my word, a deed so marvelous that I should never have believed it, if I had not seen it myself; for one end of the horn reached to the sea, a circumstance you did not observe; but the first time you go to the seaside, you will see how much it is diminished. You performed no less a miracle in lifting the cat; and, to tell you the truth, when we saw that one of her paws had quitted the earth, we were all extremely surprised and terrified; for what you took for a cat was in reality the great Serpent of Midgard, which encompasses the earth, and he was then scarce long enough to touch the earth with his head and tail; so high had your hand raised him up towards heaven. As to your wrestling with an old woman, it is very astonishing that she could only bring you down upon one of your knees; for it was Death you wrestled with, who, first or last, will bring every one low.

"But now, as we are going to part, let me tell you, that it will be equally for your advantage and mine, that you never come near me again; for, should you do so, I shall again defend myself by other illusions and enchantments, so that you will never prevail against me."—As he uttered these words, Thor, in a rage, laid hold of his hammer, and would have launched it at the king, but he suddenly disappeared, and when the god would have returned to the city to destroy it, he found nothing all around him but vast plains covered with verdure. Continuing, therefore, his course, he returned, without ever stopping, to his palace.

Death of Balder.

(The Æsir were the gods of the Pagan Norse, and Balder was their Apollo.)

Balder the Good having been tormented with terrible dreams, indicating that his life was in great peril, communicated them to the assembled Æsir, who resolved to conjure all things to avert from him the threatened danger. Then Frigga exacted an oath from fire and water, from iron, and all other metals, as well as from stones. earths, diseases, beasts, birds, poisons, and

creeping things, that none of them would do any harm to Balder. When this was done, it became a favorite pastime of the Æsir, at their meetings, to get Balder to stand up and serve them as a mark, some hurling darts at him, some stones, while others hewed at him with their swords and battle-axes, for do they what they would none of them could harm him, and this was regarded by all as a great honor shown to Balder. But when Loki, the son of Laufey, beheld the scene, he was sorely vexed that Balder was not hurt. Assuming, therefore, the shape of a woman, he went to Fensalir, the mansion of Frigga. That goddess, when she saw the pretended woman, inquired if she knew what the Æsir were doing at their meetings. She replied, that they were throwing darts and stones at Balder without being able to hurt him.

"Aye," said Frigga, "neither metal nor wood can hurt Balder, for I have exacted an oath from all of them."

"What!" exclaimed the woman, "have all things sworn to spare Balder?"

"All things," replied Frigga, "except a little shrub that grows on the eastern side of Valhalla, and is called Mistletoe, and which I thought too young and feeble to crave an oath from."

As soon as Loki heard this he went away, and, resuming his natural shape, cut off the mistletoe, and repaired to the place where the gods were assembled. There he found Hodur standing apart, without partaking of the sports, on account of his blindness, and going up to him, said, "Why dost thou not also throw something at Balder?"

"Because I am blind," answered Hodur, "and see not where Balder is, and have, moreover, nothing to throw with."

"Come then," said Loki, "do like the rest, and show honor to Balder by throwing this twig at him, and I will direct thy arm toward the place where he stands."

Hodur then took the mistletoe, and under the guidance of Loki, darted it at Balder, who, pierced through and through, fell down lifeless. Surely never was there witnessed, either among gods or men, a more atrocious deed than this! When Balder fell, the Æsir were struck speechless with horror, and then they looked at each other, and all were of one mind to lay hands on him who had done the deed, but they were obliged to delay their vengeance out of respect for the sacred place (Peacestead) where they were assembled. They at length gave vent to their grief by loud lamentations, though not one of them could

find words to express the poignancy of his feelings. Odin, especially was more sensible than the others of the loss they had suffered, for he foresaw what harm Balder's death would be to the Æsir. When the gods came to themselves, Frigga asked who among them wished to gain all her love and good will; "For this," said she, "shall he have who will ride to Hel and try to find Balder, and offer Hela a ransom if she will let him return to Asgard;" whereupon Hermod, surnamed the Nimble, the son of Odin, offered to undertake the journey. Odin's horse Sleipnir was then led forth, on which Hermod mounted, and galloped away on his mission.

The Æsir then took the dead body and bore it to the seashore, where stood Balder's ship Hringhorn, which passed for the largest in the world. But when they wanted to launch it in order to make Balder's funeral pile on it, they were unable to make it stir. In this conjuncture they sent to Jotunheim for a certain giantess named Hyrrokin, who came mounted on a wolf, having twisted serpents for a bridle. As soon as she alighted, Odin ordered four Berserkir to hold her steed fast, who were, however, obliged to throw the animal on the ground ere they could effect their purpose. Hyrrokin then went to the ship, and with a single push set it afloat, but the motion was so violent that fire sparkled from the rollers, and the earth shook all around. Thor, enraged at the sight, grasped his mallet, and but for the interference of the Æsir would have broken the woman's skull. Balder's body was then borne to the funeral pile on board the ship, and this ceremony had such effect on Nanna, the daughter of Nep, that her heart broke with grief, and her body was burnt on the same pile with her husband's. Thor then stood up and hallowed the pile with Mjolnir, and during the ceremony kicked a dwarf named Litur, who was running before his feet, into the fire. There was a vast concourse of various kinds of people at Balder's obsequies. First came Odin, accompanied by Frigga, the Valkyrjor and his ravens; then Frey in his car drawn by a boar; Heimdal rode his horse called Gulltopp, and Freyja drove in her chariot drawn by cats. There were also a great many Frost-giants and giants of the mountains present. Odin laid on the pile the gold ring called Draupnir, which afterwards acquired the property of producing every ninth night eight rings of equal weight. Balder's horse was led to the pile fully caparisoned, and consumed in the same flames on the body of his master.

Meanwhile, Hermod was proceeding on his mission. For the

space of nine days, and as many nights, he rode through deep glens so dark that he could not discern anything until he arrived at the river Gjoll, which he passed over on a bridge covered with glittering gold. Modgudur, the maiden who kept the bridge, asked him his name and lineage, telling him that the day before five bands of dead persons had ridden over the bridge, and did not shake it so much as he alone. "But," she added, "thou hast not death's hue on thee; why then ridest thou here on the way to Hel?"

"I ride to Hel," answered Hermod, "to seek Balder. Hast thou perchance seen him pass this way?"

"Balder," she replied, "hath ridden over Gjoll's bridge, but there below, towards the north, lies the way to the abodes of death."

Hermod then pursued his journey until he came to the barred gates of Hel. Here he alighted, girthed his saddle tighter, and remounting, clapped both spurs to his horse, who cleared the gate by a tremendous leap without touching it. Hermod then rode on to the palace, where he found his brother Balder occupying the most distinguished seat in the hall, and passed the night in his company. The next morning he besought Hela (Death) to let Balder ride home with him, assuring her that nothing but lamentations were to be heard among the gods. Hela answered that it should now be tried whether Balder was so beloved as he was said to be.

"If therefore," she added, "all things in the world, both living and lifeless, weep for him, then shall he return to the Æsir, but if any one thing speak against him or refuse to weep, he shall be kept in Hel."

Hermod then rose, and Balder led him out of the hall and gave him the ring Draupnir, to present as a keepsake to Odin. Nanna also sent Frigga a linen cassock and other gifts, and to Fulla a gold finger-ring. Hermod then rode back to Asgard, and gave an account of all he had heard and witnessed.

The gods upon this despatched messengers throughout the world, to beg everything to weep, in order that Balder might be delivered from Hel. All things very willingly complied with this request, both men and every other living being, as well as earths and stones, and trees and metals, just as thou must have seen these things weep when they are brought from a cold place into a hot one. As the messengers were returning with the conviction that their mission had been quite successful, they found an old

hag named Thaukt sitting in a cavern, and begged her to weep Balder out of Hel. But she answered,

"Thaukt will wail
With arid tears
Balder's bale fire.
Nought, quick or dead,
By man's son gain I.
Let Hela hold what's hers."

It was strongly suspected that this hag was no other than Loki himself, who never ceased to work evil among the Æsir.

The Punishment of Loki.

When Loki perceived how exasperated the gods were for the slaying of Balder, he fled and hid himself in the mountains. There he built him a dwelling with four doors, so that he could see everything that passed around him. Often in the daytime he assumed the likeness of a salmon, and concealed himself under the waters of a cascade called Franangursfors, where he employed himself in divining and circumventing whatever stratagems the Æsir might have recourse to in order to catch him. One day, as he sat in his dwelling he took flax and yarn, and worked them into meshes in the manner that nets have since been made by fishermen. Odin, however, had descried his retreat out of Hlidskjalf, and Loki becoming aware that the gods were approaching, threw his net into the fire, and ran to conceal himself in the river. When the gods entered the house, Kvasir, who was the most distinguished among them all for his quickness and penetration, traced out in the hot embers the vestiges of the net which had been burnt, and told Odin that it must be an invention to catch fish. Whereupon they set to work and wove a net after the model they saw imprinted in the ashes.

This net, when finished, they threw into the river in which Loki had hidden himself. Thor held one end of the net, and all the other gods laid hold of the other end, thus jointly drawing it along the stream. Notwithstanding all their precautions the net passed over Loki, who had crept between two stones, and the gods only perceived that some living thing had touched the meshes. They therefore cast their net a second time, hanging so great a weight to it that it everywhere raked the bed of the river. But Loki, perceiving that he had but a short distance from the sea,

swam onwards and leapt over the net into the waterfall. The Æsir instantly followed him, and divided themselves into two bands. Thor, wading along in mid-stream, followed the net, whilst the others dragged it along towards the sea. Loki then perceived that he had only two chances of escape, either to swim out to sea, or to leap again over the net. He chose the latter, but as he took a tremendous leap, Thor caught him in his hand. Being, however, extremely slippery, he would have escaped, had not Thor held him fast by the tail, and this is the reason why salmons have had their tails ever since so fine and thin.

The gods having thus captured Loki, dragged him without commiseration into a cavern, wherein they placed three sharp-pointed rocks, boring a hole through each of them. Having also seized Loki's children, Vali and Nari, they changed the former into a wolf, and in this likeness he tore his brother to pieces and devoured him. The gods then made cords of his intestines, with which they bound Loki on the points of the rocks, one cord passing under his shoulders, another under his loins, and a third under his hams, and afterwards transformed these cords into chains of iron. Skadi then suspended a serpent over him in such a manner that the venom should fall on his face, drop by drop. But Sigyn, his wife, stands by him and receives the drops as they fall in a cup, which she empties as often as it is filled. But while she is doing this, venom falls upon Loki, which makes him howl with horror, and twist his body about so violently that the whole earth shakes, and this produces what men call earthquakes. There will Loki lie until Ragnarok.

FRITHIOF AND ANGANTYR.

THE writing of the Saga of Frithiof (or Fridthiof) is assigned vaguely to the twelfth or thirteenth century. The name of the author is unknown, and the story belongs rather to romantic literature than to history. In the early years of the nineteenth century, the learned Swedish poet, Bishop Esaias Tegner, retold the story in such attractive way, as not only to win national approval, but to attract universal attention. Most of his work has had the good fortune to be rendered into English by Longfellow, as part of "The Tales of the Wayside Inn." Other English versions have appeared, and the following extract from that by R. G. Latham is given as less generally known, yet preserving the spirit of the original.

'TWAS when the sun was sinking, so like a swan of gold,
That all his men were drinking, with Angantyr the bold;

Their beards were all in motion, their halls were all of pine,
They looked upon the ocean and watched its foamy brine;

And Halvar, old and hoary, stood by the portals pale;
He shared the heroes' glory, and served the heroes' ale:
A slow and solemn speaker; a swordsman stern and stout;
That only filled his beaker, and only drank it out;

But now did send it sliding along the floor, and cried:
"I spy a vessel riding in trouble on the tide;
Its men be weak and weary, their days are well-nigh o'er;
Though two big giants carry their drooping hulks ashore."

The Earl looked o'er the ocean, so mirrorlike and clear;
Saw brine and bark in motion, her steersman standing near:
He tells him by his bearing, and by his looks so free;
No man of Norway's rearing was herolike as he.

From round the drinking-table, the Berserk Atle broke;
His beard was shagged and sable, he thundered as he spoke:
"Now try we what was vaunted about this doughty foe;
That Frithiof ne'er was daunted, betide him weal or woe."

Upstart at Atle's starting twelve sea-kings big as he;
They scared the winds at parting, they slashed their swords so free:
The ship lay weak and weary, her crew sat on the strand;
Yet Frithiof kept him cheery, and cheered his drooping band.

"O lightly might I slay thee;" did savage Atle cry;
"Yet thou canst choose, and stay thee to fight, or turn to fly;
But own thy spirit's quelling, and, churlish though I be,
I'll lead thee to our dwelling, to join our revelry."

"Small strength have I for battle;" was Frithiof's weary word,
"Yet ere I blench the battle, I'll try my trusty sword."
Then flashed their shields so brazen, and shone their swords so blue,
And Angurvadel's blazon grew redder to the view.

Now stabs are dealt and driven, and death-blows hailed amain,
Now two stout strokes have riven each buckler into twain:
Each holds him on his fighting, each keeps his footing fast,
But Frithiof's blade was biting, as helpless Atle's brast.

CHAPTER XIX.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE.

In recent years the pretty song-story of the love and adventures of Aucassin and Nicolete has anew captivated the hearts of all lovers of literature. It has been done into English by Andrew Lang, and other excellent writers, who have all commended the skill and originality of the nameless author. While he reproduces the manners and tone of a distant age, he touches chords which vibrate in modern hearts. Stedman and other poets of to-day have paid tribute to the mediæval master of their art. Some critics object to the burlesque interlude of the country of Torelore, but this is merely the fantastic reverse of the fairy tale of the lovers.

Fair Nicolete was in prison in the chamber. And the noise and bruit of it went through all the country and all the land, how that Nicolete was lost. Some said she had fled the country, and some that the Count Garin de Biaucaire had caused her to be slain. Whosoever had joy thereof, his son Aucassin had none, so he went to the Captain of the town and spake to him, saying:

"Sir Captain, what hast thou made of Nicolete, my sweet lady and love, the thing that best I love in all the world! Hast thou carried her off or ravished her away from me? Know well that if I die of it, the price shall be demanded of thee, and that will be well done, for it shall be even as if thou hadst slain me with thy two hands, for thou hast taken from me the thing that in this world I loved the best."

"Fair Sir," said the Captain, "let these things be. Nicolete is a captive that I did bring from a strange country. Yea, I bought her at my own charges of the Saracens, and I bred her up and baptized her, and made her my daughter in God. And I have cherished her, and one of these days I would have given her a young man, to win her bread honorably. With this hast thou naught to do, but do thou take the daughter of a King or a Count. Nay more, what wouldst thou deem thee to have gained, hadst thou made her thy leman, and taken her to thy bed? Plentiful lack of comfort hadst thou got thereby, for in Hell would thy soul have lain while the world endures, and into Paradise wouldst thou have entered never."

"In Paradise what have I to win? Therein I seek not to enter, but only to have Nicolete, my sweet lady that I love so well. For into Paradise go none but such folk as I shall tell thee now: Thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars,

and in the crypts; and such folk as wear old amices and old clouted frocks, and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold, and of little ease. These be they that go into Paradise; with them have I naught to do. But into Hell would I fain go; for into Hell fare the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men at arms, and all men noble. With these would I liefly go. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three, and their lords also thereto. Thither goes the gold, and the silver, and cloth of vair, and cloth of gris, and harpers, and makers, and the prince of this world. With these I would gladly go, let me but have with me Nicolete, my sweetest lady."

"Certes," quoth the Captain, "in vain wilt thou speak thereof, for never shalt thou see her; and if thou hadst word with her, and thy father knew it, he would let burn in a fire both her and me, and thyself might well be sore adread."

"That is even what irketh me," quoth Aucassin. So he went from the Captain sorrowing. Here singeth one:

Aucassin did so depart
Much in dole and heavy at heart
For his love so bright and dear,
None might bring him any cheer,
None might give good words to hear,
To the palace doth he fare,
Climbeth up the palace-stair,
Passeth to a chamber there,
Thus great sorrow doth he bear
For his lady and love so fair.
"Nicolete, how fair art thou,
Sweet thy foot-fall, sweet thine eyes,
Sweet the mirth of thy replies,
Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,
And the touch of thine embrace.
All for thee I sorrow now,
Captive in an evil place,
Whence I ne'er may go my ways,
Sister, sweet friend!"

So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

While Aucassin was in the chamber sorrowing for Nicolete his love, even then the Count Bougars de Valence, that had his war to wage, forgat it no whit, but had called up his horsemen and his footmen, so made he for the castle to storm it. And the cry of battle arose, and the din, and knights and men at arms busked them, and ran to walls and gates to hold the keep. And the towns-folk mounted to the battlements, and cast down bolts and spikes. Then while the assault was great, and even at its height,

the Count Garin de Biaucaire came into the chamber where Aucassin was making lament, sorrowing for Nicolete, his sweet lady that he loved so well.

"Ha! son," quoth he, "how caitiff art thou, and cowardly, that canst see men assail thy goodliest castle and strongest! Know thou that if thou lose it, thou losest all. Son, go to, take arms, and mount thy horse, and defend thy land, and help thy men, and fare into the stour. Thou needst not smite nor be smitten. If they do but see thee among them, better will they guard their substance, and their lives, and thy land and mine. And thou art so great, and hardy of thy hands, that well mightst thou do this thing, and to do it is thy devoir."

"Father," said Aucassin, "what is this thou sayest now? God grant me never aught of my desire, if I be dubbed knight, or mount steed, or go into the stour where knights do smite and are smitten, if thou givest me not Nicolete, my sweet lady, whom I love so well."

"Son," quoth his father, "this may never be: rather would I be quite disinherited and lose all that is mine, than that thou shouldst have her to thy wife, or to love *par amours*."

So he turned him about. But when Aucassin saw him going he called to him again, saying,

"Father, go to now, I will make with thee fair covenant."

"What covenant, fair son?"

"I will take up arms and go into the stour, on this covenant, that, if God bring me back sound and safe, thou wilt let me see Nicolete, my sweet lady, even so long that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss."

"That will I grant," said his father.

At this was Aucassin glad. Here one singeth:

Of the kiss heard Aucassin
That returning he shall win.
None so glad would he have been
Of a myriad marks of gold,
Of a hundred thousand told.
Called for raiment brave of steel,
Then they clad him, head to heel;
Twofold hauberk doth he don,
Firmly braced the helmet on:
Girt the sword with hilt of gold,
Horse doth mount, and lance doth wield,
Looks to stirrups and to shield,
Wondrous brave he rode to field.
Dreaming of his lady dear,
Setteth spurs to the destrere,
Rideth forward without fear,
Through the gate and forth away
To the fray.

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin was armed and mounted as ye have heard tell. God! how goodly sat the shield on his shoulder, the helm on his head, and the baldric on his left haunch! And the damoiseau * was tall, fair, featly fashioned, and hardy of his hands, and the horse whereon he rode swift and keen, and straight had he spurred him forth of the gate. Now believe ye not that his mind was on kine nor cattle of the booty, nor thought he how he might strike a knight, nor be stricken again: nor no such thing. Nay, no memory had Aucassin of aught of these; rather he so dreamed of Nicolete, his sweet lady, that he dropped his reins, forgetting all there was to do, and his horse that had felt the spur, bore him into the press and hurled among the foe, and they laid hands on him all about, and took him captive, and seized away his spear and shield, and straightway they led him off a prisoner, and were even now discoursing of what death he should die.

And when Aucassin heard them,

"Ha! God," said he, "sweet Saviour. Be these my deadly enemies that have taken me, and will soon cut off my head? And once my head is off, no more shall I speak with Nicolete, my sweet lady that I love so well. Nathless have I here a good sword, and sit a good horse unwearied. If now I keep not my head for her sake, God help her never, if she love me more!"

The damoiseau was tall and strong, and the horse whereon he sat was right eager. And he laid hand to sword, and fell a-smiting to right and left, and smote through helm and *nasal*, and arm and clenched hand, making a murder about him, like a wild boar when hounds fall on him in the forest, even till he struck down ten knights, and seven he hurt, and straightway he hurled out of the press, and rode back again at full speed, sword in hand. The Count Bougars de Valence heard say they were about hanging Aucassin, his enemy, so he came into that place, and Aucassin was ware of him, and gat his sword into his hand, and lashed at his helm with such a stroke that he drave it down on his head, and he, being stunned, fell grovelling. And Aucassin laid hands on him, and caught him by the *nasal* of his helmet, and gave him to his father.

"Father," quoth Aucassin, "lo, here is your mortal foe, who hath so warred on you with all mischief. Full twenty years did this war endure, and might not be ended by man."

* Young knight.

"Fair son," said his father, "thy feats of youth shouldst thou do, and not seek after folly."

Here one singeth:

When the Count Garin doth know
That his child would ne'er forego
Love of her that loved him so,
Nicolete, the bright of brow,
In a dungeon deep below
Childe Aucassin did he throw.
Even there the Childe must dwell
In a dun-walled marble cell.
There he waileth in his woe,
Crying thus as ye shall know:

"Nicolete, thou lily white,
My sweet lady, bright of brow,
Sweeter than the grape art thou,
Sweeter than sack posset good
In a cup of maple wood! . . .
I for love of thee am bound
In this dungeon under ground,
All for loving thee must lie
Here where loud on thee I cry,
Here for loving thee must die,
For thee, my love."

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin was cast into prison as ye have heard tell, and Nicolete, of her part, was in the chamber. Now it was summer time, the month of May, when days are warm and long and clear, and the night still and serene. Nicolete lay one night on her bed, and saw the moon shine clear through a window, yea, and heard the nightingale sing in the garden, so she minded her of Aucassin her lover whom she loved so well. Then fell she to thoughts of Count Garin de Biaucaire, that hated her to the death; therefore deemed she that there she would no longer abide, for that, if she were told of, and the Count knew where she lay, an ill death would he make her die. Now she knew that the old woman slept who held her company. Then she arose, and clad her in a mantle of silk she had by her, very goodly, and took napkins, and sheets of the bed, and knotted one to the other, and made therewith a cord as long as she might, so knitted it to a pillar in the window, and let herself slip down into the garden, then caught up her raiment in both hands, behind and before, and kilted up her kirtle, because of the dew that she saw lying deep on the grass, and so went her way down through the garden.

Her locks were yellow and curled, her eyes blue and smiling, her face featly fashioned, the nose high and fairly set, the lips more red than cherry or rose in time of summer, her teeth white and small; her breasts so firm that they bore up the folds of her bodice as they had been two apples; so slim she was in the waist

that your two hands might have clipped her, and the daisy flowers that brake beneath her as she went tip-toe, and that bent above her instep, seemed black against her feet, so white was the maiden. She came to the postern gate, and unbarred it, and went out through the streets of Biaucaire, keeping always on the shadowy side, for the moon was shining right clear, and so wandered she till she came to the tower where her lover lay. The tower was flanked with buttresses, and she cowered under one of them, wrapped in her mantle. Then thrust she her head through a crevice of the tower that was old and worn, and so heard she Aucassin wailing within, and making dole and lament for the sweet lady he loved so well.

Here one singeth:

Nicolete, the bright of brow,
On a pillar leanest thou,
All Aucassin's wail dost hear
For his love that is so dear,
Then thou spakest, shrill and clear,
"Gentle knight withouten fear,
Little good befalleth thee,
Little help of sigh or tear,
Ne'er shalt thou have joy of me.
Never shalt thou win me; still
Am I held in evil will
Of thy father and thy kin,
Therefore must I cross the sea,
And another land must win."
Then she cut her curls of gold,
Cast them in the dungeon hold;
Aucassin doth clasp them there,
Kissed the curls that were so fair,
Them doth in his bosom bear,
Then he wept, even as of old,
All for his love!

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard Nicolete say that she would pass into a far country, he was all in wrath.

"Fair, sweet friend," quoth he, "thou shalt not go, for then wouldst thou be my death. And the first man that saw thee and had the might withal, would take thee straightway into his bed to be his leman. And once thou camest into a man's bed, and that bed not mine, know ye well that I would not tarry till I had found a knife to pierce my heart and slay myself."

"Aucassin," she said, "I trow thou lovest me not as much as thou sayest, but I love thee more than thou lovest me."

"Ah, fair, sweet friend," said Aucassin, "it may not be that thou shouldst love me even as I love thee. Woman may not love man as man loves woman, for a woman's love lies in the glance of her eye, and the bud of her breast, and her foot's tip-toe, but

the love of man is in his heart planted, whence it can never issue forth and pass away."

Now while Aucassin and Nicolete held this parley together, the town's guards came down a street, with swords drawn beneath their cloaks, for the Count Garin had charged them that if they could take her they should slay her. But the sentinel that was on the tower saw them coming, and heard them speaking of Nicolete as they went, and threatening to slay her.

Here one singeth:

Valiant was the sentinel,
Courteous, kind, and practiced well,
So a song did sing and tell
Of the peril that befell.
"Maiden fair that lingerest here
Gentle maid of merry cheer,
Hair of gold, and eyes as clear
As the water in a mere,
Thou, meseems, hast spoken word
To thy lover and thy lord,
That would die for thee, his dear;
Now beware the ill accord
Of the cloaked men of the sword;
These have sworn and keep their word,
They will put thee to the sword
Save thou take heed!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

"Ha!" quoth Nicolete, "be the soul of thy father and the soul of thy mother in the rest of Paradise, so fairly and so courteously hast thou spoken me! Please God, I will be right ware of them, God keep me out of their hands."

So she shrank under her mantle into the shadow of the pillar till they had passed by, and then took she farewell of Aucassin, and so fared till she came unto the castle wall. Now that wall was wasted and broken, and some deal mended, so she clomb thereon till she came between wall and fosse, and so looked down, and saw that the fosse was deep and steep, whereat she was sore adread.

"Ah God," saith she, "sweet Saviour! If I let myself fall hence, I shall break my neck, and if here I abide, to-morrow they will take me, and burn me in a fire. Yet liefer would I perish here than that to-morrow the folk should stare on me for a gazing-stock."

Then she crossed herself, and so let herself slip into the fosse, and when she had come to the bottom, her fair feet and fair hands that had not custom thereof, were bruised and frayed, and

the blood springing from a dozen places, yet felt she no pain nor hurt, by reason of the great dread wherein she went. But if she were in cumber to win there, in worse was she to win out. But she deemed that there to abide was of none avail, and she found a pike sharpened, that they of the city had thrown out to keep the hold. Therewith made she one stepping-place after another, till, with much travail, she climbed the wall. Now the forest lay within two crossbow-shots, and the forest was of thirty leagues this way and that. Therein also were wild beasts and serpents, and she feared that if she entered there they would slay her. But anon she deemed that if men found her there they would hale her back into the town to burn her.

Here one singeth:

Nicolete, the fair of face,
Climbed upon the coping-stone,
There made she lament and moan
Calling on our Lord alone
For his mercy and his grace.

"Father, King of Majesty,
Listen, for I nothing know
Where to flee or whither go.
If within the wood I fare,
Lo, the wolves will slay me there,
Boars and lions terrible,
Many in the wild wood dwell;
But if I abide the day,
Surely worse will come of it,
Surely will the fire be lit
That shall burn my body away.
Jesus, Lord of Majesty,
Better seemeth it to me,
That within the wood I fare,
Though the wolves devour me there,
Than within the town to go.
Ne'er be it so!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Nicolete made great moan, as ye have heard; then commended she herself to God, and anon fared till she came unto the forest. But to go deep in it she dared not, by reason of the wild beasts and serpents. Anon crept she into a little thicket, where sleep came upon her, and she slept till prime next day, when the shepherds issued forth from the town and drove their sheep between wood and water. Anon came they all into one place by a fair fountain which was on the fringe of the forest; thereby spread they a mantle, and thereon set bread. So while they were eating, Nicolete wakened, with the sound of the singing birds and the shepherds.

[Then she endeavored to hire the shepherds to bid Aucassin hunt in the forest, but they promised little.]

BEETHOVEN IN HIS STUDY.

Here singeth one:

Nicolete, the bright of brow,
From the shepherds doth she pass
All below the blossomed bough
Where an ancient way there was,
Overgrown and choked with grass,
Till she found the cross-roads where
Seven paths do all way fare,
Then she deemeth she will try,
Should her lover pass thereby,
If he love her loyally.

So she gathered white lilies,
Oak-leaf, that in green wood is,
Leaves of many a branch I wis;
Therewith built a lodge of green,
Goodlier was never seen;
Swore by God who may not lie,
"If my love the lodge should spy,
He will rest a while thereby,
If he love me loyally."
Thus his faith she deemed to try,
"Or I love him not, not I,
Nor he loves me!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Nicolete built her lodge of boughs, as ye have heard, right fair and neatly, and wove it well, within and without, of flowers and leaves. So lay she hard by the lodge in a deep coppice to know what Aucassin will do. And the cry and the bruit went abroad through all the country and all the land, that Nicolete was lost. Some told that she had fled, and some that the Count Garin had let slay her. Whosoever had joy thereof, no joy had Aucassin. But the Count Garin, his father, had taken him out of prison, and had sent for the knights of that land, and the ladies, and made a right great feast, for the comforting of Aucassin, his son. Now at the high time of the feast was Aucassin leaning from a gallery, all woful and discomforted.

[But a knight advised him to ride out in the forest and hear the birds sing.]

He passed out of the hall, and went down the stairs, and came to the stable where his horse was. He saddled and bridled him, and mounted, and rode forth from the castle, and wandered till he came to the forest. He rode till he came to the fountain and found the shepherds at point of noon. And they had a mantle stretched on the grass, and were eating bread, and making great joy.

Here one singeth:

There were gathered shepherds all,
Martin, Esmeric, and Hal,
Aubrey, Robin, great and small.
Saith the one, "Good fellows all,
God keep Aucassin the fair,

And the maid with yellow hair,
Bright of brow and eyes of vair.
She that gave us gold to ware.
Cakes therewith to buy ye know,
Goodly knives and sheaths also.
Flutes to play, and pipes to blow,
May God him heal!"

Here speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard the shepherds, anon he bethought him of Nicolete, his sweet lady he loved so well, and he deemed that she had passed thereby; then set he spurs to his horse, and so came to the shepherds.

[After some dallying, they tell him their message.]

"Sir, we were in this place, a little time agone, between prime and tierce,* and were eating our bread by this fountain, even as now we do, when a maid came past, the fairest thing in the world, whereby we deemed that she should be a fay, and all the wood shone round about her. Anon she gave us of that she had, whereby we made covenant with her, that if ye came hither we would bid you hunt in this forest, wherein is such a beast that, an ye might take him, ye would not give one limb of him for five hundred marks of silver, nor for no ransom; for this beast is so mighty of medicine, that, an ye could take him, ye should be healed of your torment, and within three days must ye take him, and if ye take him not then, never will ye look on him. So chase ye the beast, an ye will, or an ye will let it be, for my promise have I kept with her."

"Fair boys," quoth Aucassin, "ye have said enough. God grant me to find this quarry."

Here one singeth:

Aucassin, when he had heard,
Sore within his heart was stirred,
Left the shepherds on that word,
Far into the forest spurred
Rode into the wood; and fleet
Fled his horse through paths of it.
Three words spake he of his sweet,
"Nicolete the fair, the dear,
'Tis for thee I follow here
Nor track of boar, nor slot of deer,
But thy sweet body and eyes so clear,
All thy mirth and merry cheer,
That my very heart have slain.
So please God me to maintain,
I shall see my love again,
Sweet sister, friend!"

* The first and third canonical hours of the day.

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin fared through the forest from path to path after Nicolete, and his horse bare him furiously. Think ye not that the thorns him spared, nor the briars, nay, not so, but tare his raiment, that scarce a knot might be tied with the soundest part thereof, and the blood sprang from his arms and flanks and legs, in forty places, or thirty, so that behind the Childe men might follow on the track of his blood in the grass. But so much he went in thoughts of Nicolete, his lady sweet, that he felt no pain nor torment, and all the day hurled through the forest in this fashion nor heard no word of her. And when he saw Vespers draw nigh, he began to weep for that he found her not.

The night was fair and still, and so long he went that he came to the lodge of boughs, that Nicolete had builded and woven within and without, over and under, with flowers, and it was the fairest lodge that might be seen. When Aucassin was ware of it, he stopped suddenly, and the light of the moon fell therein.

"God!" quoth Aucassin, "here was Nicolete, my sweet lady, and this lodge builded she with her fair hands. For the sweetness of it, and for love of her, will I alight, and rest here this night long."

He drew forth his foot from the stirrup to alight, and the steed was great and tall. He dreamed so much on Nicolete, his right sweet lady, that he slipped on a stone, and drave his shoulder out of its place. Then knew he that he was hurt sore, nathless he bore him with what force he might, and fastened with the other hand the mare's son to a thorn. Then turned he on his side, and crept backwise into the lodge of boughs. And he looked through a gap in the lodge and saw the stars in heaven, and one that was brighter than the rest; so began he to say:

Here one singeth:

"Star, that I from far behold,
Star, the Moon calls to her fold,
Nicolete with thee doth dwell,
My sweet love with locks of gold,
God would have her dwell afar,
Dwell with him for evening star.
Would to God, whate'er befell,
Would that with her I might dwell.
I would clip her close and strait,
Nay, were I of much estate,
Some king's son desirable,
Worthy she to be my mate,
Me to kiss and clip me well,
Sister, sweet friend!"

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Nicolete heard Aucassin, right so came she unto him, for she was not far away. She passed within the lodge, and threw her arms about his neck, and clipped and kissed him.

"Fair, sweet friend, welcome be thou."

"And thou, fair, sweet love, be thou welcome."

So either kissed and clipped the other, and fair joy was them between.

"Ha! sweet love," quoth Aucassin, "but now was I sore hurt, and my shoulder wried, but I take no force of it, nor have no hurt therefrom since I have thee."

Right so felt she his shoulder and found it was wried from its place. And she so handled it with her white hands, and so wrought in her surgery, that by God's will who loveth lovers, it went back into its place. Then took she flowers, and fresh grass, and leaves green, and bound these herbs on the hurt with a strip of her smock, and he was all healed.

"Aucassin," saith she, "fair, sweet love, take counsel what thou wilt do. If thy father search this forest to-morrow, and men find me here, they will slay me, come to thee what will."

"Certes, fair, sweet love, therefore should I sorrow heavily but, an' if I may, never shall they take thee."

Anon gat he on his horse, and his lady before him, kissing and clipping her, and so rode they at adventure.

Here one singeth:

Aucassin, the frank, the fair,
Aucassin of the yellow hair,
Gentle knight and true lover,
From the forest doth he fare,
Holds his love before him there,
Kissing cheek, and chin, and eyes,
But she spake in sober wise,
"Aucassin, true love and fair,
To what land do we repair?"
"Sweet my love, I take no care,
Thou art with me everywhere!"
So they pass the woods and downs,
Pass the villages and towns,
Hills and dales and open land,
Came at dawn to the sea sand,
Lighted down upon the strand,
Beside the sea.

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin lighted down and his love, as ye have heard sing. He held his horse by the bridle, and his lady by the hands; so went they along the seashore, and on the sea they saw a ship, and he called unto the sailors, and they came to him. Then held he

such speech with them that he and his lady were brought aboard that ship, and when they were on the high sea, behold a mighty wind and tyrannous arose, marvellous and great, and drave them from land to land, till they came unto a strange country, and won the haven of the castle of Torelore. Then asked they what this land might be, and men told them that it was the country of the King of Torelore. Then he asked what manner of man was he, and was there war afoot, and men said,

"Yea, and mighty!"

Therewith took he farewell of the merchants, and they commended him to God. Anon Aucassin mounted his horse, with his sword girt, and his lady before him, and rode at adventure till he was come to the castle. Then asked he where the King was, and they said that he was in childbed.

"Then where is his wife?"

And they told him she was with the host, and had led with her all the force of that country.

Now when Aucassin heard that saying, he made great marvel, and came into the castle, and lighted down, he and his lady, and his lady held his horse. Right so went he up into the castle, with his sword girt, and fared hither and thither till he came to the chamber where the King was lying.

Here one singeth:

Aucassin, the courteous knight,
To the chamber went fortbright,
To the bed with linen dight
Even where the King was laid.
There he stood by him and said:
"Fool, what mak'st thou here abed?"
Quoth the King: "I am brought to bed
Of a fair son, and anon
When my month is over and gone,
And my healing fairly done,
To the Minster will I fare
And will do my churching there,
As my father did repair.
Then will sally forth to war,
Then will drive my foes afar
From my countrie!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard the King speak on this wise, he took all the sheets that covered him, and threw them all abroad about the chamber. Then saw he behind him a cudgel, and caught it into his hand, and turned, and took the King, and beat him till he was well-nigh dead.

"Ha! fair sir," quoth the King, "what would you with me? Art thou beside thyself, that beatest me in mine own house?"

"By God's heart," quoth Aucassin, "thou ill son of an ill wench, I will slay thee if thou swear not that never shall any man in all thy land lie in of child henceforth for ever."*

So he did that oath, and when he had done it, "Sir," said Aucassin, "bring me now where thy wife is with the host."

"Sir, with good will," quoth the King.

He mounted his horse, and Aucassin gat on his own, and Nicolete abode in the Queen's chamber. Anon rode Aucassin and the King even till they came to that place where the Queen was, and lo! men were warring with baked apples, and with eggs, and with fresh cheeses, and Aucassin began to look on them, and made great marvel.

Here one singeth:

Aucassin his horse doth stay,
From the saddle watched the fray,
All the stour and fierce array;
Right fresh cheeses carried they,
Apples baked, and mushrooms grey,
Whoso splasheth most the ford
He is master called and lord.
Aucassin doth gaze a while,
Then began to laugh and smile
And made game.

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin beheld these marvels, he came to the King, and said, "Sir, be these thine enemies?"

"Yea, Sir," quoth the King.

"And will ye that I should avenge you of them?"

"Yea," quoth he, "with all my heart."

Then Aucassin put hand to sword, and hurled among them, and began to smite to the right hand and the left, and slew many of them. And when the King saw that he slew them, he caught at his bridle and said,

"Ha! fair sir, slay them not in such wise."

"How," quoth Aucassin, "will ye not that I should avenge you of them?"

"Sir," quoth the King, "overmuch already hast thou avenged me. It is nowise our custom to slay each other."

Anon turned they and fled. Then the King and Aucassin betook them again to the castle of Torelore, and the folk of that land counselled the King to put Aucassin forth, and keep Nicolete

*This barbarous custom, called the *couvade*, lingered long in the mountains of Southern France.

for his son's wife, for that she seemed a lady of high lineage. And Nicolete heard them, and had no joy of it, so began to say:

Here singeth one:

Thus she spake, the bright of brow:
"Lord of Torelore and king,
Thy folk deem me a light thing,
When my love doth me embrace,
Fair he finds me, in good case,
Then am I in such derray,
Neither harp, nor lyre, nor lay,
Dance nor game, nor rebeck play,
Were so sweet."

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin dwelt in the castle of Torelore, in great ease and great delight, for that he had with him Nicolete, his sweet love, whom he loved so well.

[The story runs on that three years later the Saracens invade the land and carry off Aucassin and Nicolete. The ships were scattered by a storm, and Aucassin was shipwrecked at Biaucaire, where he became ruler. Nicolete was carried to Carthage, where she recognized the home of her childhood, and was accepted as the King's daughter. But when they wished her to marry she stole away, disguised as a harper. Taken on a ship, she reached Provence, and passed to Biaucaire. Here she sang her own story and was reunited to Aucassin.]

When Aucassin heareth now
That his lady bright of brow
Dwelleth in his own countrie,
Never man was glad as he.
To her castle doth he hie
With the lady speedily,
Passeth to the chamber high,
Findeth Nicolete thereby.
Of her true love found again
Never maid was half so fain.
Straight she leaped upon her feet:
When his love he saw at last,
Arms about her did he cast,
Kissed her often, kissed her sweet,
Kissed her lips and brow and eyes.
Thus all night do they devise,
Even till the morning white.
Then Aucassin wedded her,
Made her Lady of Biaucaire.
Many years abode they there,
Many years in shade or sun,
In great gladness and delight.
Ne'er hath Aucassin regret
Nor his lady Nicolete.
Now my story all is done,
Said and sung!

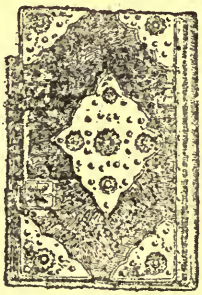
Froissart's Book.

I, Sir John Froissart, treasurer and canon of Chimay, had, during my stay in Abbeville, a great desire to see the Kingdom of England; more especially since it was a time of truce. Several reasons urged me to make this journey, but principally because in my youth I had been educated at the court of King Edward, and that good Lady Philippa, his queen, with their children. I had taken care to form a collection of all the poetry on love and morality that I had composed during the last twenty-four years, which I had caused to be fairly written and illuminated. I was also minded to go to England from a desire to see King Richard, whom I had not seen since the time of his christening in the cathedral of Bordeaux; and my book of poesy, finely ornamented, bound in velvet, and decorated with silver-gilt clasps and studs, I took as a present for him. Having provided myself with horses, I crossed from Calais to Dover, on the 12th day of July, and on Wednesday by nine o'clock arrived at Canterbury, to visit the shrine of St. Thomas and the tomb of the late Prince of Wales, who had been buried there. I heard high mass, made my offerings at the shrine, and returned to my inn for dinner; when I heard that the king was to come on a pilgrimage to St. Thomas. I thought, therefore, that it would be well to wait his arrival, which I did; and on the morrow he came in great state, accompanied by lords and ladies, with whom I mixed; but they were all new faces to me. I did not remember one of them; times and persons had greatly changed since I was last in England, eighty-and-twenty years past. I addressed myself to Sir Thomas Percy, High Steward of England, whom I found gracious and of agreeable manners, and who offered to present me to the king. . . .

On being introduced to the king I was graciously and kindly received. He took all the letters I presented to him, and having read them attentively, said I was welcome, and since I had belonged to the household of the late king and queen, I must consider myself still as of the royal household of England. This day I did not offer him the book I had brought, for Sir Thomas Percy told me it was not a fit opportunity, as he was much occupied with serious business. . . . .

On the Sunday the whole council went to London except the Duke of York, who remained with the king, and Sir Richard Sturry. These two, in conjunction with Sir Thomas Percy, mentioned me again to the king, who desired to see the book I had brought for him. I presented it to him in his chamber, and laid it upon his bed. He opened it and looked into it with much pleasure. He ought to have been pleased, for it was handsomely written and illuminated, and bound in crimson velvet, with ten silver-gilt studs, and roses of the same in the middle, with two large clasps of silver-gilt, richly worked with roses in the center. The king asked me what the book treated of. I replied—Of love. He was pleased with the answer, and dipped into several places, reading parts aloud; for he read and spoke French perfectly well; and then gave it to one of his knights to carry to his oratory, and made me many acknowledgments for it. . . .

—*Froissart's Chronicles.*



A MEDIAEVAL BOOK.

MUSIC—ITS DEVELOPMENT AND POSSIBILITIES

F all the arts, music is the most potent. Its subject matter—sound—is capable of more delicate gradations than the material of any other art. It can appeal to more people and move their emotions more strongly than any known human means of expression. It is able to bring about subtle shades of feeling which the most carefully selected words are powerless to convey. And it can lead the hearts and minds of men to regions far removed from everyday life.

When music first came into being, who shall say? All nature is full of it. The singing of the birds, the droning of the insects, the purring of our cat—these, and other familiar sounds, are but instances of the pleasure shown by the higher creatures in pouring forth the happiness they themselves enjoy.

What we recognize as music is probably but a small part of the possible music of the universe, and this because our faculties are exceedingly limited. For aught we know, a kind of music, unlike anything else on earth, may be given forth as the infinitesimal atom vibrates in space. This is not so improbable as it might first appear. For rhythmic movement lies at the basis of music, and the delicate undulations of the tiny atom are of this same character. And then, at the other extreme—mighty in their extent—are the ordered rhythms of the earth itself, and of the planets and satellites. Perhaps, after all, the great Pythagoras' "Music of the Spheres" was something more than a figure of speech; perhaps, after all, there was truth prompting Goethe's utterance at the beginning of "Faust" when he speaks of the "Sun's thunder-march sublime." If a pianoforte string by moving periodically emits sound, why may not the atom and the planet do the same, since they all obey the great law of rhythm? Because we ourselves do not hear the many hidden tones of Nature is no evidence that they are nonexistent.

And so, music is something universal in its extent. Historically, it can be traced into the far off night of time. Nations, compared with whose antiquity ours is but as yesterday, possessed it and used it in many ways. The ancient civilizations of China and India had their type of music, however different it was from what we understand by the term. Mainly it was of a melodic character, whereas ours is harmonic. Various tones were employed which made a peculiar impression on the temperament of the hearer. In certain forms of Hindu music the soft notes emitted had, and have, a powerful effect in bringing the mind into an attitude of religious devotion—a service which is one of the greatest music can render.

In the early history of European music we find two main streams of development, represented, on the one hand, by the church, and, on the other, by the people. It is hard to trace the origin of church music. Some of the old modes were doubtless borrowed from the ancient Greeks who, in their turn, may perhaps have elaborated them from a still earlier source. The best of the early ecclesiastical music, as seen in the noblest examples of "Plain Song," is noteworthy for the strong feelings of aspiration and reverence which, under the best conditions, it can arouse. Although belonging to a somewhat later date, this same characteristic is wonderfully apparent in the fine choral works of Johann Sebastian Bach, and in such masterpieces of his as the famous B minor Mass and the Matthew Passion there is breathed a depth of pathos and poetry of expression as of some other world.

But despite such gems as these which are well worthy our most earnest study, it remained for the people, rather than for the church, to bring about those fine art-forms which in later days did so much to uplift the musical standard of the world. For the church, having in it rigid dogmas and rituals, did not seem to possess that free and exuberant atmosphere in the midst of which the most varied genius will flourish.

At first the music of the people was little more than snatches of melody sung without definite purpose. The shepherd would troll his merry chant on the homeward journey when his day's work was done; the harvester would sing a strain of gladness in praise of the bounty of Nature, and around the fireside in the winter's evening, childish prattle and laughter would lead to a song in which all the family would take part.

These rustic melodies—Folk Songs, as they have been called—developed in course of time into something more elaborate. Village instrumentalists would use them as a basis upon which to fashion their dances, and as the wandering players and minstrels travelled from country to country, the different national dances would be heard at many a wayside inn, and gradually give rise to that recognized collection of such excerpts known as the Suite.

From the Suite, probably some of the greatest of the later instrumental forms evolved. Of course, for such development as this many years were required, during which composers were groping about, selecting here, rejecting there, but gradually perfecting and elaborating their art. Sometimes a genius would appear who in one lifetime would, as it were, summarize the work of his predecessors. Such a one was Beethoven, whose use of the Sonata form, far surpassed anything previously attempted. Whereas before his days it had been little more than a piece of ingenious mechanism, in his hands it became a means of expressing some of the grandest emotions that fill the heart of man.

Indeed, we may say that as music progresses it becomes more and more a fitting instrument to portray the life with which it is infused. At first the mechanism is clumsy and the technique of the most rudimentary character. But as time goes on, these imperfections slowly drop away—as all imperfections must—until at last we have an art exquisitely sensitive to catch the highest thought in the mind of the composer and to reproduce it before the world with wonderful fidelity.

Three names stand out in the history of music like giant mountain peaks against the clear blue sky. These are Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner. Each brought to a high state of excellence one particular branch of the art, epitomizing the labors of his forerunners and forging ahead to heights hitherto undreamt.

To Bach may justly be ascribed the title "Father of Modern Music," for he laid the foundation of the vast artistic superstructure which succeeding generations have built. As a writer of church music he is without superior, and his marvellous achievements in this direction are infused with a fervor and devotion which all must needs admire. Then, again, he de-

veloped and coördinated the Suite, that collection of national dances to which we have already alluded. And, furthermore, he perfected that fine form known as the "fugue," which under his magic touch, because a wonderfully effective and subtle piece of musical machinery, so different from the conventional type met with in earlier composers. His fugues are indeed like limpid rivulets in which the present day musician may refresh his thirst for beauty. They range through the entire gamut of human emotion that is worthy to be expressed, whether it be light-hearted merriment, majestic dignity, or that peace borne of confidence in the hereafter.

Beethoven, the great soul whose rugged exterior clothed a spirit of exceeding loftiness and purity, added yet another page to musical advancement. His principal means of expression was the Sonata form, and in this special type his whole musical being seems to have been centered. Just as was the fugue to Bach, so to him the sonata became a very language of the emotions. Who is there whose heart has not been thrilled by the celestial message breathed forth in his great pianoforte works and in his C minor and Choral symphonies? A child of nature, a lover of all living things, he was a worthy recipient of the Divine afflatus.

One of the greatest geniuses of the last century was Richard Wagner. As a musician he was excelled by none, and, in fact, some consider him the finest of all. But music was not the only hall-mark of this man's transcendent ability. As a master of stage-craft he probably made more useful innovations than any other one person: as a poet he will bear comparison with the most famous Germany has ever produced: as a philosopher he brought prominently before the world that deep mysticism which has been of absorbing interest to many of the noblest minds of all time, and as an ethical teacher he gave forth moral truths as beautiful and inspiring as any ever preached in the hallowed fane and the vast cathedral.

With this unusual versatility none was better qualified to place opera upon a sound and dignified basis. For several hundred years before his time this species of musical and dramatic entertainment had been in an unsatisfactory and almost decadent condition. Very little connection existed between the music, the words, and the acting, and, as likely as not, the composer

would write his arias for no other purpose than making them tuneful and exploiting the vocal eccentricities of famous singers. Hence, opera was about as artificial a production as the ingenuity of man could devise. But things soon became altered when Wagner took the matter in hand. At once he saw the triviality of the early Italian opera, and with consummate energy and a determination which brooked no opposition he set out to remedy the parlous state of affairs. Opera was to him not merely a form of entertainment, but a method of representing sublime concepts and lofty imagery. Like the Greek drama of old, it was to be a teacher and inspirer to noble action; words, scenery, gesture, music—everything—related and all conspiring to "hold as 't were the mirror up to Nature"—to embody a magnificent ideal.

In the realm of music Wagner accomplished what none of his predecessors had deemed possible—actually portraying in terms of sound the very thoughts and feelings of the actors. There is no more fascinating study than carefully to peruse the score of one of his later works and note how a slight change in the music is the concomitant of a corresponding alteration in thought, and vice versa.

Each of his maturer music dramas, if interpreted aright, conveys some far reaching lesson. *"Tristan und Isolde,"* while ostensibly a romantic love opera, holds before one the nobility and grandeur of true self-sacrifice; *"Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg,"* with its charming humor and perfect portrayal of German life in the Middle Ages, is an example and an encouragement to every plodding artist and indeed to all who would fain reach an ideal, and it gives assurance that if only the aspirant persevere long enough, the goal is bound to be gained; *Der Ring des Nibelungen,* by the aid of mythology, tells of the mighty workings of the universe. For the different characters represent not so much actual personages as great cosmic laws whose interaction is the same yesterday, today, and forever. And *Parsifal,* the fitting consummation of a well spent life, gives in a beautiful allegory the old, old story of man's ascent along the Path which leads to Holiness and Divinity.

In approaching this matter we should do well to remember that music is the youngest of the arts and that its present stage of advancement—at least so far as European music is con-

cerned—has taken place in the short space of only a few hundred years. With so much already done and so little time given to accomplish it, the future of music may indeed look most hopeful. When it is as old as the sister arts of poetry and architecture, who knows what towering mountain peaks its votaries may not have climbed?

In years to come music bids fair to be as general an accomplishment as to-day is reading and writing. Within a few generations—perhaps less—we can confidently expect that every man, woman, and child will be able to read music with ease and thus have access to the great tonal masterpieces of the world. The effect of this acquired facility as a means of raising the culture of the community will be something incalculable. For it will not only promote intellectual growth, but help forward to a remarkable extent the moral evolution of the race. Those who know the spiritualizing power of fine music—and who does not—can easily foresee that when humanity as a whole becomes bathed in its beneficent stream, all wars will cease and a millennium of universal brotherhood will not be far distant.

To help spread the great art, a simplified musical notation might advantageously be introduced. The present system in vogue is somewhat cumbrous and has little logical connection with the sounds produced. But just as spelling has been rendered phonetic, so by dint of careful study a musical "shorthand" could ultimately be invented which, on account of being easier to learn, would aid materially in popularizing the art. Indeed, efforts have already been made in this direction.

Perhaps one of the most useful applications of music in the future will be as a therapeutic agent. This is even now being considered as a probability by some who are in the vanguard of progress. But up to the present, so far as we know, the basis of no definite science has been laid. The modern tendency of medicine is to attach great importance to the mental condition of the patient. And everyday experience proves that if the sufferer be happy and hopeful the chances of recovery are greatly increased. This being so, and the power of music to produce a joyous and peaceful state of mind being admitted, its value as a healing asset becomes at once apparent. While all good music will exert a health-giving influence, each per-

son, having his own idiosyncrasy, will be more amenable to one type of composition than another, and the science of the future will see to this and correlate judiciously, music with personality.

The relation between music, color, and form will also receive the great attention it deserves; the peculiar effects engendered in the hearer's consciousness by certain chords and progressions will be amply investigated; and the value of music, not only as an aid to, but as a concomitant of, religion, will be shown in a clearer manner than ever before. In our present judgment of the remarkable potency of sound, we see as through a glass darkly, but with the vastly extended hearing and vision which new methods of investigation will give, we shall view the matter face to face. And in the days that are to come, music will serve us not merely as an amusement, nor as a species of intellectual enlightenment—important though these may be—but as a means whereby man may be brought nearer and nearer to the Divine, until at last he reaches that Source whence he came.

HISTORY OF MUSIC

CHAPTER I.

Early Church Music.

Because music is not suggested by nature, but is a creation of man's mind, it has developed more slowly than the other arts. The painter and the sculptor look to nature for their models; even architecture is related to the natural in its utility, though not in its expression; and poetry is symbolic of human experiences. Music, alone of all the arts, has had no models from which to copy, and it is for this reason that she has so slowly found her modes of expression.

Many theories have been advanced as to the probable origin of music—none of them wholly satisfactory. The subject at best is one of conjecture, and, though of interest, is not of importance to the student of music. It may safely be assumed that music began in some mysterious impulse and dates back to prehistoric times, probably before the need of a language was felt.

With the Savage and the Ancient alike, music was but one phase of the religious and social life, and was so inseparably bound up with the dance, and later with poetry, that its individual development was rendered impossible. We are often led to suppose that the Hebrews had a highly developed music, but it was, in fact, very simple and noisy, and was entirely subordinate to the dance and poetic repetition. "There is no reason to suppose that music among the Oriental monarchies ever progressed much beyond its condition among barbarous peoples of the present day. Music was not a free art, but was held in almost complete dependence upon poetry, dancing and religious ceremony. It was rude, simple and unprogressive. Harmony was evidently unknown and musical rhythm conformed to that of verse and dance step. The effect of music upon the mind and its efficiency in education and worship were largely due to the association of certain melodies and instruments with moral, religious and patriotic ideas."[1]

[1] Dickinson's History of Music, chap. 2, p. 6.

Greek music alone attained any degree of refinement and delicacy. To the Greeks we owe a scale system which has descended to the present day, and they were the first to conceive of music as an independent art. "They developed a rational scale system based on a knowledge of acoustic laws; their philosophers subjected the aesthetics of music to a minute examination, they devised a tolerably accurate system of notation which has survived. The Greek musical system was the precursor of that of the early Christian church, and the line of descent is unbroken from Greece, through Rome, to the Middle Ages and modern times."[2] Rome made no contributions to the art. Her instruments and melodies were borrowed chiefly from the Greeks, and her music was a degenerate form used in the theatre and circus.

It is correct to call music a Christian art, for while it had been known to men before the beginning of the Christian era, it was not until that epoch that it began to find definite forms of expression.

With this as a starting point it is possible to trace the history and development of the many phases which make up our modern music, and to see how it has come to be regarded as an uplifting and necessary factor in the social world today.

The age of the apostles offers a most interesting field for study to the musical student. It is not to be supposed that there was any sharp distinction between the music of this period and that which had been used by the Ancients in their temples, for the change was gradual and the development slow. The study of the music of this period is so closely allied with that of the ritual of the early Roman church, that a knowledge of one necessitates a familiarity with the other. Interest is centered in the rise of liturgies and ceremonies, their alliance with music, and the origin of hymns and chants. In tracing the development of these forms, one notes an ever-increasing tendency on the part of the clergy to create an elaborate ritualistic system, and steady decrease in the part the laity took in the church service.

In the very nature of the case a new spirit was needed in the art of music when it came to be employed in the ministry

[2] Dickinson's History of Music, chap. 2, p. 9.

of the Christian religion, for a new motive had entered religious consciousness. The Christian lavished upon his new-found faith a devotion that far surpassed any loyalty to family or country. "This religion was emphatically one of joy—a joy so absorbing, so completely satisfying, so founded on the loftiest hopes that the human mind is able to entertain, that even the ecstatic worship of Apollo or Dionysus seems melancholy and hopeless in comparison. Yet it was not a joy that was prone to expand itself in noisy demonstrations. It was mingled with such a profound sense of personal unworthiness and the most solemn responsibilities, tempered with sentiments of awe and wonder in the presence of unfathomable mysteries, that the manifestations of it must be subdued to moderation, expressed in forms that could appropriately typify spiritual and eternal relationships. And so, as sculpture was the art which most adequately embodied the humanistic conceptions of Greek theology, poetry and music became the arts in which Christianity found a vehicle of expression most suited to her genius."[3]

New forms were needed to express the new emotions, but these could not be created at once to meet the novel demands. More than a motive is required to bring an art to its perfection, and the mastery of form is of slow and tedious growth.

There are to be found but few direct allusions to music in the New Testament. In his Epistles, St. Paul speaks of "psalms, hymns and spiritual songs,"[4] and again makes reference to a peculiar usage known as "glassolalia," or "speaking of tongues." This is described as an emotional, inarticulate warbling brought about by intense religious excitement, and must have been quite unintelligible to the hearer. However, out of this crude musical utterance grew the hymns, in which the deeds and powers of Christ were directly commemorated. We are told that the Christian folk-song began to appear in the first century, rude and primitive in melody and form, but embodying the religious spirit of the age.

Of the very few hymns and fragments of songs that have come down from this early period, the most perfect is a twi-

[3] Dickinson's Music in the History of the Western Church, p. 37.
[4] Eph., v. 19.

light hymn sung every evening in the ceremony of lighting the lamps. This has been made known to English readers through Longfellow's "Golden Legend":

"O gladsome light
Of the Father Immortal,
And of the celestial
Sacred and blessed
Jesus, our Saviour!

Now to the sunset
Again thou hast brought us;
And, seeing the evening
Twilight, we bless thee,
Praise thee, adore thee!

Father omnipotent!
Son, the Life-giver!
Spirit, the Comforter!
Worthy at all times
Of worship and wonder!"

The period in which the laity were allowed to participate in any but the simplest offices of the church was brief, and their share in hymn singing seems to have been confined to responses at the end of the verse, which was sung by some one appointed to the office. Gradually, but surely, the growth of ritualism deprived the general body of believers of all initiative in the services and centralized the offices of worship in the hands of the clergy. The clergy came to be but a medium through which divine grace was transmitted, and were no longer the servants of the people.

Little by little a few chief men gained control of things, and out of this system grew the offices of Bishop, with his assistant priests, and over all the Pope. Certain forms became systematized and fixed by law, and music shared in this ritualistic movement.

By the fourth century congregational singing had almost disappeared, being supplanted by official choirs. The chief reason for this was the fear that heresy might creep into the

church if the people were allowed to sing the hymns, and so it was desired to keep the whole service in the hands of the clergy. It was feared that a relaxation in one part of the service might lead to a loosening of the whole.

The distinction between the liturgical and non-liturgical song must be kept clearly in mind, for it was only from the former that the laity were excluded. By liturgical hymns is meant those melodies that became a part of the fixed liturgy, while the songs, subject to change, which were interspersed throughout the service, were known as non-liturgical. Of the early Christian chants only a few have survived, and it is from these that we get our ideas of the music of the period. Among them are the well-known Gloria in Excelsis, Gloria Patria, Te Deum, Magnificat (Song of Mary), and the Benedictus (Song of Zacharias). It is probable that most of the melodies were taken from the old Greek service, but they were materially altered, for while the Greek and Roman poetry was metrical, that of the early Christians was most unmetrical. Then, too, the pagan melodies were sung to instrumental accompaniment, while the music of the Christians was largely vocal.

There has been some question in the minds of historians as to the place musical instruments occupied in the early Christian worship. Generally speaking, they were condemned because the pagans used them in their temples, and their use was connected with the corrupting and revolting scenes of the theatres. Probably they were used to a greater extent in the Greek churches than in Roman.

The separation of the Eastern and Western branches of the Churches was completed in the eighth century. The influence which the Eastern church has exercised over the onward course of religion has been so slight that it has almost dropped from the sight of church historians. It is in the Western branch alone that we find development of the liturgical and musical form.

As the Western church boasts of its title "Catholic," the Eastern glories in the title "Orthodox." "The Western theology is essentially logical in form, and based on law. The Eastern is rhetorical in form and is based on philosophy. . . . . Let any one enter an Oriental church and he will

at once be struck by the contrast which the architecture, the paintings, the very aspect of the ceremonial, present to the churches of the West. There is no aiming at effect, no dim religious light, no beauty of form or color beyond what is produced by the display of gorgeous and barbaric pomp."[5]

The fact that the literature of the Eastern church has no universal text, but has been written in several languages, is in a large measure responsible for this oblivion. Latin has been retained as the language of the liturgy of the Church of the West because it was the language found in the Roman empire when the Roman church was established. The very conception of the Catholic church involves the use of a "catholic," or universal, form of utterance. The expression of a liturgy in national languages can only lead to national differences in the churches themselves.

The Catholic liturgy is the established ritual of the Church, a collection of authorized prayers of divine worship, fixed and immovable. It must not be supposed that this is the work of any one man or of one age, or that its present form was even anticipated by its originators. At first it was very simple. Gradually new services were added, parts of the old cast aside, until finally from this germ grew the complex liturgy of the present day. The sixth century marked the completion of this wonderful religious poem, than which there is nothing more perfect in form and language in all the world of literature. It is a masterpiece of ecclesiastical art in which dogma, poetry and drama are welded into expressive unity.

"This great prayer of the Catholic church is mainly composed of contributions made by the Eastern church during the first four centuries. Its essential features were adopted and transferred to Latin by the Church of Rome, and after a process of sifting and rearranging, with some additions, its form was completed by the end of the sixth century essentially as it stands today. The liturgy is, therefore, the voice of the Church, weighted with tradition, resounding with the commanding tone of her apostolic authority, eloquent with the longing and the assurance of innumerable martyrs and confessors, the mystic testimony to the commission which the

[5] Stanley: Hist. of the Eastern Church.

Church believes to have been laid upon her by the Holy Spirit. It is not surprising, therefore, that devout Catholics have come to consider this liturgy as divinely inspired, raised above all mere human speech, the language of saints and angels, a truly celestial poem; and that Catholic writers have well-nigh exhausted the vocabulary of enthusiasm in expounding its spiritual significance.

"The insistence upon the use of one unvarying language in the Mass and all the other offices of the Catholic Church is necessarily involved in the very conception of catholicity and immutability. A universal Church must have a universal form of speech; national languages imply national churches; the adoption of the vernacular would be the first step toward disintegration. The Catholic, into whatever strange land he may wander, is everywhere at home the moment he enters a sanctuary of his faith, for he hears the same worship, in the same tongue, accompanied with the same ceremonies, that has been familiar to him from childhood. This universal language must inevitably be the Latin. Unlike all living languages it is never subject to change, and hence there is no danger that any misunderstanding of refined points of doctrine or observance will creep in through alteration in the connotation of words."[6]

The word *mass* is derived by some from the Hebrew word "missah," which means an offering. Others trace it to the word "missa," which is used to announce the end of the service. We find it today in our words *Candle-mas* and *Christmas*. Cardinal Gibbons says of this office:

"The sacrifice of the Mass is the consecration of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, and the oblation of this body and blood to God, by the ministry of the priest, for a perpetual memorial of Christ's sacrifice on the cross. The sacrifice of the Mass is identical with that of the cross, both having the same victim and High Priest—Jesus Christ. The only difference consists in the manner of the oblation. Christ was offered up on the cross in a bloody manner, and in the Mass He is offered up in an unbloody manner. On the cross He purchased our ransom, and in the Eucharistic sacrifice the price of that ransom is applied to our souls. Hence,

[6] Dickinson: Music in History of Western Church, p. 81.

all the efficacy of the Mass is derived from the sacrifice of Calvary."[7]

This conception is the very foundation of the whole ritual, and all the prayers, chants and collects are arranged to prepare the hearer for this mystic event. Those who are not familiar with the service in the Catholic church may find some assistance in the following outline of the High Mass, which is taken as a type.

The service opens with the recitation of the forty-second Psalm, which is followed by the Confession of Sin, after which is chanted the Introit—usually a single verse taken from a psalm. Then the choir sings the hymns, which never vary, Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison, and Gloria in Excelsis. Then follow in succession the Collect (group of short prayers appropriate to the day), the reading of the Epistle, Gradual (psalm verse) and Gospel. If a sermon is given it is inserted at this point and is followed by the Credo (creed), sung by the choir.

After the Offertory comes the most impressive ceremony in the Mass, the Oblation of the Host and Chalice. It is in this ceremony that the bread and wine is prepared for its sacred use, by the offering of prayers and incense. Then follows the Preface, varying with the season, but always ending with the Sanctus and Benedictus, sung by the choir. The Commemoration of the Dead is succeeded by a series of prayers, after which the choir chants the Agnus Dei. Communion is then administered, and the service is concluded with the Post-communion (short prayer), the Dismissal and Benedictus, and fourteen verses of the Gospel of St. John.

Although all the liturgy is set to music, there is a distinction between the office of Mass and the musical composition known by that name. The five hymns, Kyrie Eleison, Gloria in Excelsis, Credo, Sanctus and Agnus Dei, which do not vary from day to day, compose the musical Mass. This is but a part of the office of the Sacrifice of the Mass, and the two terms must not be confused.

There are several Masses, the High Mass being the standard. Solemn High Mass is essentially the same, but is given

[7] Faith of Our Fathers: Cardinal Gibbons.

with more pomp and ceremony. Low Mass is given in a speaking voice without the aid of the choir, and is less formal than the other Masses. It is used only in the early morning service. The Requiem Mass differs more widely from the usual form and many beautiful Requiems have been written by both Catholic and Protestant composers. It takes its name from the first word of the Retroit, and is given for the repose of souls after death. In it the Credo and Gloria are omitted, their place being taken by the great judgment hymn, Dies Irae.

The liturgy was completed during the rule of Gregory the Great (590-604) and by the last of the sixth century had been given a complete musical setting. The ideal of pure church music was established by the creators of the ritual, and that this ideal has been rigorously upheld is shown in the fact that today the Roman Catholic can justly lay claim to the purest church music in existence.

The text of the Mass is entirely musical in its theory and conception, and is admirably adapted to its rhythmical setting. From the earliest times the priest has used a chanting voice—partly that his tones might carry farther and partly because it appeals to the emotions. Some of the service is chanted all on one tone, with a slight inflex at the end, known as "intoning;" sometimes with the assistance of the organ and choir, but often unaccompanied. To the casual spectator this seems unmusical and even barbarous, but becomes most beautiful as the ear is trained to detect the music in the intonations.

The art of singing these melodies is far more difficult than might be imagined, and requires good vocal ability, as well as clear enunciation of the Latin text. Then, too, the rhythm is difficult, for the value of the notes is not fixed, but is determined by the length of the syllable. The manner of singing is affected by conditions of time and place, degree of solemnity required and the acoustic properties of the building used.

The melodies thus intoned are properly known as "Plainsongs." The term "Gregorian" chants, the one by which these hymns are more generally known, is based on a belief that they were composed by Pope Gregory, but this has been proved to be an error. They were not the work of any individual, but are the results of a gradual growth, an evolution.

We find that records of the chant date back to the year 400, and their compilation was the work of popes of the seventh and eighth centuries. It is true that Pope Gregory aided in this gigantic labor, but probably to no greater extent than many others. Some of the old melodies have undergone changes in the process of repeated copyings, and because their system of notation was so crude, but there has been no material alteration in either the chant or liturgy in the last fifteen hundred years.

The purest and most strictly ecclesiastical music in existence is the chant, because the melody in itself is capable of giving no definite impressions, but is entirely subordinate to the text. "The chant appears to be the natural and fundamental form of music employed in all liturgical systems the world over, ancient and modern. The sacrificial song of the Egyptians, the Hebrews, and the Greeks, was a chant, and this is the form of music adopted by the Eastern church, the Anglican, and every system in which worship is offered in common and prescribed forms. The chant form is chosen because it does not make an independent impression, but can be held in strict subordination to the sacred words; its sole function is to carry the text over with greater force upon the attention and the emotions. It is in this relationship of text and tone that the chant differs from true melody."

It is for this reason that the church fathers have labored to restore and retain the unison chant exclusively. The modern reaction against all modern harmonized forms can never be wholly successful, but is prompted by a truly reverential spirit, and a desire to maintain the ideals of the earliest church music.

The plain-song melodies may be divided into two general classes: (1) Simple chants, those in which one syllable of the text is sung to one note, and (2) Florid chants, those in which there are a number of words to one note. Another convenient classification would be according to the text. The group of melodies used in chanting the psalms is the most important. These "psalm tones" or "Gregorian" tones are eight in number and are exceedingly beautiful in melody. The study of the Gregorian chant and Gregorian modes (scales upon which the

chants are based), is most interesting and should receive the careful attention of every musical student.

Singing schools were established in nearly every monastery, for the purpose of instructing the priesthood in the proper rendering of the chant. Special orders of monks gave all their time and attention to this branch of ecclesiastical work, and a familiarity with the church hymns became a necessary part of the training of every clergyman. It was by means of these convent schools that the early music was fostered and preserved in written form, and the labor of these monks cannot be overestimated.

Protestants, as well as Catholics, have found and are constantly finding much of value in the rhythm and melody of the liturgic hymn. The lover of pure church music will not fail to justify the exalting of the Gregorian plain-song to the place it holds in the worship of the Roman Catholic church.

CHAPTER II.

Mediaeval Music—Several-Part Melody.

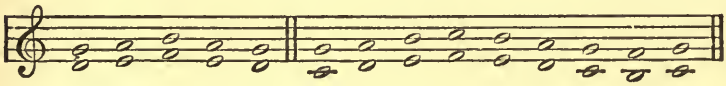
The first period in the history of church music may be said to have included those years in which the liturgic chant (Plain Song) was the only permitted form in the Catholic worship. We now come to a second period—that in which the unaccompanied chorus was employed in the parts of the service in which the chant was not obligatory. The custom of writing notes and the practice of singing more than one part of a melody at the same time had their beginnings in these years.

The earliest system of notation consisted of little pen-strokes which were much like our shorthand characters of to-day. These little "neumae" were developed from the Greek accent marks, and were placed over the words merely to aid the singer's memory and to give him a relative idea of the pitch, rather than to regulate the time. The art of printing had not been applied to musical notes, communication was difficult, and the knowledge of this musical system was spread only by means of the monastery schools. It is not hard to imagine the utter confusion that must have been caused by this haphazard method of notation. No two singers agreed on the pitch of a note, and there was no attempt to regulate its time. The first step in the way of progress was the employment of a line to indicate the pitch of certain notes. The first one to be determined was F; finally another line was used and C became established. From this system of lines added to aid the singer's memory grew our musical staff. Then followed the development of the clefs, although they were at first movable and could indicate a variety of pitches. It was a great advancement for the art of music when the length of notes became fixed and they were no longer altered according to the individual fancy of every singer.

In its earliest stages music was melodic and, no matter how many voices were employed, but one melody was heard. Soon

it became apparent that there would have to be a readjustment of melody if it were to be sung by both men and boys, because of the great difference in the compass of their voices. The Greeks had happened upon a plan of singing in octaves, and this they called "magadizing." The octave is the simplest consonant interval and was naturally the first to be employed. In the early Christian churches melodies of greater range came to be used, thus preventing the practice of singing in unison or octaves. Some method had to be devised by which they could sing their religious tunes in a more agreeable way, and this the monks in the monasteries undertook to accomplish.

If it is satisfactory for the voices to sing in unison or in octaves, they argued, why can we not let one group of voices sing the melody as before, and another group take it up at an interval of four or five tones above or below? For example:

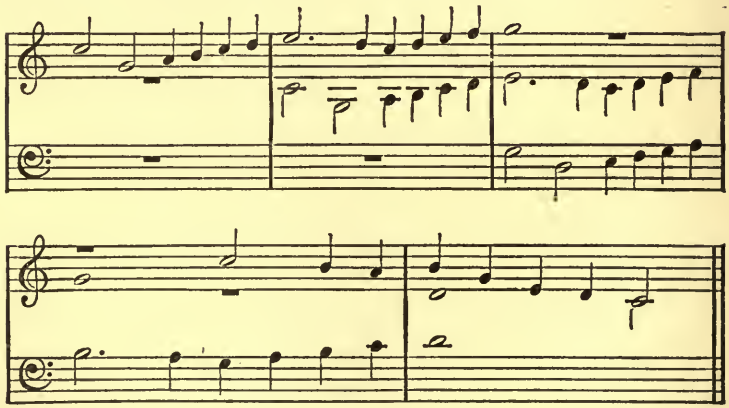


This plan seems to have been generally approved and so, for them, the problem was solved. To our ears, accustomed to modern harmonies, this "Organum," or advanced magadizing, would sound intolerably harsh and unmusical; but to them it was not distasteful, and it allowed a choir of monks to sing the same melody simultaneously, notwithstanding the differences of their voice range. At first the melody was simply duplicated at a distance of a fourth or fifth, the two voices moving in parallel motion. Gradually composers came to see the advantage of writing the parts in opposite or "contrary" motion. Until the end of the eleventh century the voices of choral music were carried through from beginning to end, without the variety and relief of having one part discontinued even for a measure. The same volume of sound was heard throughout the composition and must have been very monotonous and wearing to the hearer.

"Composers seem to have thought that it was an advantage to keep the parts going; and when they gave any voice a rest of long duration, it was generally less for the sake of artistic

effect than because they found it so difficult (in a triplum or quadruplum) to keep all the parts in continual activity. One part, indeed, was necessarily kept going. For it was the almost universal practice that each movement was developed upon some ready-made melody, such as a plain chant, or even a secular tune put into long notes. This was generally put in the tenor . . . and if this canto fermo stopped there was nothing left to build upon."[1] .

Strictly speaking, counterpoint did not begin until the custom arose of letting the melody voices follow one another successively, instead of simultaneously. The theme (usually adapted from a plain-song) would be given out in one voice, then taken up by a second (this is called a "response") at a distance of a fourth or a fifth, which acted as an accompaniment to the first, while a little farther on a third part would imitate the original melody, the other two parts being woven into accompanying consonances.



In the early stage of notation the notes were made to look like points, instead of having rounded heads, and this is the origin of the term "counterpoint"—*punctus contra punctum,* literally "point against point." The principle of imitation, or giving out of the theme by one voice after another, was the basis of the canon and fugue, later carried to such perfection by Johann Sebastian Bach.

[1] Parry, The Art of Music, 105.

Counterpoint is based on the study of single notes or *melody,* while harmony has to do with combinations of tones, or *chords.* In its broadest sense counterpoint means adding accompanying parts to a given melody. In harmony we think of a succession of tones in perpendicular form, and not their progression in melody.

As long as music was promoted only within the churches and monastery schools it was entirely vocal and quite devoid of any rhythmic quality. This was not without its advantages, for it was the indirect cause of the invention of harmony. Dance music, even today, demands but little in the way of harmony; but choral music, sung by voices of different pitch, requires the aid of harmonic structure. A rhythm which was independent of the dance measure could never have been developed had it not been that choral music felt its need.

"It is perfectly easy to keep instruments or voices together when the music is regulated by a dance rhythm, but in pure choral music, such as was cultivated from the tenth century till the sixteenth, one of the most beautiful effects, which composers sought after most keenly, was the gliding from harmony to harmony by steps which were so hidden that the mind was willingly deceived into thinking that they had melted into one another."[2]

In this way modern harmonized forms began in counterpoint and the two developed side by side, one strengthening the other. Gradually the ear became trained to more refined intervals, and then thirds and sixths began to be used. The progress of part writing was slow and it developed under difficulties, for there were no models from which to copy. The music of the Middle Ages was not artistic; it was experimental.

Two centuries later we find that the desire to carry the art of counterpoint to its utmost resulted in productions that far more resembled mathematical problems than they did musical compositions. This period (1400-1550) was known as the "Age of the Netherlanders," because the work was carried on by musicians of Northern France and the Low Countries. While some music was produced indicating that a few composers were striving for a truly musical effect, on the whole it

[2]Parry: The Art of Music, 90.

must be admitted that music became the exercise ground for the fertile minds of scholars and theorists, rather than the field of labor for real musicians.

"Counterpoint single, double, quadruple, augmented and diminished, direct, retrograde and inverted, became the joy of composers. The notation became equally bewildering. . . . Rhythm was obscured and the words hopelessly lost in the web of crossing parts. Composers largely occupied themselves with the mechanical side of their art. Technical cleverness was the uppermost aim, rather than beauty or devotional expression."[3]

The practice of borrowing tunes from secular as well as religious sources led to an absurd abuse. The composition took its name from the borrowed air, and masses and motets by such names as "Mass of the Armed Man," and "Adieu, My Love Mass" were not uncommon. No irreverence was intended by such adaptation of melody and name; composers seem to have simply failed to see the inartistic and really humorous aspect of the practice.

The complexity of this musical algebra was amazing, and wonderful was the skill required in teaching and handling it. When the effort to create new forms and solve new puzzles had reached its height, the work of the Netherlanders was finished. Insomuch as it taught composers the thorough mastery of counterpoint, it was useful and even necessary. It is sometimes asked why the music of this period, which has aroused the true admiration among contrapuntists of all times, is not presented to the world to-day. The answer is not hard to find. Only a small part of these old works have ever been printed and, of those that were put in permanent form, many have been lost. Then, too, there are fashions even in church music, and with the influx of the fascinating Italian melody and warm tone-color which permeated all Europe in the seventeenth century, the more austere and complex forms were forgotten.

The Music of the People.

Every art is the combination of two elements—(1) the invention of ideas and fancy, and (2) mechanical skill. In order

[3] Dickinson, Music in the Western Church, 150.

Mozart and Sister Before Maria Theresa.

to have a progressive music we must have the scientific knowledge of the theorist and the spontaneous melody of the people; these two factors necessarily act and react upon one another. The invention of melodies must be accompanied by a thorough groundwork of harmony and counterpoint.

In the Middle Ages the work of the scientific musician was not to create melodies, but to give borrowed tunes a carefully conceived form and contrapuntal treatment. On the other hand, the common people possessed a wealth of beautiful ideas but lacked the scientific skill to work them out. So long as musical theorists labored only within the walls of the monasteries, music lacked that spirit that only contact with the real joys and struggles of life can give.

The period from the eleventh to the fourteen centuries was one of great brilliancy in European history. With the awakening of men's energies and the revival of learning came an increase in culture and wealth, and a rapid expansion of all the arts. The order of knighthood appeared, bringing chivalry with its conception of honor and courtesy. The knightly calling not only demanded a knowledge of the use of arms, but also an acquaintance with the gentle arts of poetry and song.

Secular musicians—and by these are meant all whose labors were carried on outside the church—of the Middle Ages were wanderers over Europe. They were the strolling minstrels, troubadours, minnesingers and master-singers, their names differing according to the nation and station in life to which they belonged. This song-minstrelsy had its origin in the French court and first found expression with the troubadours in Province. Probably because of its proximity to Spain this district led all others in the spirit of chivalry and love of gayety; in any event it became the rallying ground for the finest arts of the age.

The troubadour was a poet rather than a musician. Often he was totally unskilled in music and had to employ someone to sing and play his poems for him. These assistants, or minstrels as they were called, comprised a large and varied group; they belonged to the lower ranks of society, while the troubadour was of knightly calling. A few possessed both poetical

and musical ability, as in the case of Adam de la Hâle, of the thirteenth century. The troubadour's song was of love, exalting woman's beauty, and the few melodies that have come down to us show true musical feeling, strong rhythm and a scale system much like our own. The troubadours helped more than any other class of musicians to keep instrumental music alive, and in this work performed great service.

On the journeys from castle to castle, or from town to town, the minstrels were in constant attendance upon the gay troubadours. Not only did they sing their knight's lays, but often performed the duties of an upper servant; at the banquet table the minstrel sat below his master, who, being of noble birth, was entitled to every attention.

Speaking of the great class of minstrels, Mr. Chambers in his *Mediaeval Stage* says: "They wandered at their will from castle to castle, and in time from borough to borough, sure of their ready welcome alike in the village tavern, the guildhall and the baron's keep. They sang and jested in the market places, stopping cunningly at a critical moment in the performance to gather their harvest of small coin from the bystanders. In the great castles, while lords and ladies supped or sat around the fire, it was theirs to while away many a long evening with courtly *geste* or witty sally. At wedding or betrothal, treaty or tournament, their presence was indispensable. The greater festivities saw them literally in their hundreds, and rich was their reward in money and in jewels, in costly garments, and in broad acres. They were licensed vagabonds with free right of entry into the presence-chambers of the land."

The accomplishments of the minstrel were varied and often included the arts of our present-day juggler. One of the ablest, Robert le Manis, said: "I can play the lute, the violin, the pipe, the bagpipe, the syrinx, the harp, the gigue, the gittern, the symphony, the psaltery, the organistrum, the regals, the tabor and the rote. I can sing a song well and make tales and fables." Because he was constantly strolling about the country and could call no place his home, the bard of this age could claim the protection of no country. He was an outlaw in the eyes of society, looked upon as an entertainer solely, and never taken seriously.

It is but a short distance across the Rhine into the Fatherland, and the lay of the troubadour soon found a counterpart in the minnesong. Before the German minnesingers could gain their titles there was rigorous training to be undergone. Many of them were, like the troubadour, of noble birth and received a knight's training. When about seven years of age the would-be songster entered the service of some knight, waiting upon him as a page and learning the accomplishments of a gentleman. At the age of twenty-one, his past record being irreproachable, he was knighted at his lord's castle, receiving his title and his sword, upon which he swore to protect woman and the holy cause of religion, and thus equipped set out in the world independently.

"This ceremony being concluded, the young knight was by custom compelled to saunter forth into the world, and generally by poverty to keep on sauntering in this fashion all his life long. Then he perfected himself in the art of composing songs and playing some stringed instrument, which became both a source of infinite enjoyment, and an unfailing source of revenue if the knight was poor. With his art he paid his boarding-bills; his art furnished him with clothes, horses and equipments. More than all, his art won him the love of his lady."[4]

The song of the minnesinger was, like that of the troubadour, in praise of woman, and was even more extravagant in lauding her virtues. Although the poetry of the Germans was superior, their melody was not so spontaneous. Generally speaking, the minnesingers were musicians and did not have to depend upon minstrels to sing their poems for them.

"At a time when cities had as yet barely come into existence in Germany, and the castles of the lords were the chief gathering-places of the vast floating population of the crusading times, these minnesingers, with little or nothing beside their sword, fiddle, or harp, and some bit of love-ribbon or the like from the sweetheart, wandered from village to village and castle to castle, everywhere welcomed with gladness, and receiving their expected remuneration with the proud unconcern of strolling vagabonds. Throngs gathered to hear their songs, retained them in memory, and transmitted them to the succeeding generation."[5]

[4] Kroeger, The Minnesinger in Germany, 7. [5] Ibid., 5.

For the most part, they were unable to read or write, and we owe nearly all our knowledge of their songs to tradition. How these unlettered knights could develop the art of song and poetry to such a degree of excellence is a marvel. No such grace and beauty of song appeared again in German literature until Goethe heralded the dawn of a second brilliant period of poetry. It is impossible to give in an English translation the musical beauty of these lyrics, but the following stanzas will serve to give an idea of their style. The first is attributed to Ulrich von Lichenstein.

"Summer glow
Lieth low
Upon heath, field, wood and grass.
Here and there
In the glare,
White, red, gold peeps from the place.
Full of joy
Laughs the sky,
Laughs what on the earth doth rove.
Happy man
He who can
Live so all things him move
To love, to love."

The two following were writen by Walther von der Vogelweide, who seems to have been one of the most gifted and popular of the minnesingers:

ECSTASY OF LOVE.

"I am now so full of joy,
That into any folly I might throw me;
For there's a chance that I
Can win my lady signs of love to show me.
Look! thus rise my hopes and blow me
Far higher than the sunshine floats;—be
Gracious, maid, unto me.

Ne'er I on the fair one glanced
But with love's glow my eyes 'gan sparkle clearer.
This always to me chanced;
And e'en cold winter to my heart grew dearer.
Others deemed't a churlish cheever,
What time to me it seemed as if May had
Indeed drawn nearer.

This most pleasant song I've sung
In honor of my lady, and unchary.
She must thank me for't ere long,
Then for her sake will I be ever merry.
Though she wound my heart unwary;
What of it? whether't hurteth me? It may
Do the contrary.

No one may so far succeed,
To part me ever from the love I bear her.
If I were turned from her indeed,
Then where should I find maiden nobler, dearer,
One more guileless, debonnairer?
Than Helen or Diana she is better famed
And fairer."

The death of the German Emperor Henry VI. changed the whole character of the times, and the care-free minstrel days came to an end. The country was in confusion and rent by party dispute, some favoring Otto of Bavaria, and others his rival, Philip, for the next ruler. This verse, taken from a poem written to encourage Philip, shows the poet to have been a thoughtful and keen observer of the affairs of the day:

"I heard a water skimming,
And saw the fishes swimming;
I saw what in the world there was;
Fields and woods, leaves, reeds, and grass.
What crawleth and ascendeth,
And feet to th' earth downbendeth.
This saw I, and I tell you that
None of these all live without hate.
The beasts, and e'en the crawling
Worms e'er are fighting and bawling

Thus e'en the birds do. Still I see
That in one thing they do agree—
They'd hold themselves destroyed,
Lest they one court employed.
Hence king and law they choose by a word,
And order servant man and lord.
Ah, woe thee, German nation!
How great thy degradation!
The very fly her king doth own;
And lo! thine honor goeth down;
Repent thee, O repent thee!
Thy selfish princes rent thee, alack!
O Philip, take the emperor's crown, and tell the others
to stand back."

The poetry of the minnesinger reached its height in the middle of the thirteenth century, and completely died out in the fourteenth. The performances of these musical bards of Europe, till about the year 1450, had been of a low moral order, for they were the most irresponsible people of a coarse and careless age. Although they kept alive the love of pure melody, their work must not be overestimated; their importance is greater in the history of human culture than it is in the history of music.

Gradually the strolling musicians were brought under control; slowly they came to settle in cities, where they became useful citizens. In most of the European cities they, like all skilled artisans, formed companies or guilds, somewhat similar to the present-day trade unions. To this order belonged all grades and classes of music lovers, from the apprentice to the poet, and, highest of all, the master-singer. The latter class rendered final decisions on all matters pertaining to music, and made rigid and precise rules for their mechanical compositions. The regulations governing their composing were so artificial that their productions could not live.

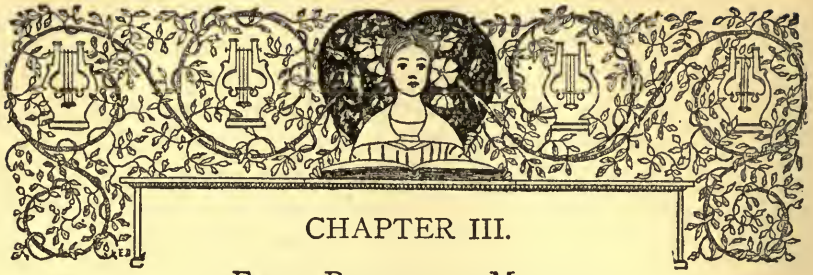
Of the many thousands who attained the rank of master-singer only one is remembered today. Wagner has made imperishable the name of the greatest of the guild workers—Hans Sachs—in his great comic opera, "Die Meistersinger von

Nuremberg." In this he gives us the following description of a master-song:

"Each master-created stave
Its regular measurement must have,
By sundry regulations stated
And never violated.
What we call a section is two stanzas;
For each the self-same melody answers;
A stanza several lines doth blend,
And each line with a rhyme must end.
Then come we to the "After Song,"
Which must be also some lines long,
And have its especial melody,
Which from the other different must be.
So staves and sections of each measure
A master-song may have at pleasure.
He who a new song can outpour
Which in four syllables—not more—
Another strain doth plagiarize,
He may obtain the master prize."

The same impulse that produced this music made the folk-song possible among the common people. The folk-song differs from the so-called art song in that its authorship is unknown, and so it seems as if it came from the heart of the people. Probably many of them have more than one author—that is, they have been altered and added to from time to time. They are simple and unaffected, and it is in them that we find the real musical character of a nation.

The German folk-song was independent of the minnesong, and has had a great influence upon higher musical art. Composers of all times have turned to the people's melodies for themes and inspiration. That these simple folk-tunes are capable of a high degree of development is beautifully illustrated in the works of Johann Sebastian Bach.



CHAPTER III.

Early Protestant Music.

The original changes in the service of the newly-founded church were few. Portions of the Mass were at first sung by the choir, but finally the form was abandoned altogether. The greatest changes in the service, historically speaking, were (1) that it was given in the German tongue instead of Latin, and (2) that congregational singing took the place of the clerical chant.

Luther was not the founder of congregational singing, as is often supposed. There were traces of it as early as the tenth century in the Kyrie eleison sung as a refrain in the Catholic mass. In the fourteenth century there were many religious songs taken from secular airs, while a hundred years later the religious folk-song flourished in Germany and Bohemia. Rather it should be said that Luther was the father of *Protestant* congregational singing.

The aid which he has given in the matter of hymn-making has been greatly overestimated. It is true that he wrote the words of about thirty-five hymns—which, by the way, show very little originality—but, although he seems to have possessed a profound musical insight, Luther did not compose hymn tunes. In a preface to one of the church song books he says that he saw no need of abolishing artistic music from the church—that all things beautiful should be used to promote religious feeling. It was his great delight to have musicians about him, and he did much to advance the knowledge of music in the schools.

The German hymn-tune, or "chorale," is a stately song with an austere beauty distinctly its own. It was generally printed in half notes and was sung very slowly, although its character was oftentimes most joyous. It may be said to come from three different sources: (1) the chants of the Catholic church, (2) religious songs of Germany which antedated the Reformation, and (3) the secular folk-song.

"The chorale-melodies of the Lutheran church have exerted a powerful, although indirect, influence on classical music, an influence far greater than that of any of the older ecclesiastical plain-song melodies with the possible exception of the 'Dies Iræ.' One main cause of this is that the composers of the classical school were mostly Germans, and to them and their hearers the chorales afforded an obvious means of conveying the expression of many moods of emotion; and another important cause was derived from the circumstances that the chorale-tunes were in a special manner the property of the people, of the congregation, rather than of the trained choir. It was this circumstance which in the earlier days made it necessary to pause at the end of each line of the hymn, in order to allow a margin of time for the laggards among the congregation to overtake the rest before beginning a new line. The organist very soon found that these pauses allowed room for the introduction of impromptu interludes, and by degrees the interludes grew in importance and in organic connection with the chorale-tune in which they occurred, until the ingenious musicians were accused of distracting the congregation by means of the interludes—a charge actually brought against Spohr." *

Luther retained much that he considered worthy in the Catholic service, and many of the Protestant hymns were directly translated from the liturgy. Then, too, it was very natural that the German people should turn to the beloved folk-tunes to express their religious emotions. At first all sang the melody of the chorale; later they employed a kind of simple counterpoint, the choir singing the melody and the body of worshippers the accompaniment. These hymns set

* Grove's Dictionary.

forth their doctrines and beliefs and had a triumphal ring which savors strongly of the battlefield of religion. Yet they are less antagonistic and dogmatic than might be expected, considering the intolerance of these religious enthusiasts.

"We read marvelous stories of the effect of these hymns; of Lutheran missionaries entering Catholic churches during service and drawing away the whole congregation by their singing; of wandering evangelists standing at street corners and in the market places, singing to excited crowds, then distributing the hymns upon leaflets so that the populace might join in the pæan, and so winning entire cities to the new faith almost in a day. This is easily to be believed when we consider that the progress of events and drift of ideas for a century or more had been preparing the German mind for Luther's message; that as a people the Germans are extremely susceptible to the enthusiasms that utter themselves in song; and that these hynms carried the truths for which their souls had been thirsting, in language of extraordinary force, clothed in melodies which they had long known and loved."[1]

The finest of the chorales is "Ein 'feste Burg," which bears the date of 1527. Carlyle has made it known to the English-speaking world in the following translation:

"A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of Craft and Power
He weaveth in this hour,
On Earth is not his fellow.

"With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,

[1] Dickinson: "Music in the Western Church," 255.

The Lord Zebaoth's Son;
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

"And were this world all Devils o'er
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? his doom is writ,
A word shall quickly slay him.

"God's Word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But spite of Hell shall have its course,
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The City of God remaineth."

That there was no bitter hostility between the Catholic and Protestant churches at this period is shown in the fact that not only did the Lutherans appropriate many of the Liturgic tunes, but Catholic hymn books were published in which some of the German chorales were adopted. This period of friendliness lasted until the beginning of the Thirty Years' War.

The Reformation took a vastly different course in England than on the Continent. In Germany and France the revolt against the Papal authority had its beginnings in the ranks of the people and but slowly gained the recognition of the nobility. Quite contrary to this movement, in England the withdrawal from Rome and establishment of a national church was due partly to the personal grievance of the king against Pope Clement VII, and partly to a growing feeling of nationality which resented foreign interference of any kind.

The marriage between Henry VIII. and Catherine of Aragon had been purely a political alliance, and in time the indifference on the part of the king toward his queen turned to intense dislike. When the king, desiring an heir, wished to install his favorite, Anne Boleyn, as queen, he sought the Pope's consent to the repudiation of Catherine, invoking as his excuse for divorcing Catherine an old canon law which forbade a man to marry his brother's widow. Not being able to procure this consent and impatient at the delays that followed, the impetuous Henry VIII. took the matter in his own hands. Before an ecclesiastical court of his own summoning, and before which Catherine refused to appear, the question of the king's divorce was tried. Of course the decision was in his favor and he was declared legally free to present Anne Boleyn as Queen of England, having secretly married her before the decree was granted. The Pope at once denounced the new alliance, and in three months the king was excommunicated.

In 1534, Henry, independent of the authority of the pope, declared himself the head of the national church. Parliament ratified his decree, giving him entire control over it, even to the extent of determining its beliefs. The influence of Martin Luther had spread across the channel, and now that a break had been made, there was soon a growing demand for reformed doctrines and ceremonies.

As in Germany, the first important change was the substitution of the national tongue for Latin. The Reformation period in England extended from 1534 to about 1603. A few of the doctrines of the Catholic church were abandoned, others modified, until at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the service of the Established Church was virtually what it is today.

The liturgy of the English Episcopal Church is found in the Prayer Book. Like the Catholic ritual, it is musical in its conception and treatment. Only a part of the English Book of Common Prayer is original; a large portion is derived from the Catholic office books, and in many instances whole prayers have been copied. The Prayer Book as it exists today was published in 1552 and its use made compulsory in all churches. A comparison of the following out-

line of the English, or Anglican, service with that of the Catholic liturgy given in a previous chapter will show their great similarity in form and composition.

Anglican Service.

Te Deum	Sanctus
Benedictus (from Book of Luke)	Gloria in excelsis
Jubilate (Psalm 100)	Magnificat
Kyrie eleison	Cantate Dommino (Psalm 18)
Nicene Creed	Nuna dimitto

Deus Miserator (Psalm 67)

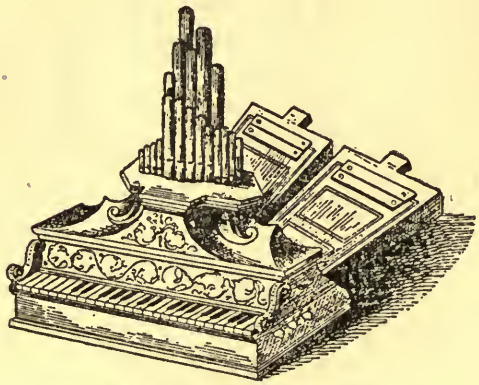
The Litany, directly translated from the Latin, is the oldest portion of the Prayer Book and was given its musical setting in 1550, by John Murbeck. The chant was retained, although the Gregorian form was greatly modified. There never have been fixed rules regarding the arrangement of notes to the words in the Protestant chant.

There are three different ways of performing service in the Episcopal church: (1) the cathedral mode, (2) the parochial mode and (3) mixed mode. The choral or cathedral mode is used in large cathedrals and royal chapels, where it is possible to have an endowed choir. In this service everything is sung except the Scripture lesson. Since services are held several times each week day, as well as on Sunday, in English cathedrals, it involves the great expense of maintaining a choir whose entire time shall be devoted to this church singing. The parochial mode is used in smaller churches, where part of the service is recited in speaking tones instead of being sung. The mode in common use in the Episcopal churches of America is a mixture of these two; in it the prayers, creed, and litany are recited by the congregation and minister, while other parts are sung or chanted.

The anthem is not a part of the litany, but it is understood that its text shall be taken from the Bible or Prayer Book. Although it has been adopted by all Protestants, the anthem belongs distinctly to the Episcopal church. At first it was written for chorus alone, but gradually solo passages were inserted.

There had been many composers before the Reformation who held equal rank with those on the Continent. Many of

them were given salaried positions, which were more or less permanent, notwithstanding the frequent changes in the established religion. Generally speaking, these church composers were as ready to write for one church as another. The only names of the writers of music in this period that are remembered today are those of Thomas Tallas, Richard Byrde, Orlando Gibbons and Henry Purcell.



EARLY FORM OF THE ORGAN.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY GERMAN COMPOSERS.

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750).

Bach was born at Eisenach, Germany, on the twenty-first day of March, 1685. This period, after the tumult and upheaval caused by the Thirty Years' War, was undoubtedly favorable for his work. For, despite the fact that so much had been done to destroy German faith in human institutions, there remained, even more firmly rooted, a clinging faith in God and the national church.

Although the greatest genius of a family whose musical talent had for six generations attracted the attention of all Germany, the life of Johann Sebastian, like theirs, was simple and uneventful. Thrift and extreme piety were the characteristics of this family. They belonged to the sturdy middle class of society, and were rather a clannish people, music being the strong common bond. The Bachs held many important positions as instructors and directors of music, and are the most musical family known to history. The life and work of Johann Sebastian would seem to prove the theory that man owes much to heredity, for in him all the most admirable traits of his ancestors are reflected.

For the first nine years of his life his education was entirely directed by his father, who gave him lessons on the violin and taught him something of musical theory. At the age of ten, both parents being dead, the boy was left to the care of an older brother, then an organist in the town of Ohrdurf. This brother taught Sabastian clavichord-playing, but he evidently was not wholly in sympathy with the young lad's ambitions.

The story is told that Sebastian wished to secure some music to play, beyond what was given to him for lessons. He was greatly attracted by a volume of the masters of the day in his brother's library, but was forbidden its use. Determined, however, to know this music, Sebastian crept down-

stairs every night, stole the coveted book from its shelf and, by the dim light of a candle, patiently copied every note. This difficult task was six months in the process, and then, alas! when it was finished, the brother happened upon the copy and took it from him.

At the age of thirteen he went to Lüneberg, where his beautiful soprano voice gained him admittance to the chapel choir of St. Michael and also to the choir training school. It was the aim of Bach's life to become a master of the organ, and in this school he came under the notice of an able organist, who instructed and greatly encouraged him.

In five years his changing voice left him no longer desired as a singer, so he went to Weimar and later to Arnstadt, where he began his wonderful career as organist and composer. For the next fifteen years he held positions as choir director and organist, his duties requiring a vast amount of vocal and instrumental composition. During this time he wrote many of his most famous fugues, passions, cantatas and his Mass in B Minor.

Bach's life contained little of romantic interest. We know that he married twice and that several of his children won fame in the musical world. The third son, Carl Philip Emanuel, inherited his father's lofty ideals and much of his talent.

In 1723 he was called to Leipsic as cantor of the Thomas school and director of music at the Thomas church. Here he remained, playing and composing, till his death, in 1750. His sight had been failing for some time and he, like Handel, spent the last few years of his life in blindness.

Bach was distinctly national in all his traits, and his work can only be understood with German national and religious history as a background. He never once travelled outside his own country, but his compositions do not reflect narrowness of thought or design. It might be said of him that he, like Dante, "was not world-wide, but was world-deep." His life was systematically simple, and he was not subject to the discouragements that have beset many composers, yet a marvellous range of feeling and pathos pervades his work.

He left the field of opera untouched, his labors being first and foremost for the church. His one desire was to reform and develop its music, and to this end his life-long

labors were directed. He seems to have been inspired by much the same zeal as that which made possible the gigantic work of Martin Luther, of whom in many respects he reminds us. The history of the German Protestant church is closely allied with that of its music and the study of the development of the so-called "church forms" offers an insight into the character and genius of this devout composer not afforded by his secular writings.

It is as an organist and writer for the organ that Bach is best known to the world. He was so unquestionably the greatest organ composer that ever lived that no one thinks of classing any other with him. He was also, in respect to his skill as improvisor, the ablest organist the world has produced. The forms in which he wrote,—prelude, fugue, sonata, passion, cantata, mass, etc.—had already reached great completeness in style and form. It remained for Johann Sebastian Bach to broaden, systematize and refine them, and develop them to such perfection that they have made no further progress since his day.

"Bach was no isolated phenomenon of his time. He created no new styles; he gave art no new direction. He was one out of many poorly paid and overworked church musicians, performing the duties that were traditionally attached to his office, improvising fugues and preludes, and accompanying choir and congregation at certain moments in the service, composing motets, cantatas, and occasionally a larger work for the regular order of the day, providing special music for a church festival, a public funeral, the inauguration of a town council, or the installation of a pastor. What distinguished Bach was simply the superiority of his work on these time-honored lines, the amazing variety of sentiment which he extracted from these conventional forms, the scientific learning which puts him among the greatest technicians in the whole range of art, the prodigality of ideas, depth of feeling, and a sort of introspective mystical quality which he was able to impart to the involved and severe diction of his age."[1]

His style is based on the German "chorale" or hymn-tune. It was the custom for the church organist to play a

[1] Dickinson's "History of Music in the Western Church."

short prelude before the service began, which was based on the themes of the first hymn tune to be sung. The German organist of that time never played other compositions than his own any more than the minister preached another's sermon; nor did he play from printed copies, but relied entirely upon his ability to extemporize upon any theme which might be given him. It was quite natural that the organist should turn to the melodies of the hymn tunes, for they offered an abundant field for the selection of themes which were churchly in style and admitted of varied treatment.

Of the multitude of chorale preludes which Bach extemporized every Sunday, only about one hundred and fifty have come down to us. Of these some are only as long as the hymn itself, others several pages long. With him the hymn melody was given out line by line, usually by one voice at a time, and separated by ornamental passages. This gave rise to the form of chorale-prelude, whose influence in church music is felt today. Because the prelude themes were those of the hymn, there was a closer connection between the organ voluntaries and the rest of the worship than exists in our service. This same form is apparent in many of Bach's vocal writings,—in his church cantatas and motets. In these the voice-weaving was often so intricate as to be the despair of vocalists, the contrapuntal development frequently leading a part quite out of voice range.

Probably no other group of his compositions affords such a variety of treatment and expression as do his organ works. The one who believes the writings of Bach to be a marvellous revelation of musical science but incapable of expressing deep emotions, has only to examine his organ preludes and fugues to find every shade of human feeling, in spite of the rather rigid forms in which they are clothed. The fugue, which was an outgrowth of the Italian "canzona," reached its highest development under him; Bach alone succeeded in combining truly musical ideas with this conventional structure. He apparently thought in terms of the organ, and his imagination worked as freely in the fugue as that of modern composers in other forms. Of the vast number of his organ works, many present themselves to the student as being superb examples of his perfect workmanship. The F major toccata, the

G major fantasie and the prelude and fugue in G may be selected as apt illustrations.

A very important group of Bach's instrumental works is the collection of preludes and fugues written for the clavichord, known as the "Well-Tempered Clavichord." This takes its name from the new method of tuning, the possibility and practicability of which was unquestionably demonstrated by this work. By the old method, not all of the keys could be used. The basis of tuning is the octave, which includes twelve half-steps. If they are all perfectly in tune, the octave will be a little sharp; in order to avoid this, the difference must be distributed evenly among the intervals. Many conservative composers opposed this new method of modifying or "tempering" the intervals, but Bach wrote this work to prove that it could be most advantageously used. These forty-eight preludes and fugues (one prelude and one fugue in every major and minor key) are more compact in style than his organ compositions; but for all that, they are none the less expressive and alive. There is something singularly virile, strong and sincere about this collection. It has stood the test of time and is studied with diligence by pianists of every rank.

Music of the piano class had, up to Bach's time, been of a light and superficial vein. He was probably the first to use depth of feeling in piano music. Although the instrument for which he wrote was entirely inadequate for his needs, he seems to have anticipated the possibilites of modern instruments, and many of his figures require the largest grand piano of today. His other instrumental works include the Chromatic Fantasie, the Italian Concerto, and a large group of suites.

Some critics have attempted to compare Bach's "St. Matthew" with the "Messiah," but they are utterly unlike in spirit and treatment. The "St. Matthew" was written for the church, while Handel's "Messiah" is purely concert music. The first performance of this great Passion was given in April, 1729. Later it was rewritten, but with one exception was not heard again until 1829, when it was given under the direction of Mendelssohn.

"An atmosphere of profoundest gloom pervades the work from beginning to end, growing darker as the scenes of the terrible drama advance and culminate, yet here and there relieved by gleams of divine tenderness and human pity. That Bach was able to carry a single mood, and that a depressing one, through a composition of three hours' length without falling into monotony at any point is one of the miracles of musical creation."[2]

In respect to musical science, Bach's greatest production is his Mass in B minor. Some have deemed it strange that such a devout Lutheran should have written a mass for the Catholic church, but it will be remembered that Luther himself retained many elements of the Catholic service; and the mass has always been a favorite form with composers, whatever their religious belief. The New Bach Society, with headquarters at Leipsic, was established in 1900, for the purpose of making his choral works better known and restoring them to their old place in the service of Evangelical churches.

Some of his most beautiful writing is contained in his works for strings. The "Chaconne" is perhaps the greatest single piece for violin solo, and is always a favorite concert number.

The list of his vocal works is longest and, in the consideration of the composer, includes his best efforts. They are not so well known as are his compositions for the organ, because their great technical difficulties are so appalling. This group includes cantatas, motets and passions.

A cantata might be called a long and elaborate anthem, and consists of solos and choruses with accompaniment. The words of a cantata refer to some devotional theme and the form is strictly related to the church service. Bach's cantatas show his great breadth and depth of conception. They usually end with a chorale as it stands in the German hymn book.

The passion dates from the Middle Ages and grew out of the practice in the Catholic church of holding special exercises in commemoration of Christ's last days. One priest would take the part of Christ, others would impersonate Peter, Pilate, etc., while a group of priests chanted the parts of the

[2]Dickinson's "History of Music in the Western Church." 310.

mob. It grew and developed into a form known as "Passion Music," its subject being the trials and death of Christ. At first the words were taken directly from the Bible; later on, other words appropriate to the subject were brought into use. These added texts were frequently put in the mouths of imaginary spectators, who represented the opinion of the Church Universal. It was for some time a part of the regular Catholic service, being given four times during Holy Week.

Of Bach's five Passions the most perfect is his "Passion according to St. Matthew." This is not so contrapuntal in style as some of his works; its greatness lies in its pathos and occasional dramatic passages. Three hours are required for its performance, and it is rarely heard in its entirety.

Bach is proclaimed by all to be the greatest church composer who ever lived, and there are many critics who do not hesitate to call him the greatest—religious or secular—of all times.

In all Bach's compositions we find the same mastery of treatment and perfection of finish. Other composers have failed in some of their productions—Beethoven failed in writing oratorios and Schubert in opera—but Bach was always at his best.

Classified List of His Works.

Instrumental: Organ works (including fugues, preludes, fantasies, toccatas, choral preludes, and sonatas). Piano works (preludes, fugues, dances, suites, inventions and variations); a few works for piano with other instruments, solos for violin, concertos and suites for orchestra.

Vocal works: Cantatas, masses and other works in Latin text, motets, passions, and a large amount of miscellaneous music.

George Frederic Handel (1685-1750).

The history of music in the eighteenth century contains two names of great renown. Bach and Handel were born in the same year and in towns not far distant. Both were men of unusual strength of character, composers of the greatest ability, able organists, players of the violin and clavichord; and each died totally blind. But, strangely enough,

the two never met and their lives present an absolute contrast to one another.

Bach never went outside his own country, was not widely known, nor in favor with the nobility; his compositions brought him but small remuneration and he probably never heard them well performed. Handel, on the other hand, traveled considerably and became well known throughout Europe. His friends included many of influence in royal circles, and he was, generally speaking, well paid for his writing. "It is impossible to compare these men. Each was strong in his individual way; each composed works which will always be regarded as masterpieces; but these masterpieces are so unlike, it is so impossible to set them side by side for comparison, that we are forced—and happily—not to compare them, but to accept them as individual expressions of two unlike minds."

George Frederic Handel was born at Halle, in February of 1685. His father, a barber-surgeon, wished his son to become a lawyer and was not at all in sympathy with the lad's musical ambitions, but in spite of all obstacles he learned something of clavichord playing.

When George was seven years old his father went on a journey to visit a relative who was in the service of the Duke of Saxe Weissenfels. The boy begged to be taken, but was refused. When the coach started he ran behind and no words could turn him from his purpose. By and by his father, seeing he could not be driven back, allowed him to ride in the coach to the palace. There he made friends with some of the musicians in the Duke's chapel and one day was allowed to play the organ. So wonderful was his skill that the Duke, overhearing the playing, sent for the boy's father and urged upon him the necessity of encouraging such genius. The reluctant surgeon finally yielded and, on their return, young Handel became a pupil of Zachau, a famous organist of Halle, under whom he studied composition, organ, harpsichord, violin and hautbois (oboe).

At the end of three years, Zachau declared that the boy knew more than he himself did, and sent him to Berlin. There his ability as organist brought him to the notice of the

Elector, who offered him a position at his court, but to this Handel's father objected. The boy returned home and once more took up his work with Zachau.

The next year—1697—his father died and it became necessary for Handel to accept what employment offered in order to earn a livelihood. As organist in one of the Halle churches he received only a small salary, but gained a large experience in conducting musical services. He left in six years for Hamburg, where he was given a place in a theatre orchestra as violinist. At that time Hamburg was a famous center of music and there Handel was able to become acquainted with great compositions and to mingle with the best writers of the day. He himself produced two operas—"Almira" and "Nero"—before he was twenty. Neither were of lasting worth, but they brought the young composer favorably before the public.

His reputation as an opera writer being established, he went to Italy, where he gave serious attention to his composing and produced several operas and much sacred music. The Italians have always led the world in the exquisite beauty of their melody, but at that time their opera was little more than a concert where singers might show their marvelous vocal feats. The dramatic element was sacrificed to that of brilliant singing and, in consequence, the opera became an empty form, in favor chiefly with the nobility, who desired first of all to be entertained.

There is no trace of reform in Handel's operas. He, too, catered to the public taste and we note the effects of the strong Italian influence in his writing. Undoubtedly his were much more perfect in their artistic finish and subject matter than were the operas of his contemporaries; but he belongs to the eighteenth-century Italian school and, although some of his arias are still heard upon the concert stage, his operas have vanished forever.

In 1710 he returned to Germany and was again offered the position of capell-meister (chapel master) to the Elector of Hanover. He accepted on condition that he should first be allowed to visit England; and to this the Elector agreed. Italian opera was very popular in London at this time, and Handel was there recognized as a master. His opera,

"Rinaldo," was written in fourteen days to meet the demand, and, though of short life, was received with great applause.

In six months he was obliged to return to his work in Hanover, but his London success had spoiled him for his duties in the Elector's court. In 1712 he again went to England, this time to stay. When Queen Anne died, in 1714, the Elector was called to reign in England as King George the First. Very naturally he looked with disfavor upon his truant director of music, but, through the intervention of a mutual friend, Handel regained his favor. His wonderful energy and genius, aided by the king's support, insured his success. Later he became chapel master to the Duke of Chandos, one of the wealthiest of England's noblemen, and with him Handel was given wonderful opportunities to develop his ideas. At this time he composed some of his best works, among them his first English oratorio, "Esther," and "Acis and Galatea."

He had no desire to break away from the opera, and in 1720 became director of Italian opera for the Royal Academy of Music. Previous to Handel's arrival in England there had been an effort to create an English school of opera, the foundations of which were the "masque," a dramatic entertainment consisting of dialogues, dances, songs and choruses. Henry Percival had given the new movement his able support, but after his death Italian opera gained the ascendency.

Although Handel at first had great success as Director of the Opera, he soon made many enemies. He was very positive, haughty and lordly in manner and entered into many a quarrel with his singers and actors. Grove tells of his ill-temper when acting as director before a royal audience: "Even when he was conducting concerts for the Prince of Wales, if the ladies of the court talked instead of listening, his rage was uncontrollable, and sometimes carried him to the length of swearing and calling names . . . whereupon the gentle Princess would say to the offenders, 'Hush, hush! Handel is angry.' It is to the credit of the prince and princess that they respected the real worth of the master too much to be seriously offended by his manners."

Factions soon sprang up, a rival company was established and Handel was forced into bankruptcy. It was not this

alone that turned his attention toward the oratorio; his work in this field began years before he left the opera. The church authorities would not permit operas to be performed during Lent, and unless something was given in their place, great financial loss would result. To meet this demand he produced oratorios, and they were cordially received by all classes. So we see that it was through practical motives that the great Handel took up the writing of religious forms.

The oratorio is not church music. For its origin we must turn to Italy, where the form was created. Dramatic music is divided into two branches, one being the opera and the other the oratorio. There are religious operas and dramatic oratorios. In the opera the atmosphere and significance of the drama is made manifest by means of costumes, scenery and action; in the oratorio this is, in a way, supplied by means of the chorus, which sets forth the general mood and moral purpose of the text. In its earliest period the oratorio was staged as an opera, but in time it was not deemed appropriate to present religious subjects in this way. The Old Testament has furnished subjects for many oratorios; its characters and stories are so familiar and simple, that its narratives are well adapted for musical settings.

By "church music" is meant only that music which has been written for or has grown up in the church; and, although parts of an oratorio may be fitted into a religious service, it could not be given there as an entirety.

We have seen that it was not for religious reasons that Handel turned his attention toward the writing of oratorios, but, nevertheless, into them he poured all his fervid spirit for the moral uplifting of mankind. Although he derived his idea from the Italian form, he was never hampered by its limitations, nor did he confuse the opera style with that of the oratorio. He brought the form to a height which has never been surpassed, and may be said to have accomplished for the oratorio what Bach did for the passion.

It is in his choruses that Handel excels. By means of the simplest devices he produces truly magnificent and thrilling effects. It is to the chorus that the grandeur of an oratorio is due; no other achievement in musical art can produce such an overwhelming effect. Noise should not be confused with

grandeur: some of Handel's most inspiring passages are the simplest—as in the Halleluiah chorus. He is at his best in his choral works; perhaps most perfectly showing his powers as a chorus writer in his "Israel in Egypt."

Probably the most beloved of all oratorios is his "Messiah." In the transition period when his operatic career proved a failure, and before he had established the oratorio, Handel was called to Dublin to bring out some of his compositions for the relief of suffering Irish prisoners, especially those imprisoned for debt. This appealed to him greatly, and at once he set about to write a new oratorio, the "Messiah." In twenty-four days it was completed and ready for performance! It is most marvelous to consider the genius of a man who could produce such a work of art in so short a space of time. True, it bears certain defects as a result of this headlong haste, but it is wonderfully composed and has stood the test of time.

Its Dublin performance, in 1742, brought the desired financial results, and the following year it was given in London. This was a notable occasion: the king was present and was so overwhelmed with the majesty of the Halleluiah chorus that he rose, and of course the whole audience followed his example; thus originated the custom that is perpetuated today.

Handel's greatest works were produced after he was fifty. The "Messiah," written in 1741, was followed by other oratorios in rapid succession. "Samson" was produced in 1742, "Judus Macabeus" in 1746, "Joshua" in 1747, "Solomon" in 1748 and "Jephtha" three years later. These were successful in every sense and were given under the composer's direction, even after his blindness came upon him. He died suddenly, in 1759, and, being a naturalized English citizen, was given a place of honor in Westminster Abbey.

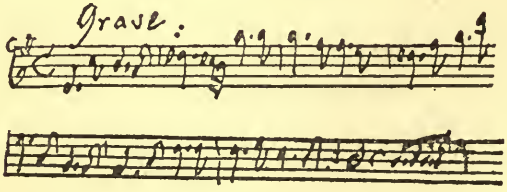
When we listen to an oratorio by Handel, we do not hear the orchestration of the composer himself. In his times, the composer merely indicated a figured bass, from which the orchestra provided its own harmonies. Today the instruments are so varied, many of the early eighteenth century having been discarded and others reinforced, that it is necessary to have a complete rescoring of these old works.

Handel created no new "school" of music and has not influenced modern writers as Bach has done. Many of his instrumental compositions are studied today, but they do not reflect his best work. He has been accused of plagiarizing, but in his times the appropriating of others' themes was not considered musical theft. Between contemporary composers there is often a decided similarity of thought, and it is difficult to say just where coincidence of ideas leaves off and musical plagiarism begins. Undoubtedly Handel used the material of others freely, but it is due to the fact that the period in which he wrote did not lay stress on the necessity of originality of musical ideas, rather than any lack of creative ability on the part of the composer.

Handel was a man greatly to be admired: he was of irreproachable moral character, independent in spirit, true to the best in a noble nature, and a master of his art.

Classified List of His Works.

Vocal works: Forty-seven operas, twenty-two oratorios, six miscellaneous pieces, seven odes, serenatas, anthems, hymns and other religious works, duets and songs. Instrumental: Preludes, fugues, dances, suites and concertos.



George Frideric Handel

CHAPTER V.

LATER CLASSICAL COMPOSERS.

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809).

The Golden age of German instrumental music begins with Joseph Haydn. Born in Hungary, near the border of Austria, he inherited the characteristics of both countries. His parents were poor peasants and unable to give the boy musical advantages, although the love of song was always fostered in the humble home.

Fortunately, Joseph possessed a beautiful voice and, coming under the notice of a musician in Vienna, was admitted to the St. Stephen choir school; there he remained eight years, studying and singing. When he was sixteen his voice changed and he was no longer desired as a choir-boy; he was consequently turned adrift in the streets of Vienna, penniless, and with no friend to whom he might turn. After wandering all one November night, he chanced upon a former school friend, a tenor by the name of Spangler. He was older than Haydn and, out of compassion for the friendless lad, invited him to share his garret, which offer Haydn gratefully accepted.

He at once set about to earn a living, and because of his talents and genial manner soon procured a few pupils. In a few years he was able to rent his own humble lodgings, where he luckily fell under the kindly protection of Metastasio, writer of opera texts, who aided him in many ways.

When Haydn was still struggling amid great adversity, he happened to make the acquaintance of a wig-maker by the name of Keller. He was a frequent visitor at the Keller home and fell desperately in love with the younger daughter. A little later she entered a convent, and the father urged him to marry the other daughter, who was three years older than Haydn and most unattractive. Perhaps the young man felt indebted for the kindness that had been shown him by the family; at any rate, in a strange and sudden impulse, he consented to marry the girl. It was not long before they both discovered the unhappy mistake.

"The partner he had taken for life was a vixen, foul-mouthed, quarrelsome, a bigot in religion, reckless in extravagance, utterly unappreciative of her husband's genius and, as he complained, 'did not care whether he was an artist or a cobbler.' . . . Naturally genial and affectionate and peculiarly fitted for a happy domestic life by his peaceful and amiable temperament, it is not surprising that he soon wearied of the woman who made existence a torture to him. . . . They lived apart during the greater portion of their married life, but were not formally separated until thirty-five years later."[1]

In 1759 Haydn was given the position of musical director to a Bohemian nobleman. It was the custom for nobles of means to maintain private orchestras and choruses under the leadership of some talented musician. These private directors were obliged to write a vast amount of music for different occasions, and, although it afforded excellent practice for a young composer, much of it was necessarily routine work. The musicians were compelled to follow the taste of their masters, who looked upon them as upper servants.

In this capacity Haydn two years later entered the princely house of Esterhazy, where he remained for thirty years. It gives us an insight into the social condition of musicians of that day to know of his bargain with the Esterhazys. It was stipulated that Haydn should be temperate, and abstain from vulgarity in eating, drinking and conversation; that he must take care of all the music and instruments and be held responsible for any neglect of the same; and when summoned to play in company he and the members of his orchestra should appear in "white stockings, white linen, powder, and either with a pig-tail or tie-wig." For this he was to receive a salary of 400 florins, which is about $180 in our money. Nothing offensive was intended by these absurd regulations, and they were not so considered by the musicians themselves. It was thought that the musician was brought into being to make life more attractive for those in quest of entertainment, and the poor artist was unable to change existing conditions. Not until the concert system was established was the musician independent of the aristocracy, and judged according to his true merits.

[1] "Famous Composers and Their Works."

Haydn always expressed the greatest admiration for Count Esterhazy, and he, on his side, was not blind to the talents of his music-master, bestowing a pension upon him after he left his service. His experience with this noble family may be said to be preparatory, his best work being done after he was fifty.

By 1791 he was well known all over Europe and was called to London to direct some of his own works. England has always welcomed foreign composers, and this is partly the cause of her having no distinctly national school of music. Haydn's success in London was great; he was granted the degree of Doctor of Music from Oxford University, and the Queen offered him apartments in the palace if he would remain, but at the end of a year and a half he returned to the Esterhazys. His last years were spent in Vienna, where many of his greatest compositions were written. He died on May 31, 1809.

Haydn's work cannot be justly estimated unless we understand the forms in which he wrote. He has been called the "Father of the sonata, symphony and quartet," but this is an exaggerated statement; many contemporary composers were working along the same lines. He saw the possibilities of the sonata form and developed it to a state of artistic completeness.

By musical "form" is meant the unity of conception in a composition and the relation of its parts to each other and to the whole. In the seventeenth century the word *sonata* did not refer to any certain form, but simply meant a piece for several instruments. The sonata form as used by Haydn consisted of four movements or sections—the first movement containing the principal and secondary themes; the second, usually in slow time, might be called the working-out section, and the third consisted of a minuet (the fashionable dance of the time) or set of variations, while the fourth movement was more brilliant than the others and contained the coda or closing section.

This form has been modified in modern times, but it still retains much of its early character. When it is applied to composition for single instrument, or for piano and other instrument, it is called *sonata;* when arranged for piano and orchestra it is called *concerto; trio* when written for three

instruments, *quartet* for four, *quintet* for five, etc. The word *symphony* literally means "sounding together," and was originally given to a variety of pieces. Later it came to mean the overture to Italian operas; then composers began to write in this form apart from operas. The symphony is an enlargement of the sonata form written for orchestra. Haydn began writing symphonies at the age of twenty-seven and produced in all one hundred and twenty-five.

Next in importance to his symphonies come his quartets. In them is shown his great ability as a part writer. The stringed quartet, while not admitting of the varied treatment of a symphony, is perhaps the most refined form of music. It is harder to write a great quartet than a great symphony, for no one instrument must be allowed to stand out above the other three; there must be a perfect balance of the parts, which is far more difficult to maintain than might be imagined. The quartet is played by a first and second violin, viola and cello.

The influence of the common people from which he sprang is noticeable in the sprightly dance-themes in much of Haydn's music. None of the pathos and struggle of his life is reflected in his writing, which may be described as cheerful and full of hope.

Haydn's oratorios compose an important class of his compositions. The greatest is his "Creation," the text being taken indirectly from Milton's "Paradise Lost." In this the composer is at his best. As Handel excelled in the chorus, so Haydn surpasses in his arias. The chorus, "The Heavens are telling the glory of God," however, is as well known as any of Handel's. Haydn's last public appearance was at a performance of the "Creation." As he entered the hall there was great applause and a burst of trumpets. He was seated by the side of Princess Esterhazy. It is said that at the chorus, "And there was light," the applause was terrific and so affected the aged man that he had to be carried from the hall. The "Seasons," telling of pastoral life in different seasons of the year, has much charm, but is not so masterly a work as the "Creation."

His masses are full of beauty and are frequently used in the Catholic church. The charm of Haydn's compositions does not lie in rich harmonies, but rather in pure melody and

bright, optimistic tone. There is a sunny naturalness in his writing that sets him apart from all other composers of his own or later times.

Classified List of His Works.

Vocal works: Four oratorios, twenty operas, many arias, songs and masses. Instrumental works: Fifty-three piano sonatas, seventy-seven string quartets, 125 symphonies, thirty string trios, thirty-eight piano trios, and concertos.

Wolfgang Amade Mozart (1756-1791).

Mozart came into the world at a time and in a place most unfavorable for his work. Poverty and hardship were his lot through life, but his writing bears no trace of the struggle. His compositions are the most perfect models of pure classic form, combining the elements of exquisite melody, simplicity of expression and faultless grace of design. When we consider that his life was forty-two years shorter than that of Haydn, who was twenty-four when Mozart was born and lived eighteen years after his death, and that during his brief working period he produced over three hundred compositions, we gain some idea of his musical precocity.

He was born at Salzburg, January 27, 1756. His father, a composer and violinist of good ability, was quick to perceive the early signs of genius in the boy, and immediately set about to direct his training. Of the other six children, only one survived—Maria Anne, usually called Nannerl, who also had great musical talent, though not in such a marked degree as Wolfgang.

Nannerl was nearly five years older than her brother, and it is said that when her father was giving her lessons on the harpsichord, Wolfgang—then only three—used to watch her attentively, and would afterward amuse himself by attempting to play what he could remember of her lesson. When he was four his father began to instruct him, and the child's progress was most astonishing. In this age, when the term "prodigy" usually implies pale and sickly youth of unusual ability, forced by hot-house methods to unnatural attainments, blossoming full blast into the world to live but a day and then sink into oblivion, it is difficult to understand the full

force of the word when applied to the child Mozart. There was nothing unnatural or forced in his training, which was most zealously superintended by his father, the only teacher he ever had. Wolfgang was in truth born with the knowledge it has taken most composers years to attain.

At the age of seven he had composed several minuets that were clearly conceived in form and not lacking in melody; at twelve he had written an opera and was one of the most brilliant harpsichord players in all Europe. It was when he was six years old that his father took the two children to Munich on their first concert tour; there they played before the Elector, who marveled at their skill. In the fall of that same year the family journeyed to Vienna, Wolfgang and Nannerl giving successful concerts all along the way. So famous had these infant prodigies become that people crowded to hear them play, and in Vienna they were received by the Empress Maria Theresa. It is said that Wolfgang, never embarrassed in the company of the great, jumped into the empress' lap and, much to the amusement of all present, threw his arms about her neck and kissed her.

Many tours followed in rapid succession. They journeyed to Paris, where they played before the king and queen; and from there to London, where they were also received at court. Proud as he was of his children's talent, Leopold Mozart fully realized the importance of their receiving a most rigid training and never once failed in his duty toward them. How deeply he felt this responsibility is expressed in one of his letters: "It is important that there should be a home-life for me specially devoted to my children. God has given them such talent as, setting aside my obligations as a father, would incite me to sacrifice everything to their good education. Every moment that I lose is lost forever; and if I ever knew how valuable time is in youth I know it now. You know that my children are used to work. If they were to get into idle habits on the pretext that one thing or another hindered them, my whole structure would fall to the ground. Habit is an iron path, and you know yourself how much my Wolfgang has still to learn." The tours were taken with the idea of the artistic benefit they would bring, rather than that of exhibiting the wonderful ability of the young virtuosos.

In 1769 the father and Wolfgang set out for Italy, where the boy—then thirteen years of age—was greeted by learned musicians as an accomplished master of their art. There he became acquainted with the Italian style which so strongly characterizes his compositions. The following is one of many incidents which show the boy's skill. "They arrived in Rome in Passion Week and went at once to the Sistine Chapel to hear the music. Here they heard sung a Miserere by Gregorio Allegri, a composition so highly regarded by the church that, on pain of excommunication, no one was to take a copy from the choir, or to make a copy of it. Wolfgang heard it once, and wrote it out from memory; a day or two later, on Good Friday, he heard it again and corrected an error or two. He thus had a copy acquired in a manner so astonishing to every one, that instead of being held to have done wrong, he was greatly honored for the skill he displayed."[1]

They returned home after an absence of fifteen months. After such success as he had met in Italy, life in Salzburg seemed almost intolerable to the boy. Salzburg was the seat of the archbishop's court and it was here that Mozart was retained as concert-meister. The archbishop seems not to have been cognizant of Mozart's genius; he treated him most abominably, and for his services gave him about five dollars a year! With him Mozart remained until he was twenty-one, although the time was frequently interrupted with travel. This period of his life was marked chiefly by the production of many church works and a few sonatas. His strained relations with the archbishop finally becoming intolerable, he decided to leave Salzburg in search of more remunerative employment. His object in so doing was to obtain a salaried position in some musical center where he might have an opportunity to give his attention to composition; but lucrative commissions were exceedingly rare in the musical profession at that time and Mozart never realized his desire.

From that time on his life was a constant struggle for a livelihood, and the story of his efforts is one of great pathos. After many vicissitudes and suffering keenly the death of his mother, who died while staying with him in Paris, he located

[1] Tapper's "First Studies in Music Biography," page 139.

in Vienna. In Paris he had heard Gluck's operas performed and many by Italian composers, learning much from them in the way of orchestration. The reforms of Gluck had not yet taken a strong hold upon the minds of composers, and Italian opera was virtually what it had been in the early part of the century.*

Soon after his arrival in Vienna, Mozart married Constance Weber, with whose family he had become acquainted while on a previous tour. His father strongly objected to the attachment, and for many years would hold no communication with either Wolfgang or his wife. The story of their married life shows them to have been congenial companions, but obliged to practice the strictest economy and not infrequently to have suffered actual want.

In July of the year 1782, Mozart's opera, "The Abduction," was performed and its merits were warmly praised by Gluck. The emperor's criticism was, however: "A great deal too many notes"; to which the genius replied: "Exactly as many notes as are necessary, your majesty!" Just after his thirtieth birthday his father relented in his hostile attitude and paid him a visit. He came at a time when great honor was being shown the composer, and on one occasion Haydn told Leopold Mozart that he regarded his son to be the greatest composer who had ever lived.

In spite of the fact that his fame was constantly increasing, Mozart's financial condition never improved. "His genius was actually too great for the public to appreciate, and, while lesser men grew rich by printing trivial compositions, Mozart's publishers declined many of his best works as too learned. His constant craving for liveliness, combined with his uncertain income, made him always ready to enjoy the passing moment, and his companions, chosen for their gaiety, were not always of the best. He was the most tender-hearted and affectionate of men, and in return for his natural kindliness the world treated him with contempt and slander during his life, and gave him a pauper's grave in death. The contrast seems only heightened by the fact that just at the last, when his prospects appeared to brighten, he was no longer able to

* See chap. on "The Early Opera."

take advantage of the favorable offers that came to him from Holland."[2]

Poverty and disappointment finally wore out his strength and he died on December 5, 1791, at the age of thirty-five. The body was taken to a pauper's grave on a day so stormy that the followers turned back, and only the attendants were present at the burial. Today there remains no trace of the spot where this genius was laid.

Mozart's instrumental compositions may be said to have been preparatory for his greater work in the opera field. Of the forty-one symphonies which he wrote, only three are played at the present time. These three last symphonies were written in the most distressed period of his life, when he was in great physical and financial trouble, but they bear no signs of his misfortunes. Tschaikowsky says that every artist must lead a double existence—that is, real life need not affect his work. This was the case with Mozart. The last, often called the "Jubilant Symphony," is more bold and powerful than the others; it is fugal in treatment of its themes, but not in form. All three show a richer orchestration than any of Haydn's symphonies; Mozart was a master of the orchestra and possessed a fine sense for tone quality. His piano sonatas were written for his own or his pupils' use and he himself attached little importance to them.

The place that Mozart holds today is due to three operas written in his latter life: "The Marriage of Figaro," "Don Giovanni" and "The Magic Flute." He is the only composer who actually succeeded in depicting human character by means of his music. To him alone was given that vital power of *characterization* exhibited with such consummate skill in his later operas. "It is no exaggeration to say that Mozart's music reveals the inmost soul of the characters of his opera as plainly as if they were discussed upon a printed page." The text of "The Marriage of Figaro" is of a somewhat frivolous nature, throwing light on the existing social conditions of that time; but there is a great complexity of plot that affords variety of musical treatment.

Figaro, the valet of Count Almariva, is engaged to Suzanna, maid to the Countess, notwithstanding the fact that the

[2] Elson's "A Critical History of Opera," page 105.

old duenna, Marcellina, pretends to have claims upon him. Although the Count has carried on a flirtation with the charming Suzanna, he is madly jealous of his wife, whom he suspects of being fond of her beautiful page, Cherubino. In the second act the Countess, aided by Suzanna and Figaro, plan a scheme by which they may have a jest at the expense of the Count, who has written a note to Suzanna asking for a secret meeting in the garden. They dress Cherubino in the maid's costume, but the Count appears too soon and the scheme is given up. While Figaro is explaining away the confusion and suspicious actions of the others, Marcellina enters and presents Figaro's written engagement with her. This secretly delights the Count, who has never wished to see Suzanna married, and he promises Marcellina that she shall have justice. The next act, however, proves Figaro to be the long-lost son of Marcellina, and Figaro is again jubilant. The trick planned in the first act is carried through; by an exchange of costume, the Countess is made love to by her own husband, who in the darkness supposes her to be Suzanna, and soon after thinks he sees first Cherubino and then Figaro flirting desperately with his wife, though it is in reality her maid. Finally the Countess makes her identity known and the Count, thoroughly ashamed of himself, vows her eternal allegiance and restores Suzanna to Figaro.

Mozart's next opera, "Don Giovanni," also in Italian text, furnishes a supernatural libretto which admits of a wide scope of imagination in its musical setting. His marvelous power of differentiating his characters' natures is nowhere more strikingly shown. This opera met with great success and is a general favorite in our own time. Streatfeild made the criticism: "If there be such a thing as immortality for any work of art, it must surely be conceded to "Don Giovanni."

"The Magic Flute" is the most important in that it suggests the establishment of a distinctly German school of opera. Before this work appeared all countries had adopted not only Italian melody and form in their operas, but the Italian language as well. Although "The Magic Flute" is not so great a work as either of the other two operas, it possesses unquestionable merit. Written in German text, it contains many songs in imitation of the native folk song and readily found a warm welcome in all German hearts.

Its libretto is partly allegorical and partly fictitious. As the curtain rises Prince Tamino is seen rushing in, pursued by a horrible serpent, and falls exhausted at the foot of the temple of the Queen of Night. He is spied by three ladies-in-waiting, who rush out and kill the snake with their silver spears. They then show Tamino a portrait of Pamina, the daughter of their mistress, and he is filled with a great longing to see the maiden. Pamina, he is informed, has been stolen by Sarastro, the old high-priest of Isis, and is being held a prisoner in his palace. Tamino resolves to rescue the maiden, and the ladies present him with a magic flute, which will act as a charm and ward off all danger. Pagageno, a gay fellow, is armed with magic bells and assigned to him as a companion, and together they set out. Three genii are sent with them to point out the way.

Arrived at the palace, Tamino is refused admittance, but Pagageno contrives by some means to get in, and persuades Pamina to flee with them. She agrees, but as they start they are intercepted by a Moor, whom Sarastro has set as a guard over his prisoner. Finally the high-priest himself appears and says that Tamino and Pamino shall not be united until they have undergone trials to test their love. To this the lovers agree, go through the period of probation successfully and are happily married. The Queen of Night and her kingdom are then vanquished and a reign of wisdom and light is established.

The hand of death was already upon Mozart when he finished this opera, but he had begun a still greater work. His Requiem Mass is one of the most beautiful compositions the Catholic church possesses. When analyzing this mass we must remember that it was written by a dying man, and allow for certain defects. It is a most worthy farewell to the world and a fitting testimony to the greatness of the soul of its creator. He left it unfinished, but a pupil who worked with him has given it an admirable completion.

Mozart was in no respect a reformer. He was content to take forms as he found them and with consummate skill make them perfect models of their kind. His influence over modern composers cannot be exaggerated; without him the work of Weber and Wagner would have been impossible. To

modern ears, accustomed to rich and highly-colored harmonies, Mozart's orchestration sounds thin and often monotonous, and he never allowed expression to interfere with the conventional form in which he clothed his beautiful melody. But he stands as the highest type of the purely classical composer; in his style we see a blending of German depth, Italian beauty and French truth to facts.

Classified List of His Works.

Instrumental: Forty-one symphonies, twenty-eight serenades for orchestra, thirty-one string quartets, twenty-eight concertos, forty-six sonatas for piano and violin, twenty-one piano sonatas and fantasias, marches. quintets, sets of variations and a vast number of minor pieces. Vocal: Twenty-one operas, sixteen masses, arias, trios, quartets and songs.

Ludwig Van Beethoven (1770-1837).

In the year 1770, about the sixteenth of December, Ludwig van Beethoven was born in Bonn, a little town in northern Germany. Of humble birth and family at times cruelly poverty-stricken, Beethoven received but a very meagre school training. This was a sore grievance to him all his life, and even as a child was a great disappointment; but his father, a dissipated and somewhat worthless man, was determined that his son's time should be spent in developing his already marked genius. For the boy gave promising signs of becoming a prodigy, and in this possibility was seen a source of livelihood for the family.

Ludwig was at first instructed on the piano-forte and violin by his father, who was himself a tenor singer of good ability, and many tales are told of the severity imposed upon the lad in regard to his practice; among them is the story that when Ludwig was but four years of age his father would keep him at the keyboard for hours at a time. If this be true, it is marvelous that the child did not learn to despise music before his genius had a chance to assert itself. Later he was put under the supervision of Pfeiffer, a good musician but a man of irregular habits, and Neefe, who gave him his first instruction in composition. His first three sonatas, which

were dedicated to the Elector, appeared before he was thirteen.

With the possible exception of a trip to Holland, Beethoven did not leave home until 1787, when he went to Vienna. During his visit in that city he played before Mozart, who exclaimed: "Pay heed to this youth; he will make a noise in the world." His stay was cut short by the news that his mother was dying. He returned home at once and arrived while she was yet living, though the end came shortly after. She had been the one cheerful and helpful influence in the home, and drearier than ever seemed life to the motherless boy. His desolate grief was expressed in a few lines written to the friend who had aided him in his return journey from Vienna: "Who was happier than I when I could still pronounce the sweet word 'mother' and have it heard? To whom can I speak it now?"

He spent the next few years in Bonn, busy with writing and teaching, and caring for his younger brothers. The death of his father in 1792 left Ludwig in charge of the other children, and the responsibility of directing their education fell upon him alone. During his four years' stay in Bonn he won warm friends in the family of Madame von Breuning and Count Waldstein (to whom was afterward dedicated the famous "Waldstein" sonata—Opus 53).

When he was twenty-two years of age, Beethoven was again able to go to Vienna, this time as a student or at least a systematic worker. He went with the intention of studying composition with Haydn, but this plan did not prove successful. Haydn, over sixty and extremely conservative, found the passionate and radical boy a great perplexity. Beethoven did not think he was receiving proper attention and went to other teachers. He is reported as having said: "It is true Haydn gave me lessons, but he taught me nothing." Probably no one could have helped him greatly, for his genius seems not to have needed outside guidance and he never received suggestions kindly.

Up to this time his compositions were few and not especially important; they showed a clear mind and no little talent, but none of them are played today. It was as a pianist that Beethoven was first known to the world. He won a widespread fame, not alone for his technical ability but by his

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marvelous skill in improvising; in this he excelled all others. We are told that he played with so much feeling that his hearers would be moved to tears by the pathos, or held spell-bound by the brilliancy of his interpretation. His supply of themes was seemingly inexhaustive; others rivaled him in mechanical skill, but none could approach him in unfailing richness of thought and intense individuality. Beethoven was the first musician of rank to profit by the establishment of the concert system, by which the composer was made independent of the patronage of the aristocracy, and was for the first time able to make his works directly known to the world by playing them before public audiences.

Aided by letters of introduction from the von Breunings and Count Waldstein, he won influential friends in Vienna. Chief among them were Prince Lichnowsky and his wife, who welcomed him at all times to their home; they were willing to overlook his external roughness of manner, for beneath it all they discerned the true character of the young genius. Money was of no moment to Beethoven and he looked with open contempt upon those high in social rank, on one occasion remarking: "*My* nobility is here, and here" (pointing to his heart and head). But, notwithstanding this superior scorn of worldly wealth and position, we note that he dedicated a vast number of his compositions to titled nobility. Beethoven's was a social nature and he loved the gaiety and splendor of the princely houses, in spite of the fact that he seemed to live in a world of his own. The fact that he was welcomed in the highest society, despite his unquestionable personal drawbacks, shows what respect his genius commanded.

He was of small stature, dark, ungraceful and almost ugly in appearance, but with a wonderful head and features that betrayed his intense passion and powers of emotion. He was frequently in love, passionately so, but seldom bestowed his affections for any length of time. His idiosyncrasies have been dwelt upon to great excess by some biographers, but deserve only passing attention.

There is no satisfactory biography of Beethoven written in English, and the best clue to his real views and personality may be found in his private letters and in his will. They show him to be well aware of his personal faults and draw-

backs, but he pleads his physical afflictions and necessarily solitary life as the cause. In them, too, is expressed his undying belief in a Divine Providence, although formalities of religion were to him but empty forms.

His illness of 1797 resulted in partial deafness, which rapidly grew worse, and within a year the hearing of one ear was totally destroyed. It is impossible to estimate the effect of this distressing malady upon his compositions. The direct result was to cause the sensitive man to retreat more and more from the outer world into one of his own creation, and this may, or may not, have altered the character of his work. In addition to bringing silence to this master of tones, it caused acute suffering, for noises roared and buzzed constantly in his aching head. This deafness, which was but one phase of his general ill-health, drove him to such anguish of mind that he once contemplated taking his own life. As he himself explained: "It was impossible for me to say to others: speak louder; shout! for I am deaf. Ah! was it possible for me to proclaim a deficiency in that one sense which in my case ought to have been more perfect than in all others, which I had once possessed in greatest perfection, to a degree of perfection, indeed, which few of my profession have ever enjoyed? How great was the humiliation when one who stood beside me heard the distant sound of a shepherd's pipe, and I heard nothing; or heard the shepherd singing, and I heard nothing. Such experiences brought me to the verge of despair—but little more and I should have put an end to my life. Art, art alone, deterred me." Surely a more tragic fate could not have befallen this rare genius.

As a boy Beethoven made a constant practice of carrying a note book with him upon his rambles in the beautiful country about Bonn, jotting down ideas and musical themes as impressions came to him. Composing was not spontaneous with him as with some composers—he always admitted it to be somewhat of an effort; but he did it with all possible care and never had to retrace his steps. In a talk with Louis Schlösser, a young musician, Beethoven said:

"I carry my thoughts about me for a long time, often a very long time, before I write them down; meanwhile my memory is so faithful that I am sure never to forget, not

even in years, a theme that has once occurred to me. I change many things, discard, and try again until I am satisfied. Then, however, there begins in my head the development in every direction, and, inasmuch as I know exactly what I want, the fundamental idea never deserts me—it arises before me, grows —I see and hear the picture in all its extent and dimensions stand before my mind like a cast, and there remains nothing for me but the labor of writing it down, which is quickly accomplished when I have the time, for I sometimes take up other work, but never to the confusion of one with the other. You will ask me where I get my ideas. That I cannot tell you with certainty; they come unsummoned, directly, indirectly—I could seize them with my hands—out in the open air; in the woods; while walking; in the silence of the nights; early in the morning; incited by moods which are translated by the poet into words, by me into tones that sound and roar and storm about me until I have set them down in notes."

Beethoven was the first to express all forms of passion in his music. We see the sublime, heroic, thoughtful, and occasionally the humorous (as illustrated in the Scherzo of Opus 31, No. 3) worked out with equal skill. Form and expression cannot be separated in any art. Beethoven's external form was not original with him; it had been used by Mozart and Haydn, but neither of them ever sacrificed perfection of form and pleasing melody to the expression of human emotions. Beethoven was a master of form, but he never allowed it to hamper his flow of thought in the least degree. He performed a great and lasting service to musical form, expanding, enriching the details and adding new intensity of expression. His later works show an ever-increasing tendency to break away from the conventional sonata structure, as if his genius could be bound by no rigid lines.

Although Beethoven was not such a master of counterpoint and fugue as Bach, in the perfection of theme development he far surpassed the earlier composer. The fugue seemed too confined and rigid a form for him to use with ease, and he attempted it but little. He did not depart altogether from the rules and ideas of the older composers, but he brought new principles into use and made radical changes in harmonies and rhythm. One important form that he greatly

developed, both in his sonatas and symphonies, was the Variation. In his later works his variations depart more and more from the theme and show a vivid imagination.

It is difficult to draw a fixed line dividing any life into periods, but generally speaking, there may be said to be three epochs in Beethoven's work, which, though overlapping one another, nevertheless mark distinct stages in his musical development. The first includes his first twenty works. In these may be noticed the steadily growing independence with which he expresses his thoughts. It is interesting to note that the three sonatas of his Opus Two are dedicated to Joseph Haydn. In the second period he wrote the works best known to musical students and the concert-world. They include the so-called "Moonlight"[1] and "Appassionata" sonatas —perhaps all up to Opus 100—his greatest quartets and all but the last of his symphonies. The works of his later years are appalling in their difficulties and are seldom heard; they show the amazing development of a wonderful soul and seem the inspiration of another world.

It is unquestionably easier to trace Beethoven's artistic evolution in the sonata forms; they are less complex and afford a better opportunity for understanding his personality. But it is in his quartets and symphonies that he is at his greatest. It has been said that in the sonatas he refers to his innermost self, but in the symphonies the sentiment is more general in character and truly grander. In all he makes use of startling modulations, wonderfully rich harmonies and rushing arpeggio and scale passages. He was most at ease in writing for the orchestra, and his songs are not in popular use largely because of the fact that he frequently carries the parts quite out of voice range. He acknowledged that the symphony was his real element when he said: "When sounds ring in me I always hear the full orchestra; I can ask anything of instrumentalists, but when writing for the voice I must continually ask myself: 'Can that be sung?' "

[1] This title is wholly without warrant. "Its origin is due to Rellstab, who, in describing the first movement, drew a picture of a small boat in the moonlight on Lake Lucerne. In Vienna a tradition that Beethoven had composed it in an arbor gave rise to the title 'Arbor sonata.' Titles of this character work much mischief in the amateur mind by giving rise to fantastic conceptions of the contents of the music."—H. E. Krehbiel.

Although Beethoven was the last of the so-called classical composers (the others being Bach, Handel,[2] Haydn and Mozart), there is in his compositions a tendency toward definite expression, especially in his sonatas and symphonies with titles, that anticipates the Romantic School.

All his symphonies, with the exception of his last—the Ninth—are heard frequently and are known to every attendant of symphony concerts. Possibly the Fifth, in C minor, is the most popular, and is the work that has made him so widely known to the general public. The Third symphony, written in 1803, was dedicated to Napoleon, then the hero of the hour, whom Beethoven greatly admired. But when the news came that he had proclaimed himself Emperor and assumed the royal purple, Beethoven's rage knew no bounds. He seized the dedication page and tore it to shreds, while the manuscript of the "Heroic" symphony fell to the floor, where it lay untouched for days. This ardent lover of republicanism did not easily recover from the disappointment of seeing his idol fall shattered to the ground. It is said that he exclaimed with great feeling: "Pity I do not understand the art of war as I do the art of music; I should yet conquer Napoleon." This work was written in his later style and is in advance of his former compositions. The famous "Funeral March" forms the second movement, followed by a Scherzo in marked contrast to the sombre gloom of the death march.

The Ninth symphony is seldom performed in this country, as it involves choral work of intense difficulty. Wagner gave it as his opinion that Beethoven realized he had developed instrumental music to its limit, and felt that any further progress in musical expression lay in the combination of voices and instruments. His Mass in D is a colossal work written for the Catholic church, but its difficulty prevents its frequent use.

All the works of Beethoven's later life show a marked tendency to break away from the conventional forms. No better example of this is given than in the Sonata Opus 106, written in 1818; its first movement is constructed on two themes in violent contrast to each other, and the whole is built on a gigantic scale. These later works possess such magnitude

[2] Bach and Handel properly belong to a contrapuntal school.

and complexity of thought that they required a wideness of scope not possible in the conventional forms.

Beethoven's one opera, "Fidelio," was a great success and is often heard today. The plot is not worthy of such masterly treatment but gives ample field for his marvelous betrayal of passion. The music has been criticised as following the text rather too closely, but the composer sought by this means to supplement the action by expressing definite thoughts instead of vague emotions.

The story of the opera is briefly this: Florestan, a Spanish nobleman, incurring the wrath of Don Pizarro, Governor of the state prison, is seized secretly and cast into a vile dungeon. Then Pizarro causes the report to be circulated that Florestan is dead; but his wife will not believe the evil report and determines to find out whether her husband has been imprisoned. Disguised in male attire, under the name of Fidelio she secures a position as assistant to Rocco, the jailer. She makes warm friends at the prison, among them Rocco himself and his daughter Marcelline, who falls violently in love with the supposed youth and forsakes her faithful lover, Jacquino. But try as she may, Fidelio cannot find her husband among the prisoners who daily file in and out the gate.

Finally Don Pizarro receives a letter announcing the approaching visit of the Minister to the prison. Now, Pizarro fears to have him find his friend Florestan cruelly treated, so resolves to kill his prisoner. He summons Rocco to dig a grave in the dungeon, that all traces of the crime may be hidden. The jailer confides the secret to Fidelio, who begs to help him in the work. Together they go and find Florestan chained to a stone and wasted to a skeleton for lack of food. He is so exhausted that he is gradually losing his reason and calls incessantly for his wife. When she sees his awful state she almost faints, but by a mighty effort goes on with her work. When the dire task is accomplished Rocco leaves, but Fidelio hides behind a pillar, resolved to save her husband or die with him.

Pizarro then enters and, lifting high his dagger, rushes at Florestan, but Fidelio throws herself between him and his victim. Pizarro is so surprised that he loses his presence of mind, and she points her pistol at his head. At this moment

trumpets sound announcing the Minister, and Pizarro is compelled to retreat. The Minister is much grieved to find Florestan in such a state and, learning the cause, has Pizarro led away in chains. The devoted husband and wife are thus united, and Marcelline, much embarrassed at her mistake, returns to her faithful Jacquino.

In 1815 Beethoven's brother Carl died, leaving him in care of a worthless nephew, to whom the composer was passionately devoted, but who gave him much worry and probably hastened his breakdown. His now total deafness made public performance and orchestral conducting impossible. The following story is told of one of his last appearances as conductor: "At the first performance of the Ninth Symphony the concert was arranged for amid great difficulties; the house was crowded by an immense audience. The people were eager not only to hear the work but to see the great composer. He, a dweller in silence, not only did not hear the thunderous applause that greeted him, but stood with his back to the audience still moving his baton. A singer touched him and drew his attention to the applauding people. 'When the deaf musician bent his head in acknowledgment, many an eye among the faces he so calmly confronted was dim with tears.' "[3]

In the winter of 1826 he was taken seriously ill and died within a few months, after intense suffering. The thousands that gathered at his funeral bore testimony to the place he held in the hearts of the people.

One of the incidental results of Beethoven's work was the improvement in the technical skill of pianists. In playing Mozart's piano compositions great skill is not required, but Beethoven exacted marvelous technique, great strength of arm, wrist and fingers. His compositions abound in difficulty of execution, but merely as a means of expression rather than an end in itself.

He wrote in a style far in advance of his time and, because misunderstood by his critics, was often misjudged. His was a peculiar, almost dual, nature. Compelled by fate to become a philosopher at the age of twenty-eight and endure life rather

[3] Tapper's "First Studies in Music Biography," page 184.

than enjoy it, he sought solace in music, which was to him the highest means of expression.

"Beethoven's relation to art might almost be described as personal. Art was his goddess to whom he made petition, to whom he rendered thanks, whom he defended. He praised her as his savior in times of despair; by his own confession it was only the prospect of her comforts that prevented him from laying violent hands on himself. Read his words and you shall find that it was his art that was his companion in his wanderings through field and forest, the sharer of the solitude to which his deafness condemned him. The concepts of Nature and Art were intimately bound up in his mind. His lofty and idealistic conception of art led him to proclaim the purity of his goddess with the hot zeal of a priestly fanatic. Every form of pseudo or bastard art stirred him with hatred to the bottom of his soul; hence his furious onslaughts on mere virtuosity and all efforts from influential sources to utilize art for other than purely artistic purposes. And his art rewarded his devotion richly; she made his sorrowful life worth living with gifts of purest joy."[4]

Too great emphasis cannot be laid upon Beethoven's influence in nearly every form of music. He brought the sonata and symphony to a height hitherto undreamed of and never again equalled. He indirectly raised the standard of piano playing, set orchestration on a new and firmer basis and left a wealth of musical productions that will always be standards of form and make the world better because of their purity and unsurpassed beauty.

Classified List of His Works.

Instrumental: Nine symphonies, nine overtures, one violin concerto, five piano concertos, string quartets, trios for piano and strings, ten sonatas for violin, five sonatas for cello, thirty-two sonatas for piano alone, sets of variations for piano. Vocal: Two masses, one oratorio, one opera and many songs.

[4] H. E. Krehbiel.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROMANTIC COMPOSERS.

Early in the nineteenth century two movements made their appearance in German music (1) Romantic opera and (2) the German art song. With the former we connect the name of Weber and with the latter that of Schubert; these two composers began their work when Beethoven was at his height.

The opera and song are connected with the Romantic movement then prevalent in German art and literature. The first step in this direction was made about the year 1800 by a group of one hundred or more men who banded together to create a new department in literature. This group of poets came to be known as the "Romantic School" and later on the name was applied to a school of artists, and, last of all, to musicians. Romanticists in poetry and painting have been almost entirely superseded by Realists, but the Romantic school of music still exists.

It is difficult to define the Romantic movement because it embraced so many different things. It was the result of an attempt on the part of German writers and critics to break away from the classic style and create one that should be distinctly national. Their subjects were drawn from the beliefs and stories of the middle ages and, because these early Romanticists were poets rather than historians, they portrayed mediæval life not as it really was, but as they fancied it to have been. These stories were not without historical basis, but they were idealized and altered to such an extent that they lost their original character and became beautiful myths and fairy tales.

Pater gives as his definition of romanticism: "It is the addition of strangeness to beauty that constitutes the romantic character in art; and the desire of beauty being a fixed element in every artistic organization, it is the addition of curiosity to the desire of beauty that constitutes the romantic temper." The spirit of romanticism supplanted that of the more conservative classicism, and has existed in some degree in every art in every age.

Although Beethoven belonged to the classic school, he opened the door that gave romantic music its liberty when he forced the detached and impersonal language of the early classic composers to give place to one expressive of individual passion and personal feeling. The Romanticists did not confine their subjects to German lore; their love of the bizarre and highly colored led them to Spain and the Orient. In the new style of opera the *comic* element was sometimes woven into the plot, but never the *burlesque*. The strength of this movement lay in the fact that it developed patriotism and the imagination; its weakness, as we shall see, was due to the sentimentality to which it tended. Schubert possessed qualities of both the romantic and the classic school, but Weber was an out-and-out Romanticist. Down to the beginning of the nineteenth century opera had been Italian in its melody, text and treatment; it remained for Weber to establish a form of musical drama which should be distinctly German in all its traits.

Weber (1786-1826).

Carl Maria von Weber was born in Prussia in the year 1786. His father was a wandering theatre director and the boy's early life was spent amid strange and often degrading scenes. His education was of necessity irregular, but Weber had strong literary tastes and soon made himself master of his circumstances. Although he was gay and reckless as a young man, his early surroundings do not seem to have made a lasting impression upon his character. In his later life his resolute determination and simplicity of habits were very apparent.

He possessed in a strong degree the dramatic sense, which he early turned to account. Romanticism appealed to him strongly and the varied circumstances of his life confirmed this tendency. "His brightness, his peculiarities, his lively melodies and artistic wanderings were in full accord with the romantic spirit of German national life, and made him seem more like a troubadour of old than a man of the practical nineteenth century." [1]

[1] Elson—"A Critical Hist. of the Opera," p. 134.

His first opera of importance was "Silvanna," written in 1810, and the following year his comic opera "Abu Hassan" made its appearance. The years from 1813 to 1817 he spent as opera director, critic and composer; at this time the patriotic zeal of his countrymen was turned against Napoleon, and Weber wrote many songs, expressing the feeling of Prussia, which added greatly to his popularity. In 1817 he was called to Dresden to direct the opera, and this afforded him excellent opportunity to help German opera gain a firm foothold. The next nine years were spent in composing and directing, and during this time his three greatest operas were produced: "Der Freischütz," "Oberon" and "Euryanthe." His later life was spent in ill-health away from all his friends, but his compositions show nothing of his sorrow. He died suddenly in London on June 4, 1826. A few years later his body was removed to Dresden, where a funeral oration was delivered by Richard Wagner.

Weber did not create German romantic opera, which had already been foreshadowed by Mozart, but he gave it the distinctive character which it has retained. The real antecedent of his work may be found in the German "Songspiel" of the eighteenth century. This was an entertainment in which dialogue was interspersed with songs, some of them based on fairy tales and allegories. Out of this song-play grew the romantic opera of Weber and later composers.

The plot of "Der Freischütz," which means "one who shoots with magic bullets," is taken from an old tradition of a forest demon who is able to furnish magic at the price of the purchaser's soul. Max, in love with Agatha, must win her by proving himself the best marksman in the forest. In a preliminary trial he is defeated and, urged by Kaspar, enters into an agreement with the demon, Zaniel, for use of his magic bullets. Kaspar himself is in the power of the evil spirit, and unless he can furnish another victim as substitute will have to forfeit his soul; for this reason he has persuaded Max to enter into a similar compact.

Meanwhile Agatha is filled with forebodings of evil and tells her fears to a pious hermit, who gives her a magic wreath of roses which will ward off all harm. The day of the contest arrives and Max easily defeats his competitors with the first

six bullets; the demon then forces him to direct the seventh at Agatha, but she is saved by the magic wreath and the bullet instead kills Kaspar. Thus Zaniel is given his original victim and Max is free to claim his bride.

"The music to this national legend, combining as it did all of Weber's brilliancy with the beautiful simplicity of the German *Volkslied,* won a success that was not only tremendous at the start, but as lasting as any in the realm of opera. The German nation went wild with delight over their new drama. Weber himself, after conducting a performance of it in Vienna, wrote in his diary: 'Greater enthusiasm there cannot be, and I tremble to think of the future, for it is scarcely possible to rise higher than this. To God alone the praise!' The noble horn quartette of the overture, the tender prayer of Agatha, the brisk hunting choruses, the sombre grandeur of the incantations, the homely comfortings of Anne and the bridesmaids, and the sensational climax, must have dealt an overwhelming blow to the conventionalities that still remained in the old-style operas."[1]

"Euryanthe" has to do with the military romance so popular with writers of opera texts. That it was not wholly successful is due to the triviality of its plot, for musically it is one of the finest works ever produced by German genius. In "Euryanthe" Weber attempted to merge the aria with the declamatory style of recitative, thus creating a continuous music which formed a perfect union of poetry. If we wish to compare Weber with Wagner, we should compare "Euryanthe" and "Lohengrin," for although the latter is stronger in every way, their musical style is much the same.

In "Oberon" are shown three different phases of romanticism,—fairy, military and court life, which are represented by melodies of ravishing beauty. In his overtures Weber carred out the principles established by Gluck and showed great originality in the use of the orchestra for dramatic purposes. He produced novel effects and opened a new field in orchestral possibilities. He made much use of "local color," which term when applied to music means bringing to the hearer's mind the association connected with certain scenes and epochs, by means of musical themes. For example, if Oriental scenes

[1] Ibid., p. 138.

are to be presented, the modern composer uses characteristic Oriental music to accompany them. Thus local color becomes a means of artistic expression; this inclination to call up scenes by means of musical sounds connected with them is a thoroughly romantic trait.

The Romantic School of Opera reached its culmination under Richard Wagner, but his work would have been impossible had it not been for the foundation laid by Weber.

Schubert (1797-1828).

Franz Schubert was the virtual founder of the German Lied and was the first to make song the medium for every shade of personal feeling. The story of his life contains little of interest; he lived unknown to the world and was unappreciated all his life. The form known as "song" may be defined as one in which a single thought or sentiment is expressed. It is not narrative, but an expression of a single mood, and is characterized by simplicity of thought and feeling.

"The Lied is distinguished from the earlier forms of solo song (aria, ode) in this respect, that no longer the music but the *word-text* appears as the chief element. About the middle of the eighteenth century Lied texts were composed to already existing melodies; the modern Lied composer, however, sets music to a poem; he seeks by his art to enhance the effect of the poet's words."[1]

Schubert was born in a little village near Vienna, January 31, 1797. When but a child he began the study of music under the direction of his father, who was a school-master with some knowledge of violin-playing. Franz possessed a fine soprano voice and thus gained admittance to the St. Stephen's choir school in Vienna, where he was given instruction in singing and learned something of composition. At the age of sixteen his voice changed and he returned home to begin his work as assistant in his father's school.

He was to a great extent a self-educated musician, for, although his rare gifts attracted his teachers' attention, he was a constant puzzle to them, and he never found any one

[1] Dickinson—"Hist. of Music," p. 199.

who could give him the rigid training he needed. He seemed to learn by intuition, as one of his instructors explained: "Whenever I wanted to teach him anything new, I found that he had already mastered it." During the years in which he taught with his father he found time to write a vast amount of music, among which were some of his finest songs—"The Erl-King" and "The Wanderer."

The value of his songs was first discovered by Vogl, a famous tenor singer in Vienna. It was he who persuaded him to leave the school drudgery and devote himself entirely to music. So upon his advice Schubert went to Vienna and joined a little group of talented young men of literary and musical tastes, and soon became the leader of the circle. From this time on his career was one of unbroken activity in composition.

Schubert could not gain the recognition of publishers and none of his works were printed until four years before his death. His life seems melancholy and even distressing in its lack of all that he, as a true genius, might have commanded, but it was not so to him. If he was a poor man he at least had a poor man's tastes, and thus knew nothing of the bitterness that has filled so many composers' lives. He is described as "a short, stout man, with round shoulders, thick, blunt fingers, low forehead, projecting lips, stumpy nose, and short curly hair." Unattractive physically and fond of gay Bohemian life, he was always ill at ease in the best society.

"To drink his mug of beer and eat his sausage, to flirt with pretty servant-maids and peasant girls, to discourse youthful philosophy and play practical jokes with convivial poets, painters and students, above all to fill realms of paper with the melodies that were always flooding his brain—this was his conception of sufficing happiness."

His compositions are marked by a tinge of melancholy, but this was due to his natural temperament rather than his unfortunate circumstances. Although he was not a dissipated man, his irregular habits necessarily undermined his vitality, and he was unable to recover from a fever to which he fell victim. He died at the age of thirty-one, just as he was entering the prime of life.

The German art song exists in three different forms: (1)

Stanza form, in which the same music is given to all stanzas; (2) Modified stanza form, in which the music of the last stanza differs from that of the others, and (3) The Through-Composed (durchcomponirt) form, in which there is no division of music into stanzas, the melody being continuous. This is, of course, the highest form of song and the one most often employed by Schubert.

His songs were vastly different from the operatic style and required a different kind of singing. This partially explains why they were so little known to his contemporaries; it took time to develop the lyric quality in the art of singing. Schubert appeared at a time when a new school of German poetry was being produced, the style of which was in perfect sympathy with his. He possessed in an intense degree poetic imagination and his melodies are wedded to the poems he used. His greatest genius was in the emphasis he laid upon the accompaniments of his songs; he was the first to reveal the possibilities of the piano accompaniment.

Although Schubert is best known as the creator of the German Lied, he has written many instrumental works, some of them of great value. He was just beginning to show his real ability in this field when an untimely death put an end to his career. It is probable that, had he lived to an old age, Schubert could not have surpassed his best songs, but his instrumental compositions would certainly have shown a steadily-developing genius. His unfinished symphony in B minor, the one in C, and his string quartets portray a marked originality and are unsurpassed in musical beauty.

Schubert's piano works are known today by all piano students, but many of the shorter compositions show an unevenness of treatment, a confusion and even laxness of style that is probably due to his lack of early training. Interspersed throughout the loveliest melodies—which, by the way, are often better suited to songs than instrumental pieces—are passages of trifling themes that cover pages with their monotonous repetitions, and seem carelessly thrown in as mere "padding" rather than a part of a carefully conceived form. The best of this group are the fantasie in C, waltzes and impromptus.

Notwithstanding the fact that it was his chief aim to

write a good opera, in this field he invariably failed, for he did not possess the dramatic gift; his style was purely lyric. The romantic traits are not as pronounced in Schubert's compositions as in those of Weber; he is the link that joins the Classic and the Romantic schools, and displays many of the characteristics of both.

"The Serenade," "Am Meer," which suggests the majesty of the sea, "Hark! Hark! the Lark," one of the loveliest songs in existence, "The Wanderer," "The Erl-King," and "Sylvia" are a few of the songs by which he is most widely known. But there are others which better reveal the real depth and grandeur of his style: "Du bist die Ruh," "Der Tod und das Mädchen," and the song cycles "Die schöne Müllerin" and "Die Winterreise." Schubert wrote in all over 450 songs, dramatic pieces, chamber music (trios, quartets, etc.), nine symphonies, twenty-four sonatas for piano, and a large number of miscellaneous pieces.

Never did death come to a composer more inopportunely. It is impossible to tell to what heights this genius might have risen, had he been allowed to continue the work so nobly begun.

Development of the Piano.

Before taking up the group of Romantic piano composers we may well consider briefly the kind of instrument for which they wrote.

The piano is of Italian origin, the invention of Christofori, and dates back to about the year 1710. It was the gradual outgrowth of the dulcimer and not of the clavichord or harpsichord, as is sometimes supposed. About the only new feature that the inventor claimed for this instrument was its ability to play both soft and loud, and from this characteristic it takes its name—*piano-forte*. It did not, however, gain popular favor at once and was lost sight of for a time. When next it was heard of, about seven years later, it was as the invention of Silberman of Germany.

The principal mechanism of the early instruments was practically the same as in those in use today, but very many improvements have been added, until now the only apparent

deficiency is its inability to increase the tone when once a key has been struck. The essential difference between the piano and the instruments just preceding it is that in the latter the keys were plucked instead of being struck by a hammer. In the earliest pianos these hammers were covered with leather, producing a tone that was harsh and more metallic than in those of modern make. The *escapement,* that causes the hammer to spring back, leaving the strings free to vibrate, is most important and did much to advance the general use of the instrument. The introduction of the pedal in 1775 marks an important stage in the history of piano-playing and greatly aided in establishing the piano in popular favor. The damper pedal, sometimes erroneously called "loud" pedal, by sustaining the note makes the overtones audible, thus producing a far richer and deeper effect than could be obtained by means of the harpsichord.

The change from the old to the new instruments was by no means sudden and unchecked. Bach thought the piano too hard to execute and its tone thin, though his judgment was passed on an instrument that we should consider far from perfect. Haydn wrote almost entirely for the clavier and he offered nothing new in the way of originality of execution. With Beethoven began a new epoch in the history of piano playing and piano music; his compositions necessitated an entirely new technique. Partly to meet the new demand, there arose new "schools" of pianists,—virtuosos who, neglecting the study of the masters, undertook to procure for themselves marvellous technical ability, but who possessed little or no artistic merit. Greater strength of arm and wrist was required and more freedom in single finger technique. As a class they advanced piano playing very little, if at all, for they played their own works exclusively. Out of this class and above those of mediocre worth there arose a group who stand in the foremost ranks of technical players and composers. They understood the possibilities of the piano and sought a means to effect their expression. It was necessary for piano music to pass through this stage that the instrument itself could reach its best.

Schumann entered the field when piano music was growing monotonous in its lack of variety, and introduced the poetic

element that was greatly needed. He was not exclusively a Romanticist, but his influence had a decided bearing on that school.

Schumann (1810-1856).

Robert Schumann was born in Zwickau, Saxony, not far from Leipzig, in 1810. His parents desired him to become a lawyer and were so strongly opposed to his adopting music as a profession that he reluctantly abandoned the idea. At the age of eighteen he entered the University at Leipzig and became a student of law; there he tried to interest himself in study but his heart was not in his work. His passion for music was irrepressible and he soon found himself the center of a circle of friends whose interest lay in music, rather than the legal profession. Certainly there could have been little in the law to attract this imaginative and romantic youth.

In 1830 Schumann became convinced that he was wasting his time in pursuing a study so foreign to his taste, and finally persuaded his mother to allow him six months in which to try his skill with the piano, under the guidance of Friedrich Wieck. "My whole life," he wrote in a letter to his mother, "has been a twenty years' struggle between poetry and prose, or, if you like to call it so, Music and Law." Gaining her consent, he began his study with Wieck, at the same time continuing his work at the University.

Schumann possessed a strong love for literature and became passionately fond of the productions of Jean Paul Richter, whose emotional and highly-wrought ideas gained a powerful influence upon the young composer. The effect of the power which the writings of this idol of his youth exerted upon Schumann's work was apparent throughout his life.

He spent one year in the old university town of Heidelberg, his object being primarily that of attending law lectures; but his study received only a small part of his attention, for he gave himself almost unreservedly to music. Having finally decided to abandon the law for all time and follow his own inclination, Schumann set about with such haste to make up for the many years in which he had been deprived of musical training that he did himself permanent injury. He recklessly attempted to stretch the ligaments of his hands and

thus find a short road to the acquirement of a good technique. The result was that he lamed his right hand so seriously that he never again was able to use it for piano playing. The indirect consequence of this injury was most beneficial for the world of music, for he was obliged to turn his genius in the channels of composition, to which he had given little attention prior to this time.

The influence of Clara Wieck, whom he afterward married, upon Schumann's work accounts for much in the steady advancement of his genius. She was the greatest woman pianist in Europe at that time, and her artistic co-operation was a powerful inspiration to him all his life. He was of a very reserved temperament and not even his friends could be said to really know him.

The whole character of his music is robust and wholesome; his style is more original than that of any other composer, for although he sometimes resembles Beethoven, it may be truthfully said that Schumann created his own models. He tried to bring music into a closer relationship with literature, and his earlier compositions may be described as "word-pictures."

It was as a piano composer that he first came to the notice of the musical world. His piano pieces are very condensed, intricate in style and difficult of execution because his harmony is so rich and complex. He employed broken chords and wide skips, often spreading a chord over the interval of a tenth or even a fourteenth, and his compositions require great strength of arm and wrist. He relied upon harmonic effects rather than melody, and in the variety of his rhythms showed great originality.

"The inexhaustible tunefulness of the early Schumann is little short of marvellous. Few composers have been so prodigal of lovely melodies. They are like the king's daughters in the fairy tales, each more beautiful than the last; and though there is doubtless a family resemblance, each had a distinct physiognomy, a pronounced individuality. They are, for the most part, indeed, brief, striking motives rather than deliberately composed tunes, perfect but minute crystals of most various shapes, forming spontaneously in the highly saturated solution of the musical thought. No effort is made

to purify, separate, or collect them; what their composer seems chiefly to value is their profusion and luxuriance. To state the same thing in more technical terms, there is next to no thematic development; there is simply the presentation of one charming phrase after another. The result is of course a certain fragmentariness and whimsicality, the music impresses us not by its cumulative power, its orderly advance, but by the sheer charm of its primitive elements."[1]

Schumann's piano pieces with titles were a result of an effort to make music more expressive of *definite* moods, although it was his custom to give a piece its title after it was written. His genius was slow in developing and he did not attempt the larger forms until later. Of these early sets of pieces are the "Scenes from Childhood," the "Night Pieces," and, most famous of all, the "Carnival Scenes." The latter is a series of short characteristic pieces of unsurpassed beauty and originality. Among his larger works for piano are the sonata in F sharp minor, the fantasie in C, and the concerto in A minor.

Schumann's rarest qualities are to be found in his songs. He is one of the great song-writers,—probably ranking next to Schubert, although some critics place him first. His songs are not so spontaneous nor varied in range, nor did he equal Schubert as a melodist, but in richness of harmony and wealth of piano accompaniments he surpassed him. His rare literary taste is exhibited in his selection of poems. A large proportion of his songs deal with love, and he most beautifully pictured the "soul-life" of woman, as, for example, in the "Frauen-Liebe und Leben" (A Woman's Life and Love). His finest lyrics are contained in the "Liederkreis," "Mrythen" (Opus 25), and "Dichterliebe" (Opus 48). In 1840, the year in which he was married, he composed one hundred and thirty-eight songs.

Schumann wrote five symphonies; the *Spring* (B flat) and *Cologne* (E flat) symphonies show great freshness and breadth in their treatment. Many critics consider his chamber works the most perfect of his compositions. Of these the string quartets and the piano quintet in E flat are best known. The most popular of his works for solo, chorus and

[1] Mason—"The Romantic Composers," p. 118.

orchestra is "Paradise and the Peri," the subject which was taken from Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh." Schumann wrote one opera, but this was a failure, for he, like Schubert, did not possess the dramatic instinct.

Schumann's importance lay not alone in his ability as composer, for he was an important critic as well. In 1834 he and a few friends established a journal at Leipzig which was known as *Die neue Zeitschrift für Musik.* They stated that their object was "to honor the old, to welcome the new with a warm heart, to denounce whatever was untrue in art, to proclaim anything that was worthy no matter from what source it came, to elevate national taste by national art." Gradually the others withdrew and Schumann became sole editor of the journal. He had all the qualifications of an able critic: high ideals, liberal views, great readiness of expression and a thorough technical knowledge of the subject in hand. The influence he exerted for the advancement of the art of music is felt at the present time. Although a champion of romanticism, he considered it but a natural outgrowth of classical laws and tried to draw public taste away from the superficiality of the so-called virtuosos of the day to a more sincere appreciation of the great masters.

Among the composers whose merits were first recognized by Schumann we find the names of Chopin and Brahms. That he failed to appreciate the genius of Richard Wagner is not to his discredit, for Wagner's style was entirely new and it was small wonder that it took time to gain true appreciation.

A nervous disorder which came upon Schumann in early life gradually affected his mind and resulted in insanity. The malady was no doubt aggravated by the high tension under which he worked, and his last years were a tragic existence of depression and melancholia. He died in an asylum near Bonn, July, 1856.

Mendelssohn (1809-1847).

Mendelssohn was one of the best balanced and most wholesome men in the list of composers. He possessed extraordinary talent rather than genius, and this should be kept in mind in attempting a criticism of his work. Son of a wealthy

banker and born to high social position, his life was sheltered and even, and this undoubtedly had a direct bearing upon the character of his work. He was not a composer who worked along lines which were in advance of his time and thus did not have to create a spirit of appreciation. Master of pathos and the sublime in music he was not; his style was graceful and sympathetic, and therefore easily understood.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born in Hamburg in 1809. He was of pure Jewish blood; his grandfather, Moses Mendelssohn, was a philosophical writer, and the composer's mother was a woman of superior education. The name Bartholdy was taken by his father when he embraced the Christian faith. Like Mozart, Felix had a sister a few years older than himself, who was also a remarkable musician. Fannie Mendelssohn forsook what would probably have been a wonderful musical career when she married Hensel, the painter; her rare judgment and sympathy were always of the greatest aid to her brother.

Felix received his early education in Berlin. His parents determined that he should not allow his musical ability to interfere with other interests, and he was given a liberal education, passing through the gymnasium, attending lectures at the University and travelling extensively in England, Switzerland and Italy. The Mendelssohn home in Berlin was the favorite resort of many scholars, statesmen and artists, and the young composer was constantly in an atmosphere of refinement and culture. "He never knew the squalor of poverty, the paralysis of drudgery, the bitterness of inaptitude, the dull ache of disappointment. In his bright, precocious childhood he was the idol of a wise father, a fond mother, brothers and sisters who shared his tastes and in some measure his abilities, and a circle of literary and artistic friends at the head of which was the aged Goethe. In later years he had all the advantages of university training, the best teachers in music, foreign travel, varied friendships, a happy marriage, and a fame extending to all corners of Europe. Appropriately indeed was he named Felix."[1]

He was a precocious pianist, organist and composer; he appeared as a public player at the age of nine, composed the

[1] Ibid., p. 167.

famous "Rondo Capriccioso" when fourteen and the overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the age of seventeen. This overture is most original in its fairy-like and graceful beauty, and is technically one of his most perfect productions. While still a student in Berlin, Mendelssohn organized the first performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" since that composer's death. It was a difficult task but Mendelssohn was most successful; this marked the beginning of the Bach revival.

The next few years were spent in travel through England and Scotland, of which his impressions are recorded in the "Hebrides" overture and the "Scotch" symphony.

His reputation as a composer was established in 1835 in Cologne by the production of the oratorio "St. Paul," and in 1843 he was appointed director of the Leipzig Conservatory. This was a great honor to be given the young composer, but he disliked the routine of instructing and was not very successful. Three years later he directed the first performance of perhaps his greatest work—the Oratorio of Elijah. This performance took place in Birmingham and was a gift to the English people. At that time Mendelssohn was almost idolized in England and critics today agree that his influence was most harmful to the music of that country, for he was imitated to an unwarrantable extent. This blind worship of him, however, is now a thing of the past.

"Elijah" was written in Mendelssohn's maturity and contains passages of unsurpassed beauty and strength. Especially notable are the episodes in the desert when Elijah despairs and is comforted by his visions ("It is Enough" and "He Watching Over Israel").

Mendelssohn was a man of charming personality and great warmth of affection. Perhaps his sheltered life of ease and comfort was detrimental to his musical development,—he never was able to express the depths of human passion; but there are some natures that seem to require the sunshine of life and at least we may say that prosperity never destroyed his ideals. He was passionately, almost jealously, devoted to his friends; the death of his sister, Fanny, closely following that of his parents, was a shock from which he never recovered. He was contemplating a trip to Vienna to hear

Jenny Lind sing in "Elijah" when he was suddenly taken ill and died, November 4, 1847.

Although he wrote much piano music Mendelssohn did not advance the art of piano playing or composing. His style is often very formal and too refined to be expressive. His "Songs Without Words" were very popular when they first appeared, their melodies and easy performance attracting popular taste, but now they receive little attention. Their monotonous rhythms and rather cloying harmonies have excited harsh criticism, but certain of them, such as the "Spring Song," the "Spinning Song" and the "Gondola Song" in G minor remain favorites today. His strongest work in the field of piano composition are the "Serious Variations." His organ sonatas are of great value to students and place him in the foremost rank of organ composers since Bach.

Mendelssohn shows far greater originality in his works for orchestra; they are delightful in melody and orchestration, and display a freshness and sympathetic feeling. The finest of these productions are the "Scotch" Symphony, and the "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Hebrides" and "The Beautiful Melusine" overtures. His violin concerto is perhaps better loved than any other; its themes are masterly and its difficulties are not excesive.

The songs for single voice do not compare favorably with those of really great song writers, but many of them contain much of value.

Mendelssohn's fame today depends on the two oratorios, "St. Paul" and "Elijah," and a few orchestral works. His influence at the present time lies in the fact that he checked the element of extreme Romanticism in music and restored the importance of the classical school. Few composers have gained the popularity and real love shown this composer during his lifetime; indeed, the praise given him was out of all keeping with the real merit of his work. Now the pendulum has swung too far in the opposite direction and Mendelssohn is among the fallen gods. As one critic has said, "It has become almost a fashion to sneer or to smile at his music." The importance of his work was seemingly temporary, but it remains for the future to relegate him to his proper place among the composers of the world.

Frederic Chopin (1809-1849).

The middle of the nineteenth century saw piano music raised to a pinnacle of perfection never before equalled nor since surpassed. The three men to whom this development is chiefly due are Shumann as composer, Liszt as pianist and Chopin as both player and composer.

Frederic Chopin, the "Poet of the Piano," has exerted a more subtle influence upon his art than any other writer of instrumental music. With but few exceptions he labored in one field—that of piano composition—and he expressed himself in the smaller musical forms. That a composition is colossal in proportions does not signify that it is great, and some of the shortest of Chopin's productions are gems of the rarest beauty. At the present time it is the test of a good pianist to be able to play his works with understanding.

He was born in Zelazowa Wola, Poland, in 1809. His father was a Frenchman of high intelligence, and his mother a refined Polish woman. His early education and musical training were received in Warsaw, where he found excellent teachers. At an early age he distinguished himself as a pianist, his precocity causing much wonder. He was gladly received into the houses of titled nobility and found their habits entirely in keeping with his own fastidious tastes. At the age of twenty-one he left Poland to study in Paris, visiting Vienna on the way, where he gave several successful concerts. He was at that time already a composer of considerable note, a brilliant pianist of good general education and was well prepared to treat his art in a scholarly manner. There he remained, teaching and composing, until his death in 1849.

"He lived a retired life as composer and teacher, little known to the world at large, but honored and beloved by a circle of friends, which included some of the most accomplished musicians, artists and authors in Paris. Chopin was a man of exquisite refinement, delicate and high-strung, of an ardent, and in early life at least, playful disposition. The prevailing impression that he was morbid, over-sensitive and a prey to dejection comes from the records of his later years of declining health. The remarkable friendship between Chopin

and George Sand, with the final rupture and its lamentable consequences, has done more than anything else to produce erroneous impressions of Chopin's disposition."[1]

Although he never again saw his beloved country, Chopin remained to the last an intense patriot. He, perhaps in a greater degree than any other composer, reflects his own character in his music. The two predominating elements of his productions are those of *personality* and *nationality*. He expresses himself with perfect clearness and reflects his own poetic soul. At times he seems rather too sensitive, but again he displays intense power and strength.

Poland had been a strong military power in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and its downfall, culminating in the seizure of Warsaw by the Russians, caused the deepest despair in that valiant little country. We find strong traces of the melancholy Polish temperament in Chopin's music and of its undaunted courage as well. In addition, French influence may be traced in the delicacy of his style and finish, and he possessed German mastery of musical science.

Contrary to the tendency of the time, Chopin did not give poetic titles to his pieces, but there is a clear poetic meaning behind his work. His sharp contrasts of mood, the vagueness of outline and variety of rhythm are all characteristics of the Romantic School. The running passages require a peculiar technique which he himself invented. He exacts great things of the pedal, fingers and wrist, and his compositions require the most delicate touch and an ear of the finest training. As a rule the best Chopin players are Poles and Russians, they having a national sympathy.

Although he seldom played in public concert halls, Chopin was one of the greatest pianists of his day. He had remarkable flexible hands and a peculiarly singing touch, while his sympathetic use of the pedal is said to have been a revelation. Schumann said, in describing his playing: "Imagine an aeolian harp that has all the scales, and that these are jumbled together by the hand of an artist into all sorts of fantastic arabesques, but in such a manner that a deep fundamental tone and a softly singing upper part are always audible, and you have an idea of his playing."

Polish folk-music is rich in songs and dances, and Chopin

[1]Dickinson: Hist. of Music, 244.

early acquainted himself with their melodies. The forms known as *mazurka* and *polonaise* originated in Poland. Chopin's mazurkas are imitations of national dances, but are enlarged and greatly developed. By means of intricate harmony and varied treatment the common dance becomes one of the higher musical forms. Chopin wrote his mazurkas in a style distinctly his own; no other composer has so fully caught the spirit of this national dance. Their fascination largely lies in the frequent change of mood—some are cheerful, others sad and depressing—and the Polish temperament is discernible in all.

The polonaise is a stately march, or procession, rather than a dance. It originated at court and was a most brilliant spectacle, often led by the king and queen. This dance of high society has now declined and is rarely danced at the present time. Chopin's polonaises may be divided into two classes: (1) those that are heroic, almost military in character, as the one in A flat, and (2) those that are melancholy in tone, as the F sharp minor polonaise.

The scherzos and ballades are among Chopin's finest work. Hitherto the scherzo had been a movement of a sonata, but he applied the form to an independent piece for piano. The ballades were probably suggested by Polish poems; he is undoubtedly at his best in his ballades, etudes, impromptus and fantasies. The nocturnes are not so difficult of execution as the other compositions and are consequently better known. They are, for the most part, rather dreamy and languishing in their general tone and are responsible for the prevailing opinion that Chopin was sad and of an unhealthy temperament. The preludes are sketches rather than pieces, but each is complete in its form. They are original and beautiful in their conception and deserve more attention than they commonly receive.

Chopin wrote nothing of importance for the orchestra; it is evident that he did not care to undergo the training necessary for this field of composition, for his orchestration is thin and uninteresting. He understood the powers of the piano perfectly and developed them to their utmost.

His last years were spent in great physical suffering and distress; his finances were at a low ebb and his final break with George Sand in 1847 added to his general unhappiness.

CHAPTER VII.

Programme Music.

The final outcome of the Romantic movement in music was the establishment of the "programme" school. The tendency to make music reflect definite thoughts and scenes of nature may be said to have been founded and carried to its culmination by Berlioz and Liszt.

By programme music, or "music with a poetic basis," is meant that which presents an idea that could be expressed in words. It is in direct contrast to the "abstract" music of the classical composers, which sought only to express *general* ideas or moods, and clothed them in conventional forms, such as sonatas, fugues or rondos. Programme music, which includes all instrumental music with titles, may be divided into two classes. First, that expressing some single thought or image, and is not connected with a story; Schumann's compositions illustrate this class. To this division, also, belongs modern "landscape" music, describing some phase of nature.

Music that is associated with a story or succession of scenes is more strictly of the programme school. In writing music of this class, the composer selects or creates some poem or narrative, and lets the movement of his music follow that of the story. *This poetic counterpart is called the programme.* It naturally follows that in this style of production it is well-nigh impossible to model upon the old forms, and the order of composition is necessarily detached.

The finest programme music is that which sets forth contrast of emotion, rather than that imitative of outward action. The effort to suggest the external in music has often led to amusing and sometimes to absurd effects. The final test of programme music, as of any other, is its *musical* value. The programme must be carefully chosen but its mission at best is only that of lending interest, not creating it. The finest of poetic suggestions cannot counteract poor music.

Berlioz (1803-1869).

The most original composer of the romantic school is Hector Berlioz. Although his compositions are seldom heard today, he has exerted a powerful influence upon musical criticism.

"The interest in the works of Berlioz is not measured wholly by their permanent artistic value, but largely by the æsthetic problems they offer. They apply the programme principle with startling audacity; they illustrate some of its nobler achievements, and also its possible abuses. As a man Berlioz is an example of what the artistic temperament may become when unbalanced by sound reflective judgment. The traits that make him such a fascinating and puzzling figure were not exceptional among the artists of his time. He is the representative in music of the romantic movement in French literature and art which broke out in 1830 under the lead of Victor Hugo, and produced a series of art works whose brilliancy, boldness and frequent extravagance have had no parallel in any other country in recent times. The world was searched for novel and stimulating subjects; every means was taken to excite the nerves and thrill the imagination. With the subsiding of the ferment, works were produced which at this day may be called even classic in their moderation and obedience to the eternal laws of beauty. But the keynote of the movement was the search for the novel, picturesque, remote." [1]

Hector Berlioz was born in southern France, in the year 1803. In his early youth he evinced a great love for poetry and music but his father, himself a physician, intended his son to enter the medical profession and would allow him no musical advantages. At the age of eighteen he was sent to Paris to begin the study of medicine but he immediately turned his whole attention to music, thereby causing his parents to cut off his allowance in high displeasure. The lad thus brought upon himself a period of great privation, during which he all but starved; however, his suffering never caused him to turn from his purpose. His father finally relented and gave him permission to enter the Paris Conservatorie, on condition that if he

[1] Dickinson: Study of the History of Music, 261.

did not prove successful in the musical profession he should return to his medical study.

Although he showed remarkable ability in mastering musical science, Berlioz was not a performer of any instrument, unless, indeed, his playing of the guitar and the flageolet is taken into consideration. He possessed a genius for orchestration never equalled in any other composer, and while in the Conservatorie won the "grand prize of Rome," which entitled him to two years' study in Italy. The rest of his life was spent in Paris.

From the first he wrote in the largest forms, and the magnitude and extravagance of his earlier compositions quite astounded the musical public. Berlioz was a man of radical and egotistical tendencies, visionary, passionately devoted to his art, and his music reflects these characteristics. Although his love of the unusual sometimes carried him beyond the limits of good taste (as, for instance, in his Requiem Mass, where he employed twelve horns, sixteen trumpets, sixteen trombones, eight pairs of kettle drums, two bass drums, five bass horns, three pairs of cymbals and a gong), his music is, generally speaking, artistic and often simple in effect. He submitted the scores of the masters to critical analysis and wrote text books on the subject of orchestration. He had great insight into the possibilities of the combinations of instruments and made the orchestra a new force. His tonal effects are most brilliant in their coloring; with Berlioz the tone-color was a part of the original design and did not exist apart from the melody.

One of his compositions is of great historic interest in that it marks the beginning of the programme idea in music: the symphony entitled "An Episode in the Life of an Artist." Its programme was written in the midst of one of Berlioz' love affairs and pictures his own feelings at that time. The first movement is lyrical in character. The artist has long dreamed of his ideal and at last his vision is realized; she is always depicted by the same melody, which varies with the setting. The second movement changes from the realm of reflection to actual life. The hero sees his love at a ball, and leaves the brilliancy of the ball-room and goes out beneath the moon to dream of her. The third is a pastoral movement, picturing the artist among the hills waiting for his beloved to come to him, while the sound of the shepherds' pipes gradually calms his mind. In

the next section he becomes convinced that his love is unfaithful and, in despair, takes opium. This does not kill him, however, but causes him to dream wildly. The last movement is a perfect orgy of tones. The sleeper seems to be attending his own funeral while goblins dance to weird sounds, in which the love motiff is distorted into a vulgar dance tune. Although we may condemn his choice of subject, in this symphony Berlioz displays great power and the work marks a new epoch in French music.

Another form cultivated in the nineteenth century was the "dramatic symphony" or "ode symphony," as it is sometimes called. It consists of parts for orchestra, chorus and single voice; doubtless it was suggested by Beethoven's Ninth Symphony but it was developed along different lines. In the French ode symphony each movement has a definite poetic subject. Berlioz created this form in his "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, which illustrates scenes from Shakespeare's drama. He pictures the balcony scene in a lovely adagio and the pranks of Queen Mab in a scherzo that is truly exquisite, but the effect of the whole is weakened in the last movement. In the scene at the tomb he forces the programme idea to such an extent that he ruins the musical effect. True programme music does not attempt to describe external action minutely; the idea at once convicts itself to failure. This can be effected in opera but not by means of instrumental music alone.

"Harold in Italy," suggested by Byron's poem and his own Italian experience, is unique in conception and is a truly notable work. It is generally conceded by musical critics that the greatest of Berlioz' compositions is "The Damnation of Faust," founded on Goethe's poem of that name.

"It consists of a selection of scenes, vocal and instrumental, including Faust on the plains of Hungary (introducing a Hungarian march), Faust in his study, the Easter song, the meeting of Faust and Mephistopheles, scene in Auerbach's cellar, dances of gnomes and sylphs, scenes between Faust and Gretchen, Faust's invocation to nature, the course to the abyss, pandemonium, chorus of the damned and of demons, heaven, chorus of celestial spirits, redemption of Gretchen. Berlioz does not linger upon the spiritual import of Goethe's work, but rather upon the emotional, especially the spectacular elements.

The task is perfectly congenial, and he produces in this work some of his most tender, passionate and original music." [2]

Berlioz, who was so bold and daring in his instrumental music, was conservative and even timid in his works for the stage. None of his operas are heard today, even in France. His music is perhaps most satisfying at the first hearing. In certain passages he rises to greatness but his work is so uneven as to be almost patchy; he relies too much upon the nervous effect of rhythm and mere sound. His influence is largely in the experimental value of his work and he is today in favor with but a small circle.

His domain was the orchestra and he opened to it a new horizon. He had a rare genius for seeking out new tonal effects and re-created the art of orchestration. No composer since Beethoven has pointed the way to so many new means of musical expression as did Hector Berlioz.

Liszt (1811-1886).

Franz Liszt was born near Oedenburg, in Hungary, on October 22, 1811. His father was a Hungarian in the employ of Count Esterhazy, with whom Haydn was so long connected, his mother of German descent. It was from his father that Franz received his first piano lessons, and he displayed such precocity that the family moved to Vienna in order that he might receive further instruction. For a year and a half Franz studied with Czerny, and after the age of twelve he took no lessons of anyone.

At that time he was acknowledged to be the equal of any pianist in Europe. He appeared frequently in public concerts and excited great admiration. A current journal of the time tells us of his reception in Paris, where in 1823 the family had made their home. "A year went by during which Liszt was, so to speak, the idol of all the ladies in Paris. Everywhere he was petted and caressed. His tricks and pranks, his moods and whims were all noted and discussed everywhere; everything was considered enchanting. Though barely thirteen years old, he already excited love, caused jealousy and stirred up enmity. He was the central figure of interest in every circle of society."

[2] Dickinson: Study of the History of Music, 268.

In time this flattery gave place to true respect and appreciation of his worth. The grief caused by his father's death in 1827, together with his natural religious inclinations, resulted in his withdrawing from public life to one of great seclusion. He gave himself up to moody meditation, which tended toward religious mysticism; this tendency so developed in later life that he was finally led to take orders in the Roman Catholic Church.

The young pianist spent the next eight years in teaching and composing. "His conduct at this crisis," Mason says, "illustrates that keen sense of honor which was so agreeable a trait in his character. Considering that the money he had accumulated by his many successful concerts was rightfully his mother's because of all the sacrifices she had made to his career, he made it over to her in a lump sum, and took up teaching for his own livelihood. It was an act of delicate justice, freely and cheerfully performed. Outwardly Liszt's life now became quite simple and laborious, almost plodding; but inwardly it was developing apace, and ramifying in many directions, under the provocations of this brilliant and complex Paris."

He was so aroused by the playing of Paganini, who visited Paris in 1831, that he could not rest until he had succeeded in reproducing on the piano the effects Paganini had produced on the violin; in short, he was resolved to become the Paganini of the piano. This necessitated an enlargement of piano technique, and to accomplish this Liszt devoted three years to constant study of the resources of his instrument.

In 1834 he again appeared as a public pianist. Making Paris his headquarters he toured Europe, everywhere meeting with the same success; no pianist, before or since, has ever created such a sensation. Liszt possessed a certain personal magnetism that set him apart from all others, and his genius illuminated everything he played. Amy Fay, concert pianist and pupil of Liszt, thus describes his playing in her charming compilation, *Music-Study in Germany:*

"His playing was a complete revelation to me, and has given me an entirely new insight into music. You cannot conceive, without hearing him, how poetic he is, or the thousand *nuances* that he can throw into the simplest thing, and he is equally great on all sides. From the zephyr to the tempest, the whole

scale is equally at his command. . . . Anything so perfectly beautiful as he looks when he sits at the piano I never saw, and yet he is almost an old man now. I enjoy him as I would an exquisite work of art. His personal magnetism is immense, and I can scarcely bear it when he plays. He can make me cry all he chooses, and that is saying a good deal, because I've heard so much music, and *never* have been affected by it. Even Joachim, whom I think divine, never moved me. When Liszt plays anything pathetic, it sounds as if he had been through everything, and opens all one's wounds afresh. All that one has ever suffered comes before one again."

Liszt's social triumphs were as great as his musical successes. He was a polished and cultured man of society and was the intimate friend of titled nobility. The story is told that when he was leaving Berlin, after a most brilliant concert season, half the populace was in the streets to give him a last farewell. The king, who chanced to be driving, by accident got into the midst of the throng and was scarcely noticed, so intent were the people on seeing the last of their idol. The circumstance was said to have put the king in great ill-humour and caused much amusement at court, where Liszt was a general favorite.

His rank as composer has not yet been determined. There are those critics who maintain that he lacked originality and that he was constantly laboring for effect, while his disciples firmly believe that he will ultimately be classed with the great composers. His piano works divide themselves into two classes: transcriptions, and original compositions. It is not possible to draw a distinct line between the two, for many of the transcriptions contain much original material. His own works belong to the programme school, and reflect much of his own personality. The Etudes, "Legendes" and the Concerto in E flat are great favorites with concert players of today.

Liszt's transcriptions of many of Schubert's songs are familiar to every piano student and music lover. In them he retains the original melodies but adorns them in varieties of ways and clothes them in a perfect glory of tone. One well-known group of transcriptions includes the "Hungarian Rhapsodies." These were a result of Liszt's visits to his native country, where the playing of the national bands is one of the

features of summer life. Their music is very spirited and possesses a peculiar wild charm. Liszt transcribed this native music in fifteen "Rhapsodies," which are delightful in their coloring and freedom of treatment.

Although not as daring as Berlioz in the matter of orchestration, Liszt was his superior in his grasp upon musical science and artistic feeling. He proved himself a master of the modern orchestra, and some of his finest work is to be found in his Symphonic Poems. This form was created by Liszt, and is a work in a single movement in which sometimes is pictured a series of ideas, sometimes a single conception. It stands half way between the poetic overture of Weber and the ode symphony of Berlioz. Its structure is free, the music closely following the programme. The titles of some of these poetic symphonies at once suggest the programme idea: *Orpheus, Prometheus, Hamlet, Hungaria, Battle of the Huns, What is Heard upon the Mountains* (Victor Hugo).

The poetical suggestiveness of Liszt's programmes, which renders them so favorable to musical treatment, is clearly illustrated in that of his "Préludes." "What is our life but a series of Preludes to that unknown song of which death strikes the first solemn note? Love is the enchanted dawn of every life; but where is the destiny in which the first pleasures of happiness are not interrupted by some storm, whose deadly breath dissipates its fair illusions, whose fatal thunderbolt consumes its altar? And where is the soul which, cruelly wounded, does not seek, at the coming of one of these storms, to calm its memories in the tranquil life of the country? Man, however, cannot long resign himself to the kindly tedium which has at first charmed him in the companionship of nature, and when 'the trumpet has sounded the signal of alarms,' he hastens to the post of peril, whatever may be the strife which calls him to its ranks, in order to regain in combat the full consciousness of himself and the complete command of his powers."

Another group of Liszt's compositions consists of religious works—oratorios, masses and psalms. In these is displayed the intensity of his own religious feelings. Liszt was always a devoted Catholic and was granted the order of abbé in that church. It is somewhat hard to reconcile this with the un-

conventionality of some of his worldly relationships. It is more than probable that he sought the quiet of the Church as a means of getting away from the public life of which he was heartily tired, rather than as an end in itself. He never took a higher order than that of abbé, and he did not assume duties that should in any way interfere with his musical work.

Liszt's chief service to his art lay in his teaching,[1] interpretation of the masters and his invention of new technical effects, rather than in the compositions he has left to the world. Pianists of his own time said that no one could play his pieces, but after he taught them his own methods it was no longer impossible. Liszt employed daring skips, rapid scales. intricate runs and trills played by both hands at once. His works necessitate every possible position of the hand and novel systems of fingering. It may be truly said that he revolutionized piano technique.

Liszt was the most versatile of musicians; he was great as pianist, teacher, composer and conductor. His remarkable intellect and personal fascination made him the most compelling force of his time. Were it not for his work, musical culture of today would be far different than it is. He died suddenly in Bayreuth in 1886 while attending the Wágner festival.

[1]Listz's teaching was entirely gratuitous in his later life.

CHAPTER VIII.

FAMOUS OPERAS AND THEIR COMPOSERS.

Although the language of music is cosmopolitan, yet the art of any nation reflects the individual taste and style of its people. This is perhaps more clearly depicted in the opera of the various countries than in any other branch of their music. An opera always takes the national name of the language in which it is written. Thus, an opera written in French is a French opera, regardless of the fact that it may have been written by a German in distinctive German style.

Generally speaking, it may be said that Italian opera is distinguished by its beauty of melody and regular form, the French by its piquancy of text and treatment, the German by its more complicated form and deep meaning underlying the plot, while English opera, although comparatively new, possesses at least the commendable quality of sincere simplicity. Notwithstanding these differences, it is well known that the development of an art in one country cannot but influence its progress in other countries.

The idea of the modern opera was first conceived about 1580 by a group of scholars and musical amateurs known as the "Bardi circle." This group of men held regular meetings at the home of Count Bardi, in Florence, to discuss matters of import to literature, science and art. Among the subjects which aroused the interest of these enthusiasts was the possibility of creating a form of music which could be used for dramatic purposes. All they desired was a kind of melody which could be subordinate to the text, but would render verse more effective by acting as its accompaniment. They imagined this result had been attained by the ancient Greeks in their drama, and accordingly set about to revive the classic form. Many difficulties presented themselves, for there was no way of ascertaining just what kind of music had been used in Athens. Their experiments did not result in a restoration of the noble Greek tragedy, as they had hoped, but in an intonation which was half-way between speech and song. Out

of this grew the "recitative," a kind of musical declamation, consisting of an irregular rising and falling of the voice upon which modern opera is based.

Gradually sustained melody was required because it was frequently found necessary for an actor to represent a fixed mood, and this can be effected only by means of a sustained air. When melody is thus developed in regular form it is called an *aria,* this name being given to the long solo parts of an opera. The effect of music upon the mind is quite different than that of poetry. It acts directly upon the emotions, while the appeal of poetry is made through an understanding of its meaning. Music expresses what words cannot, and aids the text of a drama by making the hearer more sensitive to the plot.

Opera exists in two forms: serious and comic—called in Italy *opera seria* and *opera buffa.* In its early history the Italian serious or grand opera often included comic elements, but later they were discarded and developed into a distinct form, known as opera buffa. This grew out of the old burlesque and puppet show, for which Italy, especially Rome, has been noted since antiquity. These entertainments, designed to amuse the masses, were free from the conventional and stereotyped restraints of the serious opera. The body of the play was given in recitative style. The whole tendency of the opera buffa was toward truth and simplicity; its constant effort was to portray life as it really is, and in this it exerted a most wholesome effect. To be sure, the early—and many of the later—comic operas contained much that was undesirable and even vulgar, but gradually they became more refined and, because of their variety and naturalness, developed the elements of true musical drama.

Opera has taken various forms in France, Italy and Germany and its progress in one country has reacted upon that of the others. It is more convenient for the student of music, as well as the average concert attendant, to trace its development through the three schools of opera which have brought it to its present stage; for this reason we shall begin with its origin in Italy and later follow the story of its growth under French and German influence.

ITALIAN OPERA.

In Italy opera rose out of the mystery play, and recitative —or musical declamation—first appeared in that branch of dramatic music called *oratorio*. In the middle of the sixteenth century Phillip of Neri founded an order of preachers to supply the growing demand of the times; the church in which he preached thus came to be called the Church of the Oratorio. He conceived the idea of using music to attract a larger congregation and employed a poet to write a series of pieces based upon the mystery, and including dances and scenery. These were set to music and produced with great success. From this dramatic music grew the form of oratorio, so-named from its having first been given in that particular church. This form of entertainment proved so popular that in a short time music was regarded as a necessary factor and even indispensable in the madrigal.

This does not imply that music had not been allied to dramatic performance previous to that time, for Italy had always been in touch with ancient Greece and Egypt, where the musical dance had existed almost from time immemorial; but it was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that we find a definite start toward modern opera and oratorio. For a long time secular music was in evidence only in connection with court festivities, but in 1637 a theater for the production of musical drama was opened to the public. This was the Theatre of San Cassiano, in Venice, and henceforth public taste was a factor to be taken into account in the development of Italian opera.

Monteverde (1568-1643) was the first genius to give his entire attention to the opera. He loosened some of its rigid laws and proved that dramatic action may be expressed in music as well as in poetry. For some time before Monteverde's death, Venice was the center of the opera world. It is said that six hundred and fifty different operas were performed there in one century. So great was the success of the public opera house that by the end of the century ten others had been built in Venice and were eagerly patronized. In Rome none were opened until 1671, but we hear of operas being given out of doors or in private houses as early as 1632.

Before the seventeenth century, woman held a most insignificant place in the musical world, but the new art of song brought the feminine voice into great prominence. Many singing schools were established, and by the latter part of the seventeenth century singers of marvelous technical ability sprang up.

"The world has never seen a more complete devotion to a single branch of art. The Italian method became the law for Europe. The great singer was the pet of fashionable society, and his gains were fabulous. . . . The work existed solely for the honor and glory of the singer, purely as singer, not as singer and actor combined. The audience cared little or nothing for the play, and listened only to the arias, which they judged with the greatest keenness on technical grounds."[1]

Scarlatti (1659-1725), founder of the influential Neapolitan school, was by far the most famous composer of his time. As director of the Royal School and writer of church and opera music, he was in a position to aid greatly in the development of his art, and many of his pupils became well known throughout Europe. He increased the scope of the aria and accompanied recitative, and enlarged the overture to a form of three movements, from which the symphony was later developed. But his works reflect the superficiality of his age and, like the others, soon sank into oblivion.

Operatic history from this point is that of the struggle between music written for dramatic illustration and that designed merely to please the ear, and, as we shall see, the latter finally triumphed. Composers wrote with the vocal powers of a favorite singer of the times ever in mind, and would even submit to constant varying of text and melody to suit the latter's whims. New methods of singing necessarily arose to provide the vocal technique required by the brilliant runs, trills and all manner of florid embellishments then in vogue, while plot and action were given but passing thought.

In addition to being entirely given over to vocal display, Italian grand opera of the eighteenth century was most artificial and stereotyped in form. The number of its characters was generally limited to six, three of each sex; and it was a

[1] Dickinson: The History of Music, page 109.

practice rarely departed from to make them all lovers—a custom that introduced weakness and absurdity into otherwise worthy operas. The piece was invariably divided into three acts, each not to exceed a certain number of verses.

"The excessive and exclusive taste of the Italians for vocalizable melodic music led to the dreariest period in the history of art, because it necessarily excluded so much that is needed to make music permanently interesting. The accompaniments had to be kept in subordination to prevent their distracting the ear from the full enjoyment of the singer's skill; wherefore all the higher qualities of direct expression which depend upon harmony were excluded. Variety of form became superfluous, because the vocalist naturally liked to display his powers in cadences and other formalities in the same parts of his arias. Dramatic development became superfluous because the audiences were not concerned with the interest of the story set, but with the music and the performers. How these influences continued to drag Italian opera down lower and lower into the sloughs of shams, and even to the most vapid vulgarity, it is not necessary to recall."[2]

But technical resources must be cultivated before great thoughts can be expressed, and mere ravings of hysterical passion are no more lasting in music than they are in literature. Gradually more attention was given to the context of the play itself and, although Italian opera has always been and is today a display ground for the showy art of the vocalist, by the latter part of the eighteenth century there began to be some continuity of plot and action.

After reaching the highest pinnacle of glory in the technical perfection of its melody, Italian opera steadily declined. Its success had been due to the development of showy vocalism alone, and when this could be carried no further there was nothing whatsoever in the form or plot of the opera to redeem it. The inevitable result was a gradual sliding backward and for many years no composer appeared to check its fall.

Italy, the land of sunshine and song, has been the birthplace of most of our musical *forms,* but it has always been

[2] Oxford History of Music.

left for some other country to develop the ideas suggested by her composers. While Germany was producing such men as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann, Italy's importance in the musical world was rapidly growing less. That she has deteriorated rather than advanced in the art of music is proved by the fact that she contributes practically nothing to the most varied concert program of today. Her one trend of musical development has been in the field of opera and, in order to produce operas that would succeed, her composers have been forced to cater to popular taste, which was content with a pleasing melody combined with a trivial plot requiring no mental exertion to follow its development.

When Italian grand opera had declined to such an extent that it was practically extinct, it suddenly burst forth with renewed splendor under the inspiration of Rossini and his followers, and for a short time Italian melody once more held sway.

Gioacchino Antonio Rossini (1729-1868) came of humble parentage, his father being a town trumpeter and his mother the daughter of a baker. His aptitude for music showed itself at an early age, and when very young he began the study of singing, cello and counterpoint in his native town of Pesaro. The whole history of music tells of no composer who has met with such instant success, for from the beginning of his career Rossini had all Italy at his feet. He was in no way a reformer and cared not at all for the lasting value of the means he employed to divert an unreflecting audience. He appeared at a time when musical taste was at a low ebb and, accepting it just as he found it, he exploited the popular forms with great skill.

It would be unjust and even absurd to hold him responsible for the shallowness of his times and it must be conceded that he poured new life into the stagnant opera of the day. Moreover, he curbed the license of singers to alter notes at will and introduced a far higher grade of melody and singing. His early operas were written in the *Seria* style and were faithful imitations of other Italian operas of his day. It is in opera buffa that Rossini was at his best, for it alone af-

forded him an opportunity to display his love of brilliant effects and "vocal fireworks."

Perhaps the most popular of Rossini's works and assuredly the best opera buffa in existence is his "Barbiera di Seviglia" (Barber of Seville), written in Rome in 1816. Among its arias in popular use as concert numbers today are the aria "Una Voce Poco Fa," and the final trio of the Count, Rosina and Figaro—"Zitti, Zitti." This delightful comedy is based on the love affair of Count Almaviva, who is enamored of Rosina, the pretty ward of Doctor Baitolo. However, her guardian wishes to wed her himself and so zealously guards her from all would-be suitors. After serenading to no avail, the count disguises himself as a soldier and, aided by Figaro, the witty barber of Seville, attempts to enter the Doctor's house but is foiled by a guard. Not daunted by this failure, the count next appears as a substitute sent by Basilo, Rosina's singing teacher, who, he reports, is seriously ill. Of course the count makes good use of his hour to advance his suit, which is suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Basilo himself. But Figaro bribes him to retreat and Rosina agrees to elope that night. Many humourous difficulties present themselves but finally the lovers flee and are married before Bartolo and his friends appear.

In his last opera, "Guillaume Tell," is shown a broader and more truly musical style. This, the last of Rossini's operas, is his most perfect work judged from a dramatic as well as a musical standpoint. The text is founded on the well-known story of Tell, the hero who freed his Fatherland from one of its most cruel despots.

The first act opens with a chorus of peasants who are celebrating a marriage feast. Tell enters and cannot refrain, even amid so much mirth, from speaking of the tyranny and oppression which hangs over them all. Arnold, son of a Swiss soldier, is present and notwithstanding his love for Mathilda, Princess of Hapsburg, whom he once saved from drowning, promises to stand by his own countrymen and to join Tell in an effort to liberate Switzerland from Austrian tyranny. A little later, Leuthold, a Swiss peasant approaches; he is a fugitive, having killed an Austrian officer who attempted the abduction of his daughter. His only safety lies in quickly

crossing the lake, but a storm is on the approach and none of the fishermen will venture out. Tell offers his aid and, seizing the oars, rows Leuthold safely across. He has been gone but a few moments when Rudolf von Harras rushes on the scene with his soldiers, only to find his prey has escaped. Nobody being willing to betray the name of the deliverer, Arnold's father is seized and imprisoned, with the hope that the truth may be forced from him.

Meanwhile Arnold has again met the Princess Mathilda, as she is returning from a hunt, and declares his love to her. Just then Tell enters with Walter Fürst and informs Arnold of his father's captivity. At once roused from his love-dreams, Arnold vows to forget his own desires till he has freed Switzerland from such tyranny. The three men pledge revenge by the famous oath taken on the Rütli. With the war cry "To arms!" ringing to the sky, they depart on their bloody mission.

In the last act Gessler has caused his hat to be placed on a pole in the market-place of Altdorf, to be greeted by the Swiss as if it were himself in person. None dare to disobey this distasteful order until Tell passes by with his son and refuses to salute the hat. Gessler witnesses this act of defiance and by way of punishment orders him to shoot an apple off his little son's head. Tell is forced to submit, despite his terrible fear that he may miss the mark and kill the boy; carefully selecting two arrows, he hits the center of the apple with the first. Gessler then compels him to tell why he has thus provided a second arrow and Tell confesses that with it he would have shot the tyrant, had he missed his aim. Upon this he is seized by the guards in spite of the entreaties of the Princess Mathilda, who has witnessed the gross injustice. But Gessler's time has come. At this last insult the Swiss join in revolt, the fortresses of Austria fall and Mathilda herself begs to be admitted into the alliance of free citizens. Tell kills Gessler in his struggle and in a majestic chorus the Swiss announce the day of liberty.

Quite unaccountably, after the tremendous success which met this opera Rossini suddenly left the dramatic field of music; perhaps he realized that he had reached the height of his musical powers and that any further attempt would but

decrease his fame. His style was adopted by a brilliant group of composers, none of whom equalled him in the invention of melody and, although they were immensely popular at the time, few of their operas are known today. The most accomplished of the group were Donizetti and Bellini, who were nearly as gifted as their master and whose bewitching melodies are still enjoyed when their beauty is displayed by such artists as Sembrich and Caruso. Verdi (1813-1901) is sometimes classed with this group of composers, but although his early operas might easily have been the productions of Donizetti or Bellini, his later works mark the beginning of a more modern style and proves him a greater genius than any of the so-called "Rossini School" of Italian musicians.

Giuseppe Verdi was born in a little Italian hamlet on October 10, 1813, the same year in which a still greater genius—Richard Wagner—came into the world. Evincing a love for music when very young, Verdi was allowed to follow the bent of his genius. He received lessons on the organ and in counterpoint and when nineteen was prepared to ably fill any position as organist. The following story related by Elson tells of his early skill and independence:

"It happened that in the competition for an organist's post, none of the twenty-eight aspirants was able to write a correct fugue on the subject given by Basily. When he complained to Lavigna,[3] the latter waged that Verdi could do it. The young student, who was sitting near by, at once took pen and paper and soon finished the composition. Basily read the production with astonishment, and was forced to compliment Verdi on his skill. 'But how is it that you have written a double canon on my subject?' queried the master. 'Because I found it rather poor, and wished to embellish it,' was Verdi's instant reply."

Although his early operas have been relegated to the obscurity which they deserve, his later works give evidence of a superior intellect and true artistic feeling. He was a man of broad interests, an intense patriot and during his lifetime held several diplomatic positions. In all, he wrote twenty-seven

[3]Lavigna was Verdi's Teacher.

operas, but no more than six of these are performed today. He is perhaps best known as the composer of "Il Trovatore," although the merits of this opera by no means justify its popularity.

The plot of "Il Trovatore" is very confused and trivial; indeed, it has been called by one able critic "melodrama run mad." Its success is due to its catchy and very effective melodies which appeal strongly to the greater part of opera-attending audiences. "The music is often distressingly simple and tawdry, but in spite of that quality it possesses such direct melodic and dramatic force that the opera deserves far more praise than the critics are willing to accord to a work of the purely tuneful order that inspires our street organs. Despite its weak plot, it has the strength of a musical setting excellent in design and workmanship, though written as if in words of one syllable to please a public that was wholly childlike in its emotions."

Two men seek the hand of Leonore, Countess of Sergaste, one a minstrel by the name of Manrico, and the other Count Luna. Azucena, a gipsy, is supposed to be the mother of Manrico and she vows revenge on Count Luna because his father has caused her mother to be burned as a witch. Azucena has stolen one of his children for revenge, named him Manrico and brought him up as her own son. After exciting incidents, Manrico and Azucena are imprisoned by the wicked Count, who threatens to kill them unless Leonore will promise to marry him. She is sent to tell Manrico, but he declines to accept liberty at such a price, and is consequently executed in the presence of Azucena. Rather than keep the promise which she had made only to save her lover's life, Leonore takes poison. The gipsy then tells the Count that Manrico was not her son, but his own brother, and, filled with rage at the error she has allowed him to commit, the Count orders her to be burned at the stake.

The "Anvil Chorus," the "Miserere" and music of the famous prison scene contain some of the magnificent melodies in which this opera abound, but unfortunately they are thrown together with little judgment or regard to the effect of the opera as a whole.

In a later opera, "Aïda," Verdi displays a power and dignity most astonishing when we take into consideration the triviality of his earlier work. It is a masterpiece of dramatic force, and most ably reflects the magic beauty of the Nile country. "Aïda" was written as a result of a commission from the Khedive of Egypt, in 1869, to write a national opera for the celebration attendant upon opening the Suez Canal. The effect of this work was to bring to Verdi the recognition of the highest musical circles of Europe.

The scene of the opera is laid in ancient Egypt, and its highly-colored and somewhat sensuous melodies are quite in keeping with Eastern mysticism and romance. Aïda is the daughter of the Ethiopian king and is living as a hostage at the Egyptian court. There Rhadames, a young warrior, falls in love with her, not knowing that she is the daughter of a king. In the ensuing war with the Ethiopians, Rhadames covers himself with glory and returns with a host of prisoners, among whom is Aïda's father, Amonasro. The king celebrates the overwhelming victory by freeing all but Amonasro and rewards the unwilling Rhadames with the hand of Princess Amneris.

When Aïda's father learns of her attachment with his conqueror, he persuades her to influence him to join their cause and leave his native land. But the plot is overheard by the jealous Amneris, who betrays Rhadames to the government. He is thereupon tried and found guilty, but is offered pardon if he will renounce Aïda and marry Amneris. This he refuses to do, so is sentenced to the horrible death of being buried alive in a vault. There Aïda conceals herself and the faithful lovers die in each other's arms.

Two other operas written in this later period justify the high position which Verdi holds in the Italian opera-world; "Othello" and "Falstaff" are both based upon Shakespearean stories and characters. Opera repertoire contains no more original and vivacious comedy than "Falstaff," which was written in the composer's eightieth year.

Some critics have accused Verdi of imitating Wagner's style, but this indicates either a shallow perception or the inability to recognize national characteristics when they are most apparent. Verdi is as thoroughly Italian in his style as Wag-

ner is German in his, and he well deserves the name he has won as a creator of most ravishing melody.

Within the past few years a new school of opera has appeared in Italy, which may be called a counterpart of the naturalistic school in the spoken drama. In the productions of this group of writers, not only is real life depicted in detail but the physical side of human nature may be said to be overemphasized and instinctive passions displayed in all their native crudity. Considerable talent has been expended upon these operas but they contain little noble sentiment to redeem them. The music is sometimes rich and effective, but it is more often sensational to a fault and at times even blatant.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" was the first of these realistic operas and took the whole continent of Europe by storm. Pietro Mascagni, its composer, has since written several operas, none of which has been well received. The story of "Cavalleria Rusticana," presented in one act, is briefly this:

Turridu, a Sicilian peasant, has loved Lola and been accepted, but after an absence passed in military service he returns to find her married to the wealthy Alfio. He tries to console himself with Santuzza, a peasant girl, and promises to marry her. Lola, however, although happily wedded, will not have her former lover profess devotion to another, and renews her friendship with him, receiving him often in her husband's absence.

This excites Santuzza's jealousy and she pours out her grief to Turridu's mother, who tries in vain to comfort her. In a stormy interview with Turridu she entreats him not to forsake her but he angrily flings her from him. Now desperate wth love and jealousy, Santuzza tells Alfio of his wife's falseness and he immediately challenges the false lover to a duel. Turridu, repenting too late of his folly and his treachery to Santuzza, accepts the challenge and is killed in the encounter. Peasants rush in to announce his death, whereupon Santuzza falls lifeless and the curtain falls upon the double tragedy.

The success of this opera has been due to the vivid action and intensity of passion, rather than to its musical worth. "In the opera are these elements: simple means employed by simple characters shake and harrow the spectators; dramatic

touches are blows in their directness; the occasional absence of judicious art is forgotten in the exhibition of fierce truth. In his haste to tell his story Mascagni has no time to construct themes of balanced length. Phrases are short and intense; rhythm frets; dissonances rage and scream. There is feverish unrest from beginning to end; but the fever is the fever of a sturdy, hotblooded youth, and not the artificial flush of a jaded maker of music."

Other prominent writers of this school are Tasca, Spinelli and Puccini. The latter is the best known of the group and his operas have met with remarkable success. It is always difficult to judge the lasting worth of our contemporaries, and it is still a question whether Puccini's operas will stand the test of time. Although his "Madame Butterfly" is exceedingly popular, none of the present-day Italian operas is more often presented than is "La Tosca," written a few years earlier.

"La Tosca" was first produced at Covent Garden, London, in 1900. Although the text is not one particularly adapted to operatic treatment, yet it is most cleverly orchestrated and the music is strong and original in style. The scene is laid in Rome, the first act opening in the interior of the Church of Santa Andrea; time, the year 1800. Angelotti, a Roman consul who has been unjustly imprisoned, is aided by his sister to make his escape and appears in the church, still in prison garb, to find the key she has hidden for him. This he finds but just as he is leaving he hears approaching footsteps and conceals himself. The intruder proves to be Cavaradossi, an artist and old friend of Angelotti's, who has come to the church to paint a portrait of the Madonna. The fugitive makes himself known and Cavaradossi promises to help him in his escape; just then they are interrupted by Tosca, a noted singer who is madly in love with the artist. She has heard him in conversation with some one and at once becomes suspicious of his fidelity. After much persuasion, she is finally induced to withdraw, without seeing the visitor. Cavaradossi then takes his friend to his own villa, just as the booming of the prison cannon is heard, proclaiming the escape of an inmate. As they hurry out of the church. Scarpia, chief of police, enters by another door in search of Angelotti; failing in this effort, the wily Scarpia makes Tosca believe that her lover

has been in secret meeting with another woman, showing her a fan dropped by Angelotti's sister, as proof.

The second act takes place in the apartments of Scarpia. Cavaradossi has been seized in his villa and is summoned to disclose the hiding place of the prisoner, but this he refuses to do. Scarpia then orders Tosca to be brought before him, hoping to torture the artist by gaining her favor; to his amazement, however, Tosca throws herself into her lover's arms, rejoiced to find him unharmed. Thoroughly enraged and jealous, Scarpia then orders Cavaradossi to the torture chamber; at last distracted by her lover's groans of pain, Tosca agrees to reveal the hiding place of Angellotti. So Cavaradossi is again brought in, this time unconscious, and Scarpia fiendishly orders him to be executed unless Tosca will grant him her favor. After vain entreaty she consents, after he shall have signed a passport for the artist to leave the country. While he is doing so, Tosca steals up behind and stabs him.

The last act shows Cavardossi in the Castle Santa Angelo, awaiting his sentence. Tosca rushes in with the passport and, not knowing that the soldiers have already been ordered to shoot the prisoner, tells him that they will only pretend to shoot, and that he must fall as if dead, after which she will take him secretly away in her carriage. After a volley of shots from the soldiers, Cavaradossi falls, but when Tosca hurries to his side, she finds that he has in truth been killed. Crazed by her grief, she leaps to the parapet of the terrace and throws herself into space, before the horror-stricken soldiers.

"Madame Butterfly" was first produced in Milan in 1904 and was brought to this country two years later. The story is based upon a drama of the same name by David Belasco and is one of pathetic tragedy throughout.

The first act opens in Nagasaki, Japan, and discloses Lieut. Pinkerton, a United States Naval officer, inspecting the house to which he is going to take his bride, Cho-Cho-San, who is called Madame Butterfly on account of her light-hearted, dainty ways. The American Consul is with him and earnestly seeks to dissuade him from entering upon this marriage to one whose traditions and ideals are so different than his own,

but his entreaties are in vain. During the discussion the bride arrives with friends and tells Pinkerton that she has renounced her faith that she may share his religion and commit herself absolutely to his care. The marriage contract is signed, but when the wedding feast begins Madame Butterfly's uncle, a priest, arrives and curses her for renouncing her religion. Exasperated by such intrusion, Pinkerton turns him and the other Japanese relatives out of the house, and is left alone with his bride.

Three years elapse and the second act shows Madame Butterfly awaiting her husband's return from an official absence to America. Meanwhile Pinkerton, never having taken his Japanese alliance seriously, marries an American wife and informs the Consul that he is about to bring her to Nagasaki. A wealthy Japanese is in love with Madame Butterfly and entreats her to no longer wait for the faithless husband but she will not listen to his pleadings.

The Consul undertakes the difficult task of informing her of her husband's intended return, but cannot make her grasp the situation. When he tries to explain that her husband now cares for another, her only reply is to bring him their baby boy. Failing utterly in his mission, the Consul departs just as the guns announce the arrival of Pinkerton's ship in the harbor. Madame Butterfly is in a transport of joy; with her maid's help she decorates the house for his reception and then waits for his approach. The maid and the baby fall asleep but the little Japanese wife never ceases her vigil.

The third act opens on the same scene. The long-looked for arrival takes place and Pinkerton enters with his American bride; he discovers Madame Butterfly and seems dazed when he takes in the full tragedy of the situation. Unable to face the crisis he rushes away, leaving the Consul to explain. He appeals to the maid to make Madame Butterfly realize the circumstances and urge her to leave the baby to be brought up as an American child. With the outward calm characteristic of her race and with rare nobility, little Madame Butterfly wishes her rival much happiness and sends word to her faithless husband that she, too, will soon find peace. She realizes only that she is standing in the way of the happiness of one she dearly loves and rather than this should continue, she kills

herself with her father's dagger. The tragedy closes when Pinkerton and the Consul come upon her lifeless body.

The music of this opera is Oriental throughout and is in perfect keeping with the movements of the sad story, showing passages of graceful brilliancy as well as deepest pathos.

Although once the leader of musical progress, Italy now shows no such promise of future greatness as France. Italian music at present means merely opera music and the vigorous instrumental advancement in which lies the hope of French music today finds no parallel in Italy. Italian composers in recent times have been numerous, yet few of them have made any particular impression outside their own country.

CHAPTER IX.

FRENCH OPERA.

Opera was not introduced into France until the middle of the seventeenth century and was, from the first, quite independent of Italian influences. Great importance was given to the chorus and ballet, and in the endeavor to perfect dramatic action and scenic effects, musical shortcomings were entirely overlooked. The French are always fond of witty dialogue, and this they interspersed freely throughout their operas; they gave great importance to the so-called "dry" recitative, a monotonous and unmusical form of speech. Often an opera was but a series of choruses and ballets, loosely joined together by endless recitative. In comparison to the polished and brilliant execution of the Italians, the inferior singing and ever-present ballets of the French must have presented a strange contrast. The Italians overestimated the importance of the musical side of drama, while the French laid their emphasis on the side of plot and action. Each had glaring defects and each was positive of its own superiority. Later we find these two influences acting and re-acting upon one another, making possible the work of the nineteenth century.

Goldoni has given an amusing account of early French opera which has been translated from his autobiography: "I kept waiting for the airs, the music of which, I thought, would have least amused me; when, behold! out comes the ballet again, and concludes the act. I, thinking that the whole act had been without a single air, turn to my neighbour for explanation on that point. He begins to laugh, and assures me that the act I have heard contained no less than six airs. 'How? I am not deaf.' It turns out that I had taken all the airs for an endless recitative. A minute later out came the three actors, all singing together; this was meant for a trio, but again I mistook it for a recitative. In short, all was beautiful, grand, magnificent, excepting the music. When

the curtain had fallen, all my acquaintances asked me how I had liked the opera. The answer bursts out of my lips, "'Tis a paradise for the eyes, but a hell for the ears.' "

The works of Jean Baptiste de Lully represent the best in French opera. Although a native Italian, he is classed with the French school; he did not, like his countrymen, permit the musical side of his dramas to overbalance all other elements. As a boy his experiences were varied; when thirteen years old he was retained as a helper in the Royal kitchen in Paris, but he attracted attention by his unusual skill as a dancer and violin player and was gradually advanced until he reached the position of composer and music-master to the French king. The greatest service he performed was in his treatment of the overture; his melodies are pleasing but his operas reflect the formal tone of all French music of the seventeenth century.

The period from 1750 to 1780 is very important in the history of the opera. The rise of opera-comique and the reforms of Gluck set loose the influences that paved the way for our modern drama. We have seen that the Italian grand opera was characterized by vocal display, which sacrificed action and text; that the tendency of French opera was just the opposite—giving great place to dramatic effect and woefully lacking on the musical side. Operatic history ever since has centered about the conflict of these two tendencies.

The French opera-comique is very similar in origin to the Italian opera buffa, and grew out of the vaudeville, the favorite entertainment of the lower classes. As early as 1714 it was the custom for holiday-makers to gather in the market places and watch the performance of burlesques—often coarse in character, but always uproariously applauded. These rude farces were plentifully interspersed with popular songs, in which the audience joined with great gusto. When songs in direct connection with the plot of the farce were introduced we have the beginning of comic opera. It was the invariable result of the growing demand for naturalness and spontaneity in dramatic representation. At the present time "opera-comique" means any opera that has been brought out at the Theâtre de l'Opéra-comique, in Paris, and does not imply the comic element. Thus the term is often applied to tragedies, such as Bizet's "Carmen" and Puccini's "Madame Butterfly."

The invasion of an Italian buffa company in Paris in the year 1732 did much to destroy the structure of French grand opera and direct more attention toward the opera-comique. Many were weary of artificiality and turned eagerly to Italian music. The success of the buffa troupe called forth heated criticism on the part of French composers and two strong factions arose, with supporters among all classes. One party was in favor of adopting Italian opera and the other violently opposed it; even the king and queen took part in the discussion —on opposite sides. The result of this contention was most wholesome; it roused the people from the apathy into which they had fallen, and paved the way for an opera in which music and drama should not be opposed to one another, but in which they could be blended into a composite whole. A composer then appeared who dared to upset the cherished traditions—one who marks the dividing line between the old and modern school of opera.

Christoph Wilibald Gluck was born in Bavaria in the year 1714. His parents were poor, and at the age of twelve he was sent to a Jesuit school, where for six years he studied singing, violin, organ and the classics. After this he devoted himself exclusively to his musical work, studying and playing at Prague. For many years he had no idea of writing any but grand operas; his early works, written in the conventional Italian style, met with such success that he was called to London. Here he produced two operas that proved to be utter failures, and Gluck betook himself and his wounded pride to Paris.

By 1760 he had become convinced that the form of grand opera was shallow, and even absurd; he possessed a strong dramatic instinct, was a devoted student of Greek poetry, and desired to create operas that should be in accordance with the Athenian tragedies. Nothing worth mentioning came from his pen until 1762, when his great reform opera, "Orpheus and Eurydice," appeared. This drama is divided into three acts.

The curtain rises upon a scene showing a grassy valley with the tomb of Eurydice in the foreground. A chorus of mourners is interrupted by a cry of grief from Orpheus, hus-

band of the dead Eurydice, who vows he will follow her to the underworld. The god Amor appears and tells him of the perilous conditions imposed on any mortal who would attempt to bring a shade back from Hades; but Orpheus determines to accomplish his purpose.

Act II takes place in Hades, opening with a chorus of the Furies, in which the barking of the dog Cerberus is often heard. In the midst of all this uproar Orpheus enters and by means of heart-rending strains on his lyre makes an impassioned appeal for mercy. At last, moved by the beauty of the song, the Furies allow him to pass beyond into the Elysian Fields. By command of the gods, Orpheus may not look upon his departed love, so he tries to find her by instinct. Compassionate spirits become interested and place her hand in his.

In the last act Orpheus is discovered leading Eurydice, who is transported with joy; finally she notices that he holds his face aloof and will not gaze upon her. For this she reproaches him and at last, overpowered by her entreaties, Orpheus turns and, as he looks upon her, she falls dead. Then follows the exquisite melody, "What shall I do without Eurydice?" In the midst of his hopeless grief, Amor returns and restores Eurydice to her faithful lover.

Gluck found great difficulty with his singers, for in his endeavor to assign music to its proper place he went to the other extreme and did not give the vocalists enough opportunity. In his later operas, "Alcestis," produced in 1767, "Iphigenia in Aulis" and "Iphigenia in Tauris"—the latter written to show his superiority over a rival composer—he displayed greater skill in depicting dramatic scenes. The principles which Gluck tried to lay down may be stated briefly as follows: He desired to do away with the artificiality that had grown up in the opera, and compel actors to sing the notes as they were written by the composer; he thought the overture ought to indicate the general character of the opera; that the orchestra should be used as a means of expression, not merely an accompaniment; and that there should be no disparity between the aria and the recitative. In short, his whole aim tended toward simplicity, and he introduced and made permanent principles of dramatic simplicity and unity.

Gluck was not one of the great melodists, and his operas are seldom heard today; but the principles which he established have never been laid aside. His was a frivolous age, and his reforms required the expenditure of a moral strength that commands the highest respect and admiration.

After the triumphal close of what might be termed the Gluck reform campaign, Paris became the operatic center of all Europe. The reputation of no dramatic composer was regarded as established until Paris had favorably received his productions. It is somewhat difficult to classify French operas of the nineteenth century, for theoretically there are but two general classes — grand opera and opera-comique. The second class is the cause of possible confusion in the minds of music amateurs, for gradually the form of comic opera expanded and developed until it took in elements other than those of comedy and combined those of tragedy as well. It is impossible to tell from the text or treatment of many French operas to which of the two classes they belong, there being no distinctive difference between them; their classification depends solely upon whether they were first produced at the Académie de Musique or the Opera-comique.

Another confusing element is the fact that the greater share of the operas of the French school were written by foreign musicians. Among those who had much to do with the development of French opera are Cherubini and Spontini, Italians, and Meyerbeer and Offenbach, Germans. We can only bear in mind the fact that an opera belongs to the national school of that language in which it is written. However, the peculiar dramatic sense of the French people, together with French spirit and taste, separated the whole treatment of their opera from that of the Italians.

The first to contribute largely to the modern French school was Luigi Cherubini (1760-1842). His musical talent displayed itself at an early age, and when but sixteen he had already composed many works for the stage. It was not until 1780 that his first opera appeared, and from that time on for fourteen years he was busily engaged in operatic composition. He did much for the development of French opera, was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by Napoleon, and in 1822 became director of the Paris Conservatoire. None

of his operas are presented today with the exception of "Les deux Journés," known in England and America as "The Water Carrier." This is the opera, the production of which, in Beethoven's opinion, placed Cherubini at the head of all his contemporaries.

It is designated by some writers as a grand opera, but from its general character it is more correctly opera-comique. It was first produced in Paris, 1800. The first act opens at the house of Michele, a water carrier of Paris; his son Antonio, is about to wed Angeline, a peasant girl living at Genesse. Michele is interested in a Count Armand, who is being persecuted by Cardinal Mazarin; so fearful is he that the Count may escape that he has the city gates constantly watched, and no one may leave without a pass. Since Michele has passes for his son and daughter, he devises a plan by which Count Armand and his wife can escape from the city. After much persuasion, his daughter is induced to give up going to her brother's wedding; so in her disguise, the Count's wife is able to pass through the gates, under Antonio's protection. It is more difficult to effect a means of escape for the Count, but this is done by concealing him in a water barrel. Arrived safely outside, he hides in a hollow tree, it being arranged that when all is clear his wife shall clap her hands as a signal. She does so, but soldiers are concealed among the rocks and at once seize her, whereupon Count Armand rushes forth and covers them with his pistol. He is obliged to give himself up, however, and just as the soldiers are about to take him away, Michele comes bearing the news that the persecution has ceased and that the Count's liberty is restored to him.

The opera is characterized by a simplicity that is at once dignified and dramatically forceful. Its beautiful overture is frequently heard as a concert number, and the dramatic ensemble for Antonio, Costanza and the soldiers at the beginning of the second act is a masterpiece of dramatic writing. It is to be regretted that this charming opera is not more often given.

The history of French grand opera reaches its height in Giacomo Meyerbeer (1791-1864). He was a German Jew and was born in Berlin. For a time he studied in Munich, later went to Italy, where he became a great admirer and

imitator of Rossini; went to Paris in 1826 and there dropped the style he had affected and became the originator of one purely his own. He is perhaps best known by his operas "Les Huguenots," "Robert le Diable" and "L'Africaine."

"Few composers have been so much eulogized and so much reviled as Meyerbeer. The opinion of Wagner and Schumann, who denounced him as an unmitigated charlatan and trickster, may be set off against the view of his French admirers, many of them able critics, who pronounce him one of the greatest of musico-dramatic geniuses. The truth doubtless lies between these two estimates. While in sheer musical imagination and science he cannot be called one of the greatest of musicians, yet he was not lacking in ideas, and was deficient in sustained development rather than in thematic invention. His ingenuity and command in the matter of orchestral combination for dramatic purposes is unquestioned. He had many great inspirations, and there are pages in his works that will always rank among the most powerful in opera history. . . . No operatic composer was ever more uneven, and this is due not only to a lack of spontaneity in creation but still more to his intense desire to make 'effect' at every point, no matter at what loss of musical unity. A work of his is, therefore, as Mrs. Julian Marshall says, a consummate piece of mosaic rather than an organic structure."[1]

Yet Meyerbeer introduced many legitimate innovations, his range of expression was wide and he permanently influenced not only French opera, but German and Italian as well. His greatest work is conceded by all critics to be "Les Huguenots," which seems destined to hold its place among the best of musical dramas.

This is a grand opera in five acts, first produced at the Académie de Musique, February 29, 1836. The action of the play passes in the last part of the sixteenth century, first in Touraine and later in Paris; this, it will be remembered, was during the time of the bloody persecutions of the Huguenots, as the French Protestants were called. The Duke of Medicis has to all appearances made peace with Admiral Coligny, leader of the Huguenots, and we are at once introduced to the castle of Count Nevers. Here are gathered

[1] Dickinson's History of Music, page 302.

many Catholic noblemen and with them is the Protestant Raoul de Nangis, lately promoted to the rank of captain. During the banquet they talk of love and each guest is asked to give the name of his sweetheart. Raoul then tells them how once, when walking, he came upon a group of students molesting a lady riding in a litter. He rescued her and found her to be the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Although he does not know her name his heart burns for her. At this point a lady is announced to Count Rivers and Raoul at once recognizes in her the lady of his dreams. She has come to ask Nevers to release her from her engagement to him, which he does with great reluctance. Returning to the table he gives no explanation, and Raoul at once suspects her of being Never's mistress. Presently a page enters with an invitation for Raoul, and the others, recognizing the seal of Queen Margarita of Valois, at once try to seek his friendship.

Next we find Raoul at the court of the beautiful Queen, who is expending the utmost energy to reconcile the Catholics with the Protestants. To help toward this end she has decided to unite Raoul with her lady-of-honor, Valentine, daughter of Count of St. Bris and a staunch Catholic. Valentine has told her that it was Raoul who rescued her from the rude students and that she loves him. Raoul is ready to comply with the Queen's wish, but when Valentine is brought in and he sees in her the one whom he thinks so unworthy of honest love, he takes back his promise. All are amazed and the girl's father vows bloody revenge.

In the third act Marcel, Raoul's servant, brings a challenge to St. Bris, but meanwhile the latter has been informed of another means of making way with his foe; he, however, accepts the challenge. His daughter, although mortally offended at Raoul, still loves him and resolves to save his life. Seeing Marcel, she bids him tell his master not to come to the duel alone. Meanwhile Raoul has gone to meet his enemy, who appears with four comrades; while they are fighting, a disturbance between Catholic and Protestant citizens arises, which is stopped by Queen Margarita. Valentine is brought in to bear witness in the impromptu trial and then Raoul hears what her errand to Nevers had really been. But this knowledge comes too late, for Valentine's father has promised

Nevers that he shall wed his daughter, and the latter appears to claim his bride. The presence of the Queen prevents an open outbreak, but Raoul departs from the scene with deadly hate in his heart.

In the next act, the dreadful night of St. Bartholomew is fast approaching. Valentine is in her room; Raoul enters to take a last farewell, but almost immediately St. Bris enters with a party of Catholics and Raoul is forced to hide in the next room. There he hears a conspiracy for the terrible destruction of the Protestants. Nevers alone refuses to aid in such murder, and fearing he will turn traitor, the others bind him in the room. In spite of Valentine's entreaty to stay with her, Raoul rushes out to save his comrades from a bloody death.

In the last act he is found, pale and excited, in the court of Queen Margarita and her husband, Henry of Navarre. He tells them of the plot and urges that they help to prevent it; but it is too late, for most of the Huguenots have already been massacred. Raoul once more meets Valentine, who promises to save him if he will go over to her faith. This he refuses to do and, it now being impossible for him to be saved, she resolves to die with him. She accepts his creed and they die together at the hand of an assassin.

Charles Gounod (1818-1893) is the most widely known representative of the modern French school. "Like many other composers he has distinguished himself both as writer for the theatre and for the church, the union of the mystical and the sensuous in his temperament producing that warm, seductive, languishing and ecstatic manner which is peculiar to him and is felt in both his religious and his secular music. There is a certain softness and effeminacy in this style which is hardly in keeping with the highest demands of dramatic music, certainly not with those of church music. Gounod's immense popularity is due to his remarkable gift of voluptuous melody, which completely captivates at the first hearing, and although it may cloy at last and never sounds the lowest depths of passion, at its best it is sincere and forcible and bears the marks of genuine feeling."[2]

[2]Dickinson's History of Music, page 351.

His masterpiece is undoubtedly "Faust," the story of which is as follows: Faust, a student in Germany, after living a life of close study and meditation, becomes consumed with a desire to unravel the mysteries of nature. To attain this result he calls upon the Evil Spirit, who appears in the form of Mephistopheles. By means of his unearthly power, Mephistopheles restores Faust to youth, with its illusions and passions, endowing him also with personal beauty and rich attire. For this he receives Faust's promise to serve him in the hereafter. Then by means of a vision Mephistopheles reveals to him Margaret, the lovely village maiden, with whom Faust immediately falls desperately and violently in love. His desire to meet her is gratified.

Now Margaret, noted alike for her purity and loveliness, has been left by her brother, Valentine, under the care of Dame Martha during his absence as a soldier. Upon meeting Faust, Margaret at first rejects the advances of the stranger but the latter is aided by the demoniacal influence of Mephistopheles, who is bent upon destroying another human soul, and overcomes her resistance.

Upon his return from the wars, Valentine learns that Faust has been the cause of Margaret's downfall, and challenges him to a duel. Through the help of Mephistopheles the seducer wins in the encounter and Valentine is slain. Margaret, horror-stricken at the calamity of which she is the cause, gives way to unreasoning despair, and in a fit of frenzy kills her child. For this crime she is thrown into prison. Faust again implores the aid of Mephistopheles, who enables him to enter her prison cell and both urge her to flee for liberty. But Margaret, in whom the horror of her sin has given way to holier feelings, refuses to go, and places her reliance in repentance and prayer. At last, overcome with sorrow and remorse, the unhappy girl expires with a prayer on her lips.

Mephistopheles triumphs over the double catastrophe he has caused, but at this point a chorus of celestial voices is heard, proclaiming pardon for the repentant sinner, while the Evil Spirit, completely foiled and overcome, crouches suppliantly as the accents of divine love and forgiveness are heard,

and the spirit of Margaret is wafted by angels to its heavenly home.

The opera of "Faust" is considered by many critics to be the most popular work on the modern stage, and undoubtedly it contains Gounod's best music. It has been given more than a thousand times in Paris alone. The love scenes between Faust and Margaret and the tragic prison episode show the composer's power of melody and dramatic expression, but we cannot help but feel that the portrayal of Faust is little more than that of the traditional stage lover and that he is a mere go-between in an amorous escapade. The German title of this opera—*Marguerite*—seems rather more appropriate than the title by which it is generally known, for it is the dramatization of but a single episode in Goethe's powerful poem.

The name of Camile Saint-Saëns is among the foremost of present-day French composers. He was most versatile and his works include chamber music, piano solos and concertos, oratorios and operas. He was not only a successful composer, one of the foremost pianists in Europe and a brilliant organist, but was also a writer of great literary merit. In elegance and finish, cleverness and clearness of touch, he is a representative artist of the French school.

The most popular of his operas is perhaps "Proserpine," a lyric drama in four acts. It is not based on the classical story that its name implies, but its scene is laid in Italy, in the sixteenth century. Proserpine is in love with Sabatino, who is quite unaware of her affection and is devoted to Angiola, sister of his friend, Renzo. When Sabatino discovers her secret, he fails to treat her with respect and she becomes furious when she learns that he loves another. In order to avenge herself she seeks aid from a ruffian named Squarocca, whom she has released when he was caught stealing in her palace.

The accomplice undertakes to seize Angiola as she is coming from a convent, and arranges for her to meet Proserpine. In the ensuing interview the latter tries to persuade her not to marry Sabatino. Angiola resists all persuasion and, as her rival is about to stab her, is rescued by her brother. Proserpine is forced to wait for her revenge till the wedding

day of Sabatino and Angiola, when she turns upon the bride and stabs her with a concealed dagger. Thinking his wife dead, Sabatino then kills Proserpine; Angiola recovers and is restored to her husband.

Although certain passages of this work are delightful, yet in the main the musical effect has to be sacrificed to meet the demands of the plot, which is one of melodramatic absurdity.

Probably of more lasting worth is the opera, "Samson and Dalila," by the same composer. This is based upon the biblical story of these characters and closely follows the narrative found in *Judges*. The opera opens in Palestine, where Samson is trying to encourage the disheartened Hebrews. Abinelech appears with a host of Philistines, but is slain by Samson and his soldiers dispersed. When the High Priest discovers the dead body of Abinelech, he calls upon the Philistines to avenge their leader's death, but in vain.

Realizing that Samson cannot be captured by force, the priest resorts to cunning; seeking the assistance of the beautiful Dalila, he persuades her to exert her charms on his enemy, and she proves so seductive that the hero is ready to yield, despite the warnings of the Hebrews.

The second act is laid in the beautiful valley of Soreck; here the High Priest is plotting with Dalila to deliver Samson over to the Philistines by means of her wiles. After repeatedly asking Samson wherein lies his strength, and as many times having the real answer refused her, Dalila at length succeeds in coaxing the true secret from her lover; he finally admits that his strength lies in his hair. Then soothing him to sleep, Dalila discloses her secret to her people, the Philistines, who with her help cut off his hair and put out his eyes. He is then easily captured and imprisoned.

In the third act Samson is discovered sorrowfully turning a handmill and listening to the rebukes of his fellow captives, who chide him for his weakness in yielding to a woman. The last scene shows the interior of the temple where the Philistines are rejoicing over their victory and praising Dalila for her cleverness. Samson is then led in by a youth and is hailed with derision; the blind captive remains silent, being overcome with grief. The High Priest pours out a cup of

wine into which he has poured a deadly poison and commands Dalila to serve it to the victim; the latter, however, whispers to the youth to lead him to the pillars of the temple. There he prays aloud to the God of Israel to give him back his strength for just one instant. The prayer is granted and, seizing the pillars, Samson overturns them and the temple collapses amid the shrieks of the terrified Philistines.

This opera is undoubtedly the masterpiece of the composer and is intensely dramatic throughout. It contains some exquisite melodies, while the duet between Samson and Dalila is one of the finest love scenes in opera repertoire.

Charles Ambroise Thomas is one of the modern French musicians whose operas are much loved in all countries. No more charming musical drama exists than his "Mignon," based upon Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" and first produced at the Opéra-Comique November 17, 1866.

The scene of the first two acts is laid in Germany, and that of the last in Italy. The overture gives out the leading *motifs* of the drama, which opens with a chorus of townspeople in the yard before a German inn. A troupe of actors is among them resting on their way to the castle of a neighboring prince. Their harper is an old man of noble birth whose daughter, Mignon, was stolen while a mere child by a band of gypsies. Disguised in this way the old man has wandered for years, hoping to find her in his travels. A strolling band of gypsies enters the court-yard and he again resumes his silent search. Mignon, who is indeed with them, is ordered to perform her famous egg dance, and when she refuses because she is so weary, is abused by Giarno, the leader of the band. The old harper interposes in her behalf but not until Wilhelm Meister, a young student, steps forth is she rescued from the gypsey. To save her from such cruelty, Meister engages Mignon as his page and takes her with him. He, too, is of excellent family but is traveling with this troupe of comedians for the experience he may gain and has fallen in love with one of its members—Philine, who is full of arts and graces.

Touched by his kindness to her, Mignon also falls in love with the young student, who is quite unconscious of her devotion and is becoming more and more a prey to the wiles of

Philine. They journey on to the castle, the harper with them; he is reminded by Mignon of his lost daughter and she is attracted to him because his lonely state is so like her own. Arrived at the castle, Wilhelm enters with the others, bidding Mignon wait outside. This awakens bitter jealousy in her mind and she is considering drowning herself in a nearby lake, when she hears the notes of Lothario's harp. She goes to him for counsel and expresses to him the foolish wish that the palace in which the hated Philine is playing might be struck by lightning. Embittered by his own grief and her troubles, Lothario steals away and sets fire to the castle. Meanwhile the play is finished, the actors emerge and Philine orders Mignon to go back and bring some flowers she has thoughtlessly left inside. Mignon obeys and suddenly the flames leap out of the windows; Wilhelm rushes into the burning palace and brings out the unconscious girl in his arms.

The third act carries us to Italy, whither Mignon has been taken; Wilhelm has discovered her love for him in her delirium and has freed himself from the fascinations of the actress. Lothario, no longer a harper, takes them to Italy, where Mignon has so longed to return, and receives them in his palace. Gradually Mignon remembers having seen certain things about the place before, and finally recognizes her mother's picture on the wall. This removes the last shadow of doubt and Lothario, rejoiced that his daughter has come to him at last, presents her to his subjects who have gathered to greet him, and gives his blessing to Wilhelm, her chosen husband.

"Mignon" has always been a success, and by virtue of its fresh and exquisite melodies will probably retain its popularity. Among the most delightful of this composer's inspirations is the duet which, in the first act, is sung by Wilhelm and Mignon. He has questioned her as to her past history, and when he says:

> "Were I to break thy chains and set thee free,
> To what beloved spot wouldst thou take thy way?"

she replies in the beautiful romanza, translated directly from Goethe:

"Knowst thou the land where citron-apples bloom,
And oranges like gold in leafy gloom,
A gentle wind from deep blue heaven blows,
The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows
Knowst thou it then?
'Tis there! 'Tis there!
O my true loved one, thou with me must go!"

George Bizet (1838-1875) was a composer of great individuality and was a most ardent devotee of the modern romantic school of music. Had not his career been cut short by his untimely death, it is quite probable that the French school would have been greatly influenced by his rare ability. His fame rests almost entirely upon the opera "Carmen," which is universally accepted as one of the most original productions on the French stage.

The story of "Carmen" is so well known that it requires but little explanation. It has of late been produced on the stage without music and is included in the repertoire of almost every stock theatrical company. This opera is distinctly Spanish in its general character; not only is the plot based upon southern passion and emotion, but its music also is Spanish to a high degree.

Carmen, the heroine, is a Spanish gypsey and is a combination of fickleness and wild charm. She naturally has many admirers but is betrothed to Don José, a brigadier. Of course she soon tires of him and plans a thousand ways to awaken his jealousy.

Unknown to them all, Don José already has a wife at home, the sweet Micaëla, but forgets her in his passion for the gypsey. Micaëla comes to find her husband, bringing the portrait and benediction of his mother, whom he dearly loves, but her attentions are spurned by Don José, who has eyes for no one but the bewitching Carmen. Meanwhile this passionate creature has quarreled with one of her companion workers in a cigarette factory and is taken to prison, but Don José secures her release; she promises to meet him that evening at a certain inn. The second act shows them there together, surrounded by the whole band of gypsies. Don José is so infatuated with Carmen's charms that he is willing to become one of them, although he knows they are smugglers and he

is an officer of the law. He even engages in a dangerous enterprise with them to show his sincerity, but the gypsey no sooner sees that he will relinquish honor and life itself for her than she begins to be wearied by his attentions; she transfers her affections to a bull-fighter by the name of Escamillo, who is as passionate as herself. In the quarrel between the rivals, Escamillo's knife is broken and he is about to be killed by Don José when Carmen rushes in and stays his arm. Now realizing her treachery, Don José desires only revenge.

Meanwhile Micaëla follows him everywhere, still loving him and often entreating him to return to his dying mother, who grieves for her absent son. At last he consents to go back with her, but still promises himself bloody revenge on his rival. The last act carries us to Madrid, where there is to be a bull-fight with Escamillo as the principal contestant for honors. Don José goes to the field of contest, hoping to win back the love of Carmen; he finds her and, kneeling at her feet, vows never to forsake her and even to go back to her people, but the fearless Carmen declares her infatuation for the bull-fighter. Fairly crazed with love and jealousy, José attempts to take her by force, but she escapes from him, throwing the ring he has given her at his feet. In a perfect fury of grief, he overtakes her just as the trumpets announce Escamillo's victory, and stabs her through the heart.

Conspicuous among composers of French opera today is Jules Massenet. A composer of great refinement and good taste, Massenet well deserves the popularity he has won. He is especially noted for his skill in portraying love scenes, and as a melodist may be compared with Gounod. His opera, "Manon," adapted from Abbé Prevost's romance, *Manon Lescaut,* is ranked as one of the best exhibited on the French stage today.

The action takes place in the year 1721, first in an inn at Amiens. There Guillot, Minister of Finance, is making merry with a party of friends when Manon, a beautiful adventuress, enters with her cousin, Lescaut, of the Royal Guards. Guillot is at once attracted by Manon's beauty and, deserting his companions, tries to entice her to leave with him, but she refuses and he is obliged to withdraw.

Next Lescaut is forced to go away on a short business trip and warns his cousin against the advances of Guillot; during his absence the Chevalier Des Grieux comes to the inn, and although about to take orders in the church, falls in love with Manon on account of her beauty and seeming innocence. He becomes so infatuated with her that he consents to her plan of eloping to Paris, where in the second act they are established in cozy apartments. Here they are discovered by the irate Lescaut and his friend De Bretigny, a nobleman, and also in love with Manon. They become partially pacified on learning that Des Grieux has written to his father for consent to marry, but when this consent is refused they have Des Grieux seized and imprisoned.

The third act shows the fête of *Cours la Reine,* where De Bretigny has assumed the protection of Manon. Together they chance to meet the father of Des Grieux and learn from him that his son has been seized with remorse for his conduct and has taken the orders of priest. Hearing this, all her former love returns and Manon flees from De Bretigny and goes back to seek her lover. Once more under her influence, Des Grieux forgets his vows and succumbs to her entreaties to forsake his holy office. Together they return to the gay world and the next act reveals them in the interior of a fashionable gambling resort in Paris. Des Grieux plays, at Manon's request, and wins continuously from Guillot, who unjustly says that cheating was the cause of such success. Trouble follows and Des Grieux and Manon are both on the verge of arrest when the former's father appears and secures his release, but Manon is captured and sentenced to exile.

In the last act both Des Grieux and Lescaut are concealed in a lonely spot along the road where Manon is to pass on her way to exile. The unhappy lover bribes her guard to let him interview her for the last time; he secretly urges her to try and escape with him. But Manon's spirit is utterly broken and exhausted by the nervous strain; she repents of her misspent life and expires in the arms of her grief-stricken lover.

The condition of the French operatic stage today promises much for the future. There is a strong "nationality" in the music that is a wholesome sign of advancement; to be sure,

this desire to express individuality often leads to bizarre effects, but always with the avowed purpose of bringing music into closer union with literature.

A noticeable characteristic in the history of modern French music is the breadth of range in its compositions. Formerly a composer could not become renowned until he had produced at least one successful opera, but today many writers of musical drama have gained their fame through concert music. This tendency exercises a favorable influence upon operatic music, for it indirectly demands that a dramatic composer shall first be a master of musical science. This required study in turn affects all forms of composition—especially the art of orchestration, which in itself can make or ruin an opera.

It is impossible to forecast the future of the modern French school of music. Those who wish to follow its greatest progress must look to its instrumental forms rather than its dramatic, for in the former lies the greatest hope of the national music of France.

MADONNA AND CHILD.—FILIPPO LIPPI.

CHAPTER X.

GERMAN OPERA.

It was not until the early part of the nineteenth century that Germany created a form of opera that was worthy of comparison with the musical drama of Italy and France. Up to that time Germany had been dominated by foreign influence and the struggle to free itself from the mastery of its rivals was of far-reaching results. There began to be a demand for a national school not only of music but art, literature and philosophy as well; it is more than mere coincidence that the achievement of this desire was contemporaneous with the overthrow of Napoleon's tyranny and the beginnings of a German government.

The opera of this nation, like that of Italy, originated in a kind of entertainment composed of songs and dialogue. This *singspiel* (song-play) was usually based upon episodes from the Bible but was often given outside the church to celebrate any festival. "Dr. Franz Gehrung, of Vienna, states that it was from those given outside—as being of a freer and (ultimately) of a humorous character—that the *singspiel* more directly developed, these being the miracle plays, to which the *passions* (performed within the church) gave rise; and that it was in the plays given outside that the German language gradually superseded the Latin—at first in the dialogue and afterwards in the songs. He also gives the name of a German miracle play in which all the words are sung in German, this being 'Spiel voss den zehn jung framen,' which was performed at Eispenach in 1322."

The development of the opera from the *singspiel* was of course very gradual. The conception of modern opera dates only from the time of Gluck (1714-1787) and it will be remembered that his work was carried on in Paris. Mozart may be said to be the first distinctly German opera composer, and only one of his three great operas was written in the native language. In "Die Zauberflöte" we find the first influences of the Lied to be found in operatic music.

The story of the growth of German opera from this time on to the appearance of Wagner's music-dramas may be traced in Beethoven's one opera, "Fidelio" and the works of Carl Weber, all of which are fully discussed in the lives of these composers previously given.

Too much credit cannot be given these early writers for the high ideals they upheld in the face of many difficulties. To Weber and Spohr is due the establishment of German *romantic* opera, the results of which can hardly yet be estimated. Romantic opera writers closely following Weber are: Heinrich Marschner (1795-1861), Kreutzer (1780-1849) and Albert Lortzing (1803-1852). These composers were far excelled by Weber in real genius but none the less they possessed the same romantic spirit, which was later completed and transcended by Wagner.

Germany has not been lacking in opera composers since the time of Richard Wagner. Herman Goetz (1840-1876) evinced great talent in his brilliant comic opera "Des Widerspenstigen Zähmung," freely adapted from Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." Karl Goldmark made himself famous by a single opera—"Die Königin von Saba," based upon an imaginary love adventure of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Like all devotees of the romantic school, Goldmark has the gift of creating tuneful melody, but his work lacks true depth of feeling.

The story of his opera is briefly this: King Solomon, learning that the Queen of Sheba is about to visit him, sends a favorite courtier, Assad, to escort her on her journey. Now Assad is betrothed to Sulamith, daughter of the high-priest, but on his way to meet the Queen, he sees in a forest a beautiful nymph, whose beauty so impresses him that he forgets his love for Sulamith. Upon his return to announce their arrival to Solomon, Assad confesses his secret and the wise king counsels him to forget the episode and marry his betrothed the next day. Assad gives his promise to do this and the Queen is announced.

Followed by her majestic retinue, the Queen of Sheba enters while a jubilant chorus sings "To the Sun of the South Our Welcome We Bring." Only when she stands before the King himself does the Queen lift her veil and then, with a

start, Assad recognizes her as his nymph of the forest. The proud Queen affects not to know him, but when she learns that he is to wed another, love for him secretly rises in her heart.

Although she is too proud to resign her position and marry him, yet the Queen is full of jealousy toward the young bride and swears vengeance on her rival. That night one of her slave-women allures Assad to the garden, where he finds the Queen awaiting him. So completely does she fascinate him with her arts that he ignores his promise to the King and makes love to her, as she wishes him to do.

The next day the wedding is celebrated as arranged and Assad leads Sulamith to the altar. Just as he is about to accept the ring offered by the bride's father, the Queen of Sheba appears, bringing a dazzling wedding gift in the form of a golden cup filled with pearls. Again falling under the Queen's influence, Assad throws the ring from him and falls at her feet. All wait for the Queen to explain and Solomon, who guesses the truth, bids her speak, but for the second time she refuses to publicly admit of her infatuation, and scorns her lover. Assad, however, encouraged by her secret impassioned glance, declares that she is his divinity and falls at her feet as if to worship her as such. Incensed with wrath, that such blasphemy shall take place in the temple, the priests instantly demand his death. The Queen repents having allowed the affair to take so serious a turn and both she and Sulamith plead in his behalf.

In all the excitement Solomon alone remains calm; he dismisses the priests, for he himself will judge the courtier. He adjourns to the banquet-hall, where a delightful ballet is given in the royal guest's honor. At the end of the feast, the Queen demands Assad's pardon, but this Solomon refuses. She then tries to ensnare him by her charms but the King treats her with cold contempt; fairly beside herself with rage and mortification, the fair ruler vows to free Assad and to seek vengeance on his captor. Solomon, fully understanding that she will go to any lengths to attain her end, changes the sentence of the prisoner to banishment from the country.

Next we find Assad alone in the desert, whither he has been exiled; he is utterly wearied and heartily repents of his folly. Suddenly the Queen appears on the scene, crossing the

desert with her retinue. She once more tries to lure him with soft words, but in vain—he recognizes her fickleness and prefers to die alone in the desert rather than succumb to her will. He is about to expire in the awful desert heat, when Sulamith appears, having followed him without resting night or day. Just then a simoon blows across the desert and they perish in each other's arms, while in a mirage the Queen's procession is seen journeying on its way.

Another star in the firmament of German opera composers is Ingelbert Humperdinck. Born September 1, 1854, at Siegburg on the Rhine, he evinced marked ability at a very early age. He studied at Munich and later in Italy, where he attracted the attention of Wagner, and two years later was invited by that master to go to Venice as his guest. He is considered by many critics to be the only living composer who gives promise of developing the music-drama as it was conceived by Wagner.

His opera "Hansel and Gretel" is one of the most charming in all dramatic repertoire and is frequently heard in all countries today. The story closely follows that of the Grimm's fairy tale of the same name, the text being arranged by the composer's sister; this she did for the amusement of her own children and was aided by her brother by his writing simple melodies to accompany the performance. Later, however, he saw its possibilities and gave it the form in which it is known to opera attendants today. Siegfried, son of Richard Wagner, has declared it to be the most important German opera since "Parsifal," despite its simplicity.

The curtain rises upon the home of Peter, a broom-maker. He and his wife are both away to seek food for the hungry children, who have been left behind to knit and make brooms. Hansel and Gretel sing a charming duet, starting with a lament against poverty and ending in a perfect romp of childish glee. This is interrupted by the return of the mother, who comes empty-handed; she chides them for wasting their time and in her anger upsets the milk jug, which contained their only hope for supper. Tired out with the disappointments of the day, she soon falls asleep; soon, however, she is awakened by the return of Peter, who has been more fortunate in securing provisions. They both miss the children, and know

at once that they must still be in the woods, whither they have been sent to gather strawberries. Peter recounts the grewsome tale of the witch who haunts the woods and lives in a candy house, enticing little children there that she may devour them.

In the next act the children are seen in the forest, making garlands and mocking the cuckoos with beautiful echo accompaniment. Finally their play ceases and they realize that they cannot find their way out of the maze of trees. The sleep fairy approaches them and soothes their fear, putting them to sleep with a woodland lullaby.

Then is pictured the witch's house. Hansel and Gretel are still sleeping, but the Dawn-Fairy shakes dewdrops upon them, singing the delightful song: "I'm up with early dawning." Gretel wakens first and hastily rouses Hansel by telling him all she has seen in her dream. Now they discover the wonderful house, with an oven on one side and a cage on the other, both joined to the house by a gingerbread fence; the house itself is constructed of candies and sweets, which appeal strongly to the hungry children. Breaking off a piece, they proceed to devour it, when suddenly the old witch appears and surprises them. After many antics upon her broom-stick, which are cleverly reflected in the music, she makes ready to cook Gretel in the fire; the child affects not to know how to enter the oven and requests the witch to show her first. Bending low before the door, the old woman is suddenly shoved into it by the quick children, who then shut the door. They rush into the house and hastily break off sweetmeats and nuts, which they gather in Gretel's apron.

Suddenly the oven falls to pieces and a crowd of little girls and boys tumble out, released from the gingerbread disguises. They are happy to be set free and the children fall into a joyous dance. Just then Peter and his wife appear on the scene, and rapturously embrace their children. The old witch falls out of the broken oven in the form of a large honey-cake and all join in a song of thanksgiving.

The central figure in musical Germany today is Richard Strauss, who has set the whole world simply aghast with wonder. So far has he carried the realistic idea in music that he pictures with startling vividness the squeaking of a wind-mill,

the bleating of a flock of sheep or the tumult of a battlefield. Whether or not this is really music, in its highest sense, remains an open question, but certain it is that this composer has made orchestral instruments pliant to his will as has no other, and that his powers of orchestration are seemingly without limit. It is impossible to forecast the place he will hold in musical history; some critics think he is as marvelous a genius as Wagner, while others scoff at the idea of his works standing the test of time. Years alone will decide the question and the student of music would do well to follow his career carefully, for undoubtedly he is opening a new field of art.

CHAPTER XI.

WAGNER AND HIS MUSIC DRAMAS.

The study of Richard Wagner—his purposes, his conceptions as poet, dramatist and musician—is the most difficult in all the history of music. His productions are complex in the extreme and involve problems of ethics, history, sociology and philosophy. His purpose was to make the opera a serious form of art, instead of a means of diversion; to allow it to treat of moral and intellectual subjects, and to weld music, poetry, scenery and action into a perfect and composite whole.

He was born at Leipzig, May 22, 1813. His father died when Richard was a mere child, leaving six other children. Soon afterward his mother married Ludwig Geyer, a well-known actor and writer of comedies. Thus from his earliest recollections Richard was surrounded by the influence of the theatre; several of the other children became actors and concert singers. His instincts were for the drama and when eleven he resolved to become a poet, laboring for two years on a tragedy in which he killed all his characters, forty-two in number, at the outset and had to bring them back as ghosts in order to finish the remaining acts! With the exception of this amusing outburst, Wagner displayed no signs of genius in his early childhood; he was fond of play and fairy tales, like any other boy. Not until he was fifteen did his musical ability assert itself, but from that time on it developed with startling rapidity. With the exception of a few months spent under the direction of Weinlig, the greater part of his musical knowledge was gained by his own study of the older masters. In Leipzig and Dresden he heard Weber's operas performed and they set him aflame with new ideas.

In 1833 he secured his first salaried position, that of chorus master in a local theatre. Soon afterward he married an actress, Wilhelmine Planer, and in 1839 located in Paris. His

first marriage was not a happy one; the woman he had chosen was utterly incapable of comprehending his genius, but she was always a faithful and loving wife, which is more than can be said of him as a husband. He was at first unable to secure a hearing for his operas and was obliged to spend many years in unhappiness and privation. Of strong socialistic tendencies, Wagner was supposed to have aided in a revolt waged in Saxony for the purpose of gaining more constitutional liberties, and barely escaped arrest. The exact facts of the matter are not fully known, but to avoid further trouble with the authorities he took refuge in Switzerland, where he was obliged to remain thirteen years. This period of exile was made less miserable by the encouragement and financial help sent him from Franz Liszt, who was always a great aid and inspiration to Wagner. During this time he wrote "Tristan and Isolde" and the greater part of "The Ring of the Nibelung."

In 1861 he was allowed to return to Germany and was saved from further distress by King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, who summoned him to Munich. Under his royal patronage Wagner was able to produce several of his works, but a coterie of rival musicians prevented the founding of a theatre, which should be a home for his music dramas and a training school for dramatic singers. In 1873, however, such a building was erected in Bayreuth, where today it is the scene of the annual Wagner Festival. It was the intention of the composer that this should be the centre of the opera world, but none save his own works have as yet been produced there.

Wagner married Cosima von Bülow, daughter of Liszt, in 1870. His last opera, "Parsifal," was presented in 1882, and the following year the great master passed away, his life work completed.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to attempt an explanation of Wagner's philosophy, as displayed either in his literary writings or the texts of his music dramas. Whether, indeed, he really contributed anything to the solutions of the great problems of life is still a disputed question. The moral influence of his work has a direct bearing upon the study of Wagner the man, but has little to do with the appreciation of his dramas as creations of musical art. He was first of all a reformer of the opera, the creator of a new drama. He con-

ceived that the musical element of an opera should be merely the *means,* the dramatic element the *end.* To accomplish this he made use of "endless melody;" that is, his music is continuous—not divided into arias, duets and the like, and reflects the slightest movement or change of situation on the stage.

"What was this wonderful new method? Merely that the characters on the stage, instead of prancing to the footlights and pouring out roulades at the audience, should move, act and sing in a way that suited the situation, according to the laws of ordinary common sense. On the dramatic stage, how absurd it would seem for the actors to ignore one another, and recite their lines at the audience as if the occasion were merely an exhibition of declamation instead of a play. Yet that would be an exact analogy to the Italian singing-opera, and even to-day there are many who will sit through just such a vocal concert without recognizing the fact that the melodies which afford them so much pleasure might just as well be given in a song recital, and that the great possibilities of stage action in union with appropriate music are often utterly wasted in such plays." [1]

He never permitted a pause in the action that a singer might deliver a vocal "number;" each actor was but one of the many elements which combine to form a perfect whole. Wagner was himself the author of his texts and so was not obliged to make his music conform to another's ideas; he used a poetical, not a musical, form. It is in the portrayal of feeling that he displayed his greatest powers. Wagner sought to express general passions rather than individual feeling, and gave the leading melodies to the orchestra instead of the voices.

To bring the music, text and action into unity he employed "leading motives."[2] In his dramas each person or object on whom the development of the plot depends is associated with a certain melody, which is heard whenever it is desirable to suggest that person or object to the hearer's mind. These motives are altered to meet the needs of the situation, but their frequent recurrence gives cohesiveness to the otherwise formless music.

"It must not be supposed that Wagner uses leading-motives merely to tell the audience what to see with their mental eyes, as though the orchestral score were a sort of picture book. The Wagner analysis books are largely responsible for this defective

[1] Elson: A Critical History of the Opera, 249.
[2] A motiff is the shortest musical phrase.

notion—they give names to the leading-motives which are in most cases merely fanciful, not thought of by Wagner. His especial aim was to give his music, otherwise vague and formless, a cohesion and organic plan, as a symphony writer builds up his work upon the development of leading themes. There is a close analogy here, Wagner simply using his motives in such a way that the music is tied to the words and action instead of bringing in the motives at random."[1]

No other composer has ever shown such marvelous creative development, for between his earlier works and his later masterpieces lies a wide abyss. His compositions grew steadily in breadth, until they became most bewildering in their complexity. He produced wonderful stage effects, than which there have been displayed none more beautiful. The Grail castle scene (Parsifal) and the forest scenes in "Der Ring," are unparalleled in the history of the stage. But, as is the case with all the other elements, scenic brilliancy with Wagner was but a means, not an end.

As conductor he was one of the foremost of the modern school. He himself personally directed the rehearsals of his works and no detail of costume nor action escaped him. "Suddenly something goes wrong with the scenery," writes a spectator; "he springs up from his chair, darts to the back of the scenes; you hear the stamping of feet, the sound of sharp words; but the man who returns to the front of the scene has a face calm and unruffled as before. Then a singer has to be corrected. A line or passage is not interpreted aright, and the composer walks quietly across the stage, takes Siegfried's shield and spear, and silently shows Herr Unger the proper dramatic gesture. The composer will frequently sing and act a passage as he wishes it given, and it is an infinite pleasure to see how cheerfully such great artists as Betz, Niemann, Gura, Hill, and the rest carry out the Meister's suggestions and instructions. Nothing can escape Wagner's eye or ear. The orchestra is repeatedly stopped, and the good-natured Hans Richter looks up interrogatively from his 'mystic abyss,' otherwise called the 'conductor's grave,' where he conducts in his shirt-sleeves and open vest. 'Mein lieber Richter, just repeat that passage; but

[1]Dickinson: History of Music, 325.

the bass more subdued!' . . . So! Gut! Gut! that is better!' and the Meister settles down again in his chair at the corner of the stage, and the rehearsal proceeds."

Wagner would never allow the dramatic effect to be destroyed by permitting an actor to be called before the curtain, and his wish in this regard is still respected in his opera house at Bayreuth.

Rienzi, the first of the operas, is rarely heard today. *The Flying Dutchman* was the next published work and, while but a rough sketch in comparison with Wagner's later works, it forecasted something of the composer's genius. With *Tannhauser* began a new era in operatic history. It is frequently heard today and its plot is too well known to need repetition. *Lohengrin,* produced in 1850, is derived from the old legend of the Knight of the Holy Grail. *Tristan and Isolde* is a beautiful love story and contains some of Wagner's most impassioned music. *The Master-Singers of Nuremberg* is the composer's one comic opera. It is a satire on the artificial rules of the old German Guild of Meistersinger and is most original in its treatment.

Die Tetralogie der Ring des Nibelungen is the most complex and pretentious of Wagner's works. It is composed of four parts, each requiring several hours for performance. "Das Rheingold" may be regarded as the prologue, followed by "Die Walküre," "Siegfried" and "Götterdammerung" (Twilight of the Gods). *Parsifal,* although the last to be written, had long been taking shape in the composer's mind. It is entirely allegorical and is supposed to represent the final triumph of good over evil and the pilgrimage of the soul to heights of spiritual glory.

Wagner was a master of the first order and his work cannot be overestimated. He set at defiance all the conventional operatic rules; indeed he so entirely disregarded the form that his works are not properly operas at all, but, as he himself named them, "music dramas." His purpose was to unite music, poetry, action and scenery into perfect productions for the lyric stage, and in this respect his dramas will always be the model for future opera composers. There is no Wagnerian school of music and it is safe to say that imitation of this master could only result in failure. His was an exceptional intellect and

probably no other could have carried his problems to so happy a solution.

LOHENGRIN.

Lohengrin is the most popular of Wagner's operas. The scene is laid in Germany, near Antwerp; time, the tenth century. The old Duke of Brabant at his death left two children: a daughter, Elsa, and a son, Godfrey, who is to inherit his father's throne. Elsa is engaged to marry Count Telramund. One day, when she and her brother are out walking, the latter mysteriously disappears, and all accuse Elsa of having killed him. Telramund, with the others, believes her guilty and renounces her to marry Ortrud, a sorceress. In vain does Elsa declare her innocence, for all believe that none other could have perpetrated the crime.

Finally the King, Henry the Fowler, who believes the fair girl to be guiltless, resolves to let a duel decide the question. Telramund makes ready for the fray, but no one is willing to champion Elsa. At last a heavenly knight appears to her, all in silver armour and his boat conveyed by a white swan. He offers to fight for her on two conditions: that she will become his wife and that she never ask his name or descent. Elsa agrees and the combat is fought, resulting in a complete victory for the strange knight, and Telramund and Ortrud are outlawed.

Act II. shows Telramund in a great rage at his wife, for she admits she has tricked him into bringing dishonor upon his knightly calling. Ortrud, it appears, had herself transformed Godfrey into a white swan, in hopes that her husband might inherit his possessions. But Ortrud says there is yet a chance, for her knowledge of sorcery has revealed to her what to do. First of all, she says, they must sow distrust in Elsa's heart, and lead her to doubt her champion's veracity. In his rage, Telramund consents to the trickery, and when Elsa appears at her wedding the evil work is begun.

Ortrud stops Elsa's bridal procession as it enters the church, saying that her husband has been deceived and refuses to acknowledge the defeat until the mysterious knight proves his nobility. She intimates that he has grave reasons for keeping his past hidden from his bride. In vain does Elsa try to stop

this torrent of slander; nothing but the approach of the king puts an end to the tirade. The procession again starts and is about to enter the church when Telramund in his turn stops the bridal party and presents his accusations against the bridegroom, in the presence of the King. He demands the name and origin of the strange knight, but this the bridegroom refuses to reveal. Only Elsa, he claims, can draw the answer from him, and she still trusts him sufficiently not to ask the fatal question. The ceremony is at last performed, but the evil seed has taken root in Elsa's heart; once again, on the return from the church, Telramund demands the stranger's name, and once again Elsa's love stands the test.

But in the third act, when the lovers are left alone, she becomes possessed by the fatal idea and asks for the knowledge which she has promised never to seek. Hardly has she pronounced the words when Telramund rushes in to slay his enemy, but is killed with one stroke of his adversary's sword. Elsa's husband then leads her before the King and announces to the astounded hearers that he is none other than Lohengrin, son of Parsifal and Keeper of the Holy Grail, and that he is allowed to stay with mortals only so long as his identity is unknown. The swan then appears to carry him away, when Ortrud enters and admits that she changed Godfrey into a swan. On hearing this, Lohengrin loosens the swan's chain, whereupon the bird dips into the water and in his place rises Godfrey. A white dove then draws Lohengrin's boat away, as Elsa swoons in her brother's arms.

Tristan and Isolde.

This has been called the "Romeo and Juliet of music," and its music is universally considered the most perfect ever written by this composer. It is based upon an old Celtic legend and was written when Wagner was engaged in writing his colossal work "The Ring of the Nibelung." The drama opens on board the ship in which Tristan, a Cornish knight, is taking Isolde to be the unwilling bride of his uncle, the King of Cornwall. Isolde, however, loves Tristan, but he has sworn faith to his uncle and holds himself aloof from her. In despair and grief, Isolde resolves to poison herself and Tristan, and prepares a poisonous draught. But her maid has guessed her intentions

and secretly changes the liquid for a love potion, and when they drink it they are overcome with the passion of their love. When the ship lands they are met in great state, but are entirely oblivious to their surroundings.

The second act shows the wedding of Isolde to King Mark, but the power of the love draught is still strong upon her, and after the king has left to go out upon a night hunt, she holds a secret interview with Tristan, whose sense of honor has been deadened by the same potion. It is here that the beautiful love music is heard, an impassioned dialogue between the two. Finally they are betrayed by Melot, the supposed friend of Tristan, and the King is greatly grieved at his nephew's perfidy. Tristan offers no explanation, but provokes Melot to a duel and is mortally wounded.

The third act opens in Tristan's home in Brittany, where Kurvenal has carried his master to restore him to health. Isolde, who has a magic power in healing wounds, has been sent for, but her ship is delayed. When at last it is sighted, Tristan, in delirious joy, tears the bandage from his wounds and Isolde arrives in time to catch him in her arms as he expires. While she is bewailing her loss, a second vessel is seen approaching, bearing the King and his train. He has come to pardon the lovers, but Kurvenal mistakes his mission and runs his sword through Melot's heart and, himself fatally wounded, falls dead at his master's feet. Isolde, insane with grief, in an exquisite song suggestive of the love themes of their former duet, pours out a passionate farewell to her lover, and falls on his body, dead.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TETRALOGY OF THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG.

The plot of the *Ring of the Nibelung* is one of the most involved of all Wagner's music-dramas. The old Scandinavian epic of the Nibelungenlied, upon which it is based, has been greatly remodelled and amplified by the composer's mighty genius.

The four dramas which make up the Ring story are: *Das Rheingold* (Rhinegold), *Die Walküre* (The Walkyrie), *Siegfried* and *Die Götterdämmerung* (The Twilight of the Gods). The development of many changes of fortune brought about by the curse Nibelung Alberich has placed upon the power-giving Ring—which he forged from the gold stolen from the Rhine-maidens and which, in turn, Wotan has wrested from him—is the foundation of this complex drama. The Ring brings a curse upon all who possess it and finally causes the destruction of the entire race of gods; its power ceases only when it is returned to the purifying waters of the Rhine.

These myths are greatly altered from their original form, and may be said to belong to Wagnerian mythology, rather than that of the Northland or the Rhine. In taking up the plots of these several dramas, we have introduced certain of the leading *motives* to aid in following the story. It is impossible to study Wagner's operas without understanding his use of "continuous melody," which is effected by means of themes that become associated with his characters and their deeds. The tendency of musical amateurs in their analysis of these music-dramas is to attach a sentimental interpretation to these leading-motives never intended by their author.

The attempt to merge music, verse, action and scenery into a perfect unity has produced a kind of continuous melody, found in the operas of composers before Wagner. With him this melody is a part of the poetic conception and reflects the slightest change of mood or situation upon the stage.

"Now let it be admitted, which is not difficult, that Wagner *thought in music,* that is to say, that every objective, or subjective idea with him assumed a musical form, a melodic contour, which thenceforth clung to it, and I think the best elementary notion of what a *Leit-motiv* is will be gained.

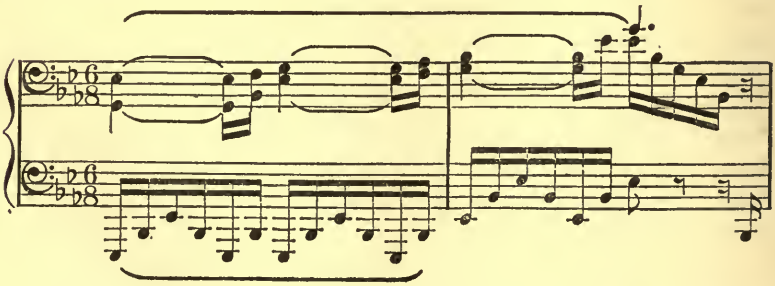
"It is, so to speak, the musical embodiment of an idea, and Wagner is neither the first nor the only one who has thus thought in music and given to a character, a fact, or a particular impression, a form which is clearly recognizable and perceptible to the hearing.

"Musical language, notwithstanding its lack of precision, or perhaps for that very reason, constitutes the highest, purest and most sincere expression of human thought, the one furthest removed from materialism and conventionalism. Whoever comes to think in music as he would think in the language he is accustomed to use, thereby finds the horizon of his ideas strangely widened. This faculty in its full power is reserved for the elect, but there is not a single true musician who has not felt something of it."*

The story of the Ring follows, each section taken up separately and as much in detail as is necessary for an intelligent understanding of the work.

DAS RHEINGOLD.

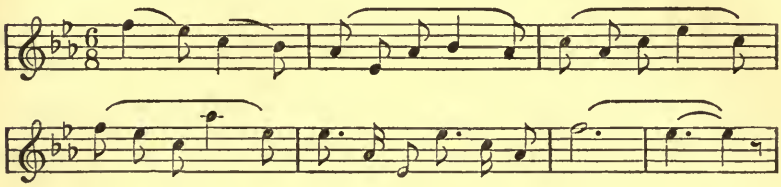
The orchestral prelude to "The Rhine-gold" is based upon a single figure which is known as the Rhine motif; this pictures the movement of the water and the calm at the bottom of the depths:



The three Daughters of the Rhine frolic in the water while guarding the precious treasure of gold, which their

*Translated from Levianac.

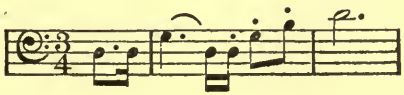
father has entrusted to their care. Alberich, the most hideous of the Nibelungs, a race of dwarfs, glides into their abode with the evil purpose of seducing the nymphs. They entice him with deceitful promises and then make sport of him, but while they frolic Alberich's eye chances to fall upon the gold and he determines to possess it. The following motive is always heard when the Rhine-daughters are symbolized:



By their babbling they reveal the mystery of the treasure; forged into a Ring, it will confer upon its possessor unlimited power over the whole universe, on condition that the owner renounces love forever.

The Rhine-daughters do not dream of Alberich's stealing the gold, because he appears to be so much in love with them, but they are soon undeceived; scaling the rock on which the treasure lies, he seizes it and departs with a shout of sinister laughter. The river is then shrouded in gloom, and the maidens are not able to pursue the thief. The heavy fog gradually lifts and shows daybreak in a country, where, on the summit of the highest mountain, a castle stands illuminated by the rising sun.

Wotan and Fricka are seen contemplating the wonderful structure, which has just been built by the giants according to Wotan's orders. The god is apprehensive lest the builders shall soon claim Freïa, sister of Fricka and goddess of love and beauty, as the reward for their labor. Loge, god of fire, has agreed to find a substitute for her but, although he has searched the world over, has not been able to obtain anything that can equal her in attraction. Loge enters and tells of his unsuccessful search and also of the robbery of the treasure, when again the Gold motif is heard:



The avarice of the giants is at once aroused and, after holding consultation together, they propose to exchange Freïa for the treasure. Wotan promises to get it for them and they bear away the goddess as a hostage. The goddess of love departed, the heavens become dark and all about is in gloom; the gods suddenly become old and are gradually losing their divine power, when Wotan determines to go in quest of the power-giving gold. Accompanied by Loge, he descends into the gloomy kingdom of the dwarfs, who are always at work in the bowels of the earth, forging metals. Opaque clouds arise as they enter a crevice and as the vapours clear away, a rocky cavern is seen; to the right, a passage leads to the earth; to the left, a forge with flickering flames.

Here, in the realm of the ugly elves, Alberich has made himself master, thanks to the power of his magic Ring. Seeing his visitors, he turns his fury against them; the outraged Wotan is about to draw his sword, but the more cautious Loge delays the stroke and, addressing the dwarf, congratulates him on his new-found power, the extent of which he rather calls into question. Somewhat piqued and anxious to exhibit his magic strength, Alberich transforms himself first into a terrible dragon and then into a toad; he is now easily captured by Wotan and Loge, who carry him to the earth.

They force him to deliver all his treasures, which at his magic words, the Nibelungs bring from the depths of the earth; then they compel him to produce the enchanted helmet and, finally, the coveted Ring. Now furious with disappointment and rage, Alberich calls down a terrible curse upon the god who is robbing him of his treasure: "Henceforth may its charm bring death to whosoever wears it; . . . may he who possesses it be torn by anguish, and he who does not possess it be consumed with envy; . . . may no one profit by it, but may it light the thief to his throat; . . . may the villain become a slave to fear; . . . may the master of the Ring become its servant; . . . and may this endure until the Nibelung recovers possession of the treasure which is now wrested from him!" Uttering these terrible words, the dwarf disappears in the rock. The giants now come in to claim the treasure, bringing Freïa with them. At her ap-

proach, the other divinities feel their youth and power returning and welcome her with glad acclaim.

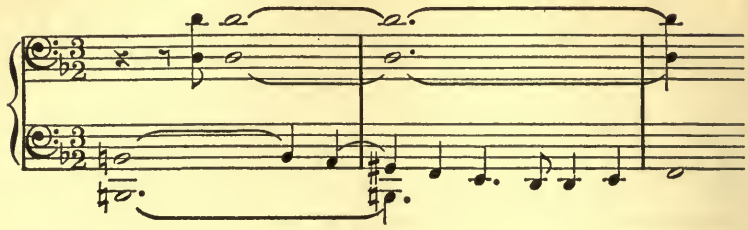
Wotan is willing to give up the other treasure but refuses to give the Ring to the giants. The other gods implore him to make good his bargain but he remains obstinate. At last Erda, to whom all things—past, present and future—are known, appears from the depths of a grotto, surrounded by a pale light. She foresees the gloomy end of the gods and advises Wotan to give up the Ring, which can bring him only torment and unrest. Astonished at her words, Wotan darts forward to force her to explain, but the prophetess has vanished and the grotto is no more visible; the god falls into deep meditation and at last decides to throw the Ring on the pile with the other treasure. No sooner has he done so than the giants begin to wrangle among themselves, they being the first to be affected by the curse of the Nibelung.

Wotan sadly turns to enter Walhalla, which the giants have built at so great a sacrifice on his part. The castle looms in the distance, bathed in the light of the setting sun and a brilliant rainbow forms an arched bridge from the valley to the castle door. The gods are filled with delight at this magnificent scene but Wotan is still silent and gloomy. At last a new thought comes into his mind; he will himself beget a son who shall make reparation for this injustice by victory with his sword. Now hopeful, Wotan rouses from his meditation and, taking Fricka by the hand, enters Walhalla with joy. As the gods pass over the rainbow-bridge, the plaintive song of the Rhine-daughters is heard, softly appealing, but the gods only laugh mockingly and the sad strain is soon overpowered by the pealing march in the castle. The curtain falls upon the triumphant entrance into their new abode.

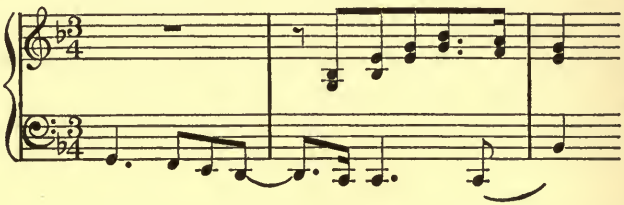
Die Walküre.

Act I. The action passes in a rustic cabin built around a large ash tree. In the trunk of this tree may be seen the hilt of a sword, the entire blade being buried in the trunk. A storm is raging outside and the cabin is deserted. Suddenly the door at the back of the cabin is opened and an unarmed warrior enters; his clothes are in disorder and he looks utterly exhausted. Finding no one about, he sinks on the furs in front of the hearth and is soon asleep. Six descending

notes characterize Siegmund's fatigue as he staggers in buffeted by the storm:



Presently the mistress of the cabin comes in and seeing in astonishment a stranger before her fire awakens him, inquiring how he came there. When she learns that he is being tracked by enemies and that his weapons have been wrested from him, she is at once sympathetic and gives him a refreshing draught to drink. Here the first motif is now united with another which we shall often find associated with it; this personifies Sieglinde's compassion for Siegmund:



His interest in her is aroused, when suddenly her husband, Hunding, is heard approaching; he appears surprised at the presence of the stranger and asks him to tell his story. As he listens, Hunding is struck by the remarkable resemblance between the newcomer and his wife.

The story is one of hardship and misfortune; the stranger relates that his infancy was spent with his father—named Walse (the Wolf),—his mother and a twin sister. He tells how one day, on his return with his father from the hunt, he found their house burned to the ground and his mother slain, while no trace could be found of his sister. The perpetrators of this crime were the Neidungs, sons of Hatred and Envy. Then he used to wander in the woods with his father till one day the old man, too, disappeared. As for himself, he had been ceaselessly pursued by misfortune.

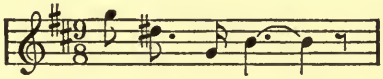
Hunding listens intently to this story but almost from the first has recognized in the fugitive an enemy of his race whom he has just been called upon to fight by his own people. Hospitality prevents his attacking a guest but he vows the next day to call him out to fight. He intimates this and orders his wife to prepare his evening draught and then to retire. Sieglinde, however, mixes a sleeping potion instead of the usual draught and, before she departs, casts a long and tender look at the stranger and tries to point out to him the trunk of the ash in which the sword lies imbedded, but this glance is surprised by Hunding, who orders her to go to her room, and soon follows her.

The scene is now illuminated by the dying embers, which make the hilt of the sword gleam as if afire. The warrior fails to notice this and anxiously asks himself if he will find the sword which his father has promised him would appear when its need was greatest. His thoughts return to Sieglinde and the emotions she has awakened in his heart. Finally, when the fire is almost extinguished, Sieglinde steals into the room. She tells the guest of her unhappy lot with Hunding and how she was forced to marry him against her will. Then she relates how on her wedding day an old man had entered the hut, terrifying everyone but herself, who recognized him as a protector, with the features of her father; how he drove a sword up to the very hilt into the trunk of the ash and promised that it should belong to the hero who was able to draw it out. So far no one has succeeded, but Sieglinde feels that its conqueror will be none other than the warrior who is their guest. They gaze at one another ardently, when the door of the hut opens of itself and bathes the room in moonlight. Sieglinde tremblingly inquires who has gone out but it is rather that some one has come in,—sweet Spring, who enters as a symbol of the love which blossoms deep in their hearts.

Looking more closely at her companion, Sieglinde thinks she has known him in former days and their memories are roused at the same time; they must both be of the same heroic race of the Wälsungs, children of the same father and Siegmund must be the name of the hero for whom the sword was intended. For him also must be reserved the task of delivering

Sieglinde from her present bondage. With a bound of enthusiasm, Siegmund springs toward the ash, seizes the sword by the hilt and tears it out of the trunk. This he calls Nothung, the weapon promised to rescue him from his greatest distress, and Sieglinde throws herself into the arms of her deliverer.

Act II. The scene represents the mountains of the gods and discloses Wotan in conversation with his favorite daughter, Brünnhilde, whom he charges with the fate of Siegmund in his encounter with Hunding. He bids her guard him during the fight and to award to him the victory. Brünnhilde departs, happy with the mission intrusted to her; as she disappears among the rocks, shouting this weird cry of the Walkyries



Fricka, who is the consort of Wotan and goddess of marriage and guardian of the sacred ties of family, appears. She is outraged by the guilty love of Siegmund and Sieglinde, and a stormy dialogue follows. In vain Wotan upholds the cause of those who love each other and in vain explains to the goddess that he must preserve Siegmund to aid the gods themselves. Deep down in his heart Wotan is forced to recognize the justice of Fricka's words and at last yields to her demand. The goddess departs in her chariot drawn by two rams and Wotan again summons his daughter to instruct her anew.

Brünnhilde approaches her father, whom she finds much cast down because of the oath he has been forced to make. She begs him to unburden his heart to her and he finally does so, reviewing the causes that had led to this result and of the obligations he has incurred in his greed for power, and of the robbery of the Ring. The Ring, he says, should have been restored to the depths of the Rhine, but Wotan has used it in payment for the castle Walhalla, which the giants built and it is now deep in the cave of Fafner. Only one being can become possessed of the Ring and this one must be a hero who will involuntarily perform the mission. Wotan has chosen his son, Siegmund, to be this hero, and to this end he stayed

with him in his youth, and upon leaving him bestowed upon him an invincible sword. His fury breaks out anew at the thought of deserting his son whom he loves; in vain does Brünnhilde plead his cause and urge that she may act in accordance with his first orders. Wotan bitterly commands her to obey Fricka and threatens the Walkyrie with terrible punishment if she dares to disobey. So Brünnhilde sadly takes her way to the grotto in the woods where her horse is resting, and watches Siegmund and Sieglinde who are ascending the hill.

Sieglinde is urging her lover to hasten and is so fearful that he will lose in the fight with Hunding that when she hears the distant sound of a horn and hounds she falls in a faint to the ground. Siegmund places her gently upon a hillock and carefully supports her. Meanwhile Brünnhilde advances leading her horse. She makes herself known to Siegmund and tells him that he has been destined to perish in the encounter and that, like all heroes, after death he must accompany her to Walhalla. Siegmund does not fear death and is only anxious to know whether he will find his beloved Sieglinde there. When he learns that his loved one must remain behind upon the earth, the warrior vows that before he dies he will first kill her, that they may be together. In vain does Brünnhilde try to reveal to him that in so doing he will be destroying two lives; he draws his sword and is about to give the fatal blow when Brünnhilde, touched by such compassionate love, promises him her support in the hour of combat. She departs, promising to meet him on the battle-field, and Siegmund is transfigured with happiness. Placing the sleeping Sieglinde on a stone seat, he hastens to meet the enemy and soon the clash of their arms is heard.

A sudden gleam of light shows Brünnhilde hovering over Siegmund, protecting him with her shield; but just as he is about to give Hunding his death-blow, Wotan appears on a storm cloud and breaks the magic sword into pieces. His enemy being thus disarmed, Hunding mortally wounds him and Siegmund falls dead at his feet. Brünnhilde then lifts the insensible Sieglinde on her steed and rides away. At this moment the clouds break and reveal Wotan gazing despair-

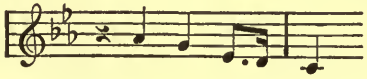
ingly at his dead son; he darts so terrible a look at Hunding that he, too, falls dead. Then the god vents his fury on the daughter who dared to disobey him and starts in pursuit.

ACT III. The stage represents a rocky glen with a heavy fog being driven by the wind. The air is filled with the wild cries of the Walkyries as they come riding in, bearing the dead bodies of warriors on their saddles. Judging from a musical standpoint this rush of steeds, amid the oft-repeated cry of the Walkyries, is among the most wonderful of all operatic passages. Brünnhilde arrives, bearing Sieglinde with her; she is in tears and contrasts strangely with the rest of the exultant throng. She gives the fragments of the sword to Sieglinde and bids her live, that she may give birth to a Vokung; then she appeals to her sister-warriors to save her from the wrath of her father, who is even now approaching, as the rolling thunder bears witness. Although they are filled with compassion for her distress, none dare to incur Wotan's wrath by giving her aid. She vainly tries to hide among the rest, but Wotan's voice, terrible in its anger, bids her to come forth, and she steps bravely out to receive her punishment.

When the god charges her with disobeying his commands, she replies, "I obeyed not thy order but thy secret wish." Her fate, however, is sealed; he vows to exile her from Walhalla, to take away her divinity, and leave her asleep and defenseless by the wayside, to be the prey of the first passerby. At this the other Walkyries utter cries of despair, but Wotan tells them the same fate will be meted out to them if they rebel, so they ride away and disappear in the clouds.

Brünnhilde beseeches Wotan to be more merciful and give her a punishment not so unworthy of his daughter, she merely thought to act in accordance with his inmost thoughts by helping his son. But the god remains firm and refuses to lessen her sentence; then she implores that at least a terrible barrier may be put around her while she sleeps, that none but the most brave may achieve the conquest. Moved by her bravery, Wotan consents to put up a burning barrier, then takes farewell of her in a scene of majestic pathos. Placing her upon a rocky couch, he evokes Loge, the god of fire;

three times he strikes on the rock with his spear and flames spring up all about her. This magnificent belt of fire forms an insurmountable barrier around the sleeping maiden, while we hear the mysterious melody of *Brünnhilde's Sleep*:



The curtain falls slowly upon a scene unequalled on the lyric stage for its impressive beauty.

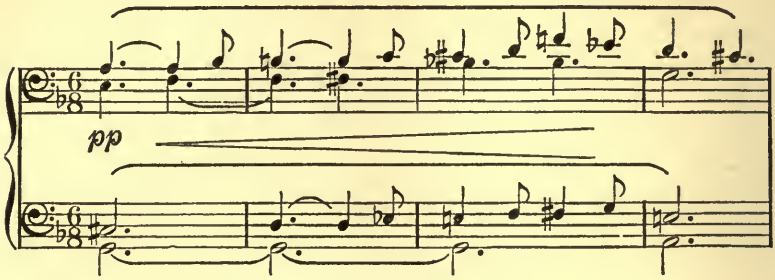
Siegfried.

A large cavern in the midst of the forest is shown, where Mime has his forge and rude dwelling. In the foreground is seen a bed covered with the skins of animals; on the left are the bellows and hearth of the forge, while thick cinders cover everything.

Mime, cursing and growling the while, is forging a new sword for Siegfried, who has heretofore broken every blade he has made for him. He utterly despairs of uniting the fragments of Nothung, Siegmund's sword, although he believes that if he could succeed in joining the pieces of this marvelous weapon perhaps he could wrest the Ring from Fafner.

Siegfried enters in hunting costume, leading a bear which he has tamed in the forest. He teasingly sets it upon the frightened Mime and rallies him for his cowardice. Then, freeing the bear, he demands the sword which he has ordered the Nibelung to make for him, and proceeds to break it upon the anvil at the first attempt. His whole manner indicates the low esteem in which he holds the dwarf, who—goaded by his teasings and insults—finally asks Siegfried why it is, hating him as he does, that he daily comes to his abode; he intimates that he is Siegfried's father, which idea the youth laughs to scorn. He urges Mime to tell him who his real parents were, and at last the dwarf confesses that he is the son of an unhappy fugitive and that he was born in the forest.

Siegfried displays great emotion when he learns that his mother died at his birth and here it is that the *motif* of Filial Love is introduced:



gradually he forces the rest of the story from the unwilling teller. The dwarf is crafty enough to lay great emphasis upon all the benefits he has bestowed upon the child, whom the dying Sieglinde gave to his care; he relates that his father had been slain in a combat and that his only heritage was the fragments of a sword, which was broken in the fatal fray.

At this, Siegfried demands that the pieces be at once welded together, that he may leave the forest; he is impatient of any delay and orders Mime to forge it at once. Left alone, the dwarf is in a state of despair; he cannot unite the pieces of rebel steel but why he knows not. While he is thus reflecting, a stranger walks into the cavern. The visitor is heavily muffled in a long cloak and even his face is concealed. He is in truth none other than the god Wotan but he does not reveal his identity to Mime; he merely says that he is a Wanderer and that he wishes to rest. The dwarf receives him very reluctantly, but the god sits down at the hearth and tells his host that he often repays the hospitality he receives by giving wise counsel to those who desire it; indeed, he offers to give his head as a forfeit if any question is asked which he cannot answer. To get rid of him, the dwarf asks three questions: "Who are the people living in the bowels of the earth?" first asks Mime.—"They are the Nibelungs, whom their chief Alberich subjugated, thanks to the magic power of the Ring," the stranger replies. "What race lives on the surface of the earth?"—"The race of the giants, whose princes, Fasolt and Fafner, acquired the treasures of the Rhine and the cursed

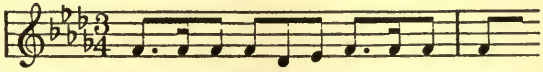
Ring. Fafner killed his brother, and now, transformed into a dragon, guards this treasure." Mime, who is deeply interested in the Wanderer, again asks him: "Who are the inhabitants of the cloudy heights?"—"They are the luminous elves who dwell in Walhalla, and their chief, Wotan, has conquered the universe by virtue of his lance, on which are graved the sacred runes."

Having answered these questions to the satisfaction of the dwarf, who now recognizes his visitor, Wotan in turn questions him, holding him to the same fate if he does not answer. He asks: "What race is persecuted by Wotan despite the love he bears them?"—"The Wälsungs," replies Mime, who rapidly sketches their history. "What sword is intended, according to the dark designs of a Nibelung, to slay Fafner, by the agency of Siegfried, and make the dwarf master of the Ring?"—"Nothung," cries Mime, carried away by the interest he takes in the question. Finally, "Who is the skilful smith who will succeed in reuniting the wondrous fragments of the blade?" At this last question Mime shivers with fear, only to be told by Wotan that he who knows not fear alone can perform that difficult task. Mime's life is now in the hands of the Wanderer who, bequeathing the gnome's head to him who has never known fear, disappears into the forest.

Mime sinks down behind the anvil, a complete victim to the terror which has possessed him; in imagination he sees the terrible dragon Fafner, who guards the coveted treasure. At this point, Siegfried returns and again asks for the sword, but the dwarf now understands that it is this youth, who never has known any fear, to whom Wotan has bequeathed his head. As a last resort, he tells Siegfried that it was his mother's wish that he should not leave the forest until he had first learned fear. He pictures the terrors of the woods at night, when mysterious sounds interrupt the savage cries of animals; the youth only scoffs at this, for he is well acquainted with the forest at all hours. Then Mime tells of the hideous dragon at the extremity of the cave, who devours all who attempt to approach him.

Instead of arousing fear, this tale excites the interest of Siegfried, who wants to set out in quest of the monster. For

the last time, he calls upon the Nibelung to complete his sword that he may start out without delay. As Mime only breaks out afresh about the terrors of the forest, Siegfried impatiently seizes the pieces of sword, grinds the fragments into filings and proceeds to forge it himself, while the Anvil *motif* is again heard:



As he works, he sings a triumphant song, *"Nothung! Nothung! neidliches Schwert."* This is one of the most beautiful of the woodland scenes in which this play abounds.

The dwarf meanwhile is plotting how he may undo the power Siegfried will gain if he succeeds in welding the pieces together, and determines upon a magic draught—a few drops of which will put the hero into a deep sleep. While Mime is mixing the potion, Siegfried fastens the hilt to the blade and polishes the sword. Then, breaking out in a new song, he swings it in the air, and, bringing it down with a crash, breaks the anvil in two. The music of this scene, imitative of the forge, the fire, the hissing water and the anvil blows is realism in music carried to its height.

The deed is at last accomplished and Siegfried is in possession of Siegmund's sword. Mime then takes him to the cave where Fafner is guarding the gold, and with comparative ease Siegfried plunges his sword into the monster's heart. As he draws out the blade, he discovers that his hand is covered with blood and he instinctively lifts his fingers to his lips. Suddenly he realizes that he understands the language of the birds and that one in particular is singing directly to him. He listens breathlessly, while it tells him to go in the cave and secure the Ring; then with it in his keeping to go to the rescue of the beautiful maiden Brünnhilde, who sleeps on a solitary rock surrounded by flames, awaiting the lover who is brave enough to leap through the fire. The bird offers to lead the way to her resting place, and Siegfried makes haste to secure the treasure in the cave. To accomplish this, it is necessary to first slay Mime, who already has the Ring in his possession and thus the threat of the god Wotan is carried out. Then

in a state of exultation, Siegfried seizes his sword and follows his winged guide.

The last act once more shows us the god still plunged in gloom. The doom of his race seems certain; the gods will disappear and Walhalla be effaced. Just then he sees Siegfried still following the bird. Now Wotan knows that the hero is coming and that his own end is drawing near. He thrusts forth his lance, and tries to bar the way of the youth, but to no avail; the sword Nothung shatters the other at a touch,—the power of the gods is broken and the beginning of the end is at hand.

Siegfried dashes over the rocks until he reaches the one where the sleeping maiden lies. Overpowered by her beauty and his love, the hero wakes her with a lingering kiss. Brünnhilde opens her eyes and gazes with delight upon her deliverer. With the passionate duet of the lovers:

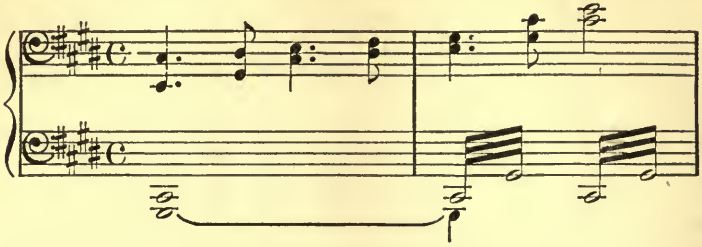
"Away, Walhalla,
In dust crumble
Thy myriad towers.
Farewell, greatness,
And gift of the gods.
You, Norns, unravel
The rope of the runes.
Darken upwards,
Dusk of the gods.
Night of annulment,
Draw near with thy cloud.
I stand in sight
Of Siegfried's star.
For me he was,
And for me he will ever be."

This section of the tetralogy comes to a close in a scene of unsurpassed beauty and emotion.

Die Götterdämmerung.

The last section of this great tragedy represents the three Norns—or Fates—weaving the cord of destiny, which they

pass from one to another; their movements are symbolized by the following theme:



The oldest Norn ties the golden strand to the branch of a fir, relating the while how one day the god Wotan came to a pool, where she was spinning, to drink; how he tore off a strong limb of an ash tree to make a lance for himself, and how from that moment the tree began to wither. She then tosses the strand to the second Norn, who takes up the tale. Wotan, she says, engraved on this lance magic words illustrative of his power; his weapon was shattered by a young hero and then he gathered all young warriors to Walhalla and bade them destroy the ash tree. The Norn then invites her youngest sister to speak and, taking the cord, the latter goes on with the story. With the wood thus gathered, the young heroes built an immense pyre around Walhalla; if this wood takes fire, that will be the end of the race of gods. Just then the strand which the Norns are weaving breaks, and with it is destroyed their gift of prophecy. In terror they clutch the ends of the cord but in vain; immediately they are lost in the depths of the earth.

The sun has been slowly rising and now it is full daylight. Siegfried and Brünnhilde are seen approaching, the latter leading her charger, Grane, by the bridle. Siegfried's mission is not yet fulfilled and he longs to be off to perform new deeds. Brünnhilde has told him the story of Walhalla and many secrets of the gods. As an assurance of his faith, Siegfried leaves the Ring with the maiden, while she gives him her beloved horse to aid him in his exploits. After many vows of fidelity and love, Siegfried starts on his mission.

The foregoing may be regarded as a prologue to the play, which begins at this point. The scene represents the Gibichung's hall on the Rhine; there Gunther and his sister

Gutrune are sitting in company with their morose half-brother, Hagen. The latter has heard of the beautiful Brünnhilde guarded by flames and urges his brother to seek her out and marry her. He knows that Siegfried is the only one virtuous and brave enough to rescue her and he advises Gunther to offer Gutrune to the hero in exchange for his loved Brünnhilde. To accomplish this, Hagen prepares a draught which shall cause its drinker to forget all past love; although he is well aware of Siegfried's union with Brünnhilde, both his brother and sister are ignorant of it.

Siegfried arrives at the hall, for it is in the path of his journey, and is made most welcome; Hagen's evil plans carry and by means of the magic potion, Siegfried forgets his passion for Brünnhilde and falls in love with Gutrune. Learning that Gunther wishes to wed a maiden who is surrounded by flames, he offers to secure her for him, and they depart together. So thoroughly has the love draught done its work that the name Brünnhilde suggests only a vague reminiscence to Siegfried, and he willingly consents to obtain her for Gunther. Disguising himself in the garb and personality of the latter, he again makes his way through the flames; Brünnhilde vainly struggles against the supposed stranger, who wrests the Ring from her, and so conquers her. Still in the guise of Gunther, Siegfried forces her to follow him and enter the grotto to await the other's coming.

Act. II. displays the river Rhine in front of the palace of the Gibichungs. It is night, with just enough light to show Hagen sitting motionless before the palace door.

Alberich, his father, although invisible, speaks to him and urges him on in his project to recover the Ring. Day slowly breaks and discloses Siegfried hastening to bring news of his triumph. Gunther will soon return with his bride and Gutrune prepares an elaborate welcome for them. Hagen, usually savage and morose, is gay over the success of his plan and aids in the preparations.

Finally a boat brings Gunther and his bride, who, with pale face and sorrowful eyes, is presented to all. At the sight of Siegfried, Brünnhilde almost faints, so great is her astonishment, while he is quite unconscious of the reason. Catching sight of the Ring, which is once more in his possession, she

demands to know how he has come by it, to which he replies only that he remembers having worn it in his fight with the dragon. Hagen goads Brünnhilde on to revenge, although the rest disclaim any treachery. The excitement is at its height when Brünnhilde, majestic in her wrath, dooms Siegfried to death in his next combat, knowing that by death alone can she regain his love. When he has withdrawn with Gutrune, Hagen offers to avenge Brünnhilde, who in her anger betrays to him the hero's one vulnerable spot—directly beneath the shoulder.

Act. III. opens in a glen on the banks of the Rhine, from whence comes the melody of "Rhine-gold." The water-maidens appear and beseech Siegfried to return their Ring and have about persuaded him to throw it into the Rhine when they mention the evil which will befall him should he refuse; this arouses the resentment of the fearless hero and he leaves them in scorn.

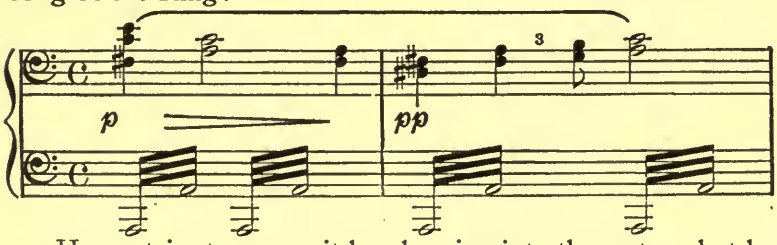
Fellow-hunters now overtake him and, while he relates his encounter with the Rhine-daughters, Hagen mixes an herb with his wine that enables him to remember all he has forgotten; while the hero is thus tortured by remorse, the traitor plunges his sword into his back. With his last breath Siegfried sings a death-song of unsurpassed beauty and then expires with the name of Brünnhilde on his lips. His companions place his body on a litter of boughs and the funeral procession journeys out of the glade, Gunther sadly following. The music of this death march rises to sublime heights and is probably the most marvelous funeral music ever written. When the last follower has gone, the scene is in almost total darkness.

Out of the silent palace at length comes Getrune, anxiously watching for the return of her brother and Siegfried; she has been asleep and dreamed that she heard Brünnhilde's laugh of triumph. Hagen appears and she asks him why the huntsmen are delayed, only to be told that the one she loves has been slain by a wild boar. Just then the sad procession arrives and the unhappy girl swoons by the lifeless body of the hero. Gunther then reveals Hagen's crime, calling curses upon his head. Thus foiled, the traitor comes forward and professes his guilt, boldly claiming the Ring as his prize.

Gunther draws his sword to prevent his stealing the treasure and is pierced through by his brother's blade. Just as the assassin is about to take the Ring, the hand of the corpse is raised as if in protest and he shrinks back, afraid. Brünnhilde then appears at the back of the stage and calmly commands the confusion to cease. Gutrune bitterly reproaches her for having brought so much misfortune to their palace but, with great dignity, Brünnhilde explains that she is the hero's lawful wife and the only one he truly loved. Brought to a realization of the odious part she has been forced to play, Gutrune is utterly overwhelmed with grief.

Gazing long on Siegfried's face, Brünnhilde orders the servants to build a funeral pyre about the hero's corpse, and then sends for her faithful steed, Grane. Taking the Ring in her hand, she bequeaths it to the Rhine-daughters, that its curse may come to an end. She tells the assembled mortals what she has learned at such tremendous cost; that the race of gods is powerless before man, and is now extinct; but there is something left to them which is more precious than gold or knowledge itself—Love. This alone is worth the conquest and alone can give perfect happiness.

Then, mounting her horse, she springs into the flaming pyre; in fear the spectators flee and the scene is lost in smoke. Soon this dies down, and the waters of the river are seen overflowing to the very threshold of the palace. The Rhine-daughters come to claim their treasure and again is heard the song of the Ring:



Hagen tries to rescue it by plunging into the waters, but he is dragged into the depths and disappears, while the water-nymphs triumphantly display the Ring, which is once more theirs.

The distant scene is still red with fire, Walhalla is engulfed in the flames and the story of the Ring of the Nibelung is at an end.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

The following letter, written by Wagner to a French friend, Francois Villon, has been used as a preface to a prose translation of his libretti and is valued highly since it embodies the master composer's own expression:

My honoured Friend:

You desired to receive from me personally, some clear definition of those ideas which I published some years ago in Germany in a series of art essays, and which excited enough attention, as well as opposition, to prepare for me a curious and expectant reception in France also. You considered this to be important for my own interest as well, as you kindly believed that you might assume that much error and prejudice would be dispelled by a well-considered explanation of my ideas, and that many perplexed critics would feel themselves in a better situation, on the intended production of one of my musical dramas in Paris, to criticize only the work of art itself, and not at the same time to give their judgment on an apparently questionable theory.

I confess that it would have been extremely difficult for me to have complied with your kindly meant request, if you had not at the same time pointed out to me the only way in which I believed I could do so, by your expressed wish to lay before the public a translation of my operatic poems. For it would have seemed impossible to me to again wander through the labyrinth of theoretical speculation in purely abstract fashion; and I can recognize, from the dislike that now keeps me from even reading over again my theoretical writings, the fact that at the time I wrote those works, I was in a thoroughly abnormal state, such as may be experienced once in the life of an artist, but cannot well be repeated.

Allow me first of all to describe this state to you in its principal characteristic features, as far as I can at present recognize them. If you will grant me some space for this purpose, I can then hope, proceeding from the description of a subjective mood, to place before you the concrete contents

GREEK CHURCH —RUSSIA.

of artistic theories which it would now be impossible for me to repeat in a purely abstract form,—while this latter would also be a hindrance to the object of my communication.

If we may regard all nature, looked at as a whole, as a process of development from the unconscious to consciousness, and if this process appears most conspicuously in the human individual, the observation of it in the life of the artist is certainly one of the most interesting, because in him and his creations the world represents itself and comes to conscious existence. But in the artist, too, the presenting force is in its very nature unconscious—instinctive; and even where he requires thought in order to form the outline of his intuition, by the aid of the technical ability with which he is endowed, into an objective work of art, it is not exactly reflection that decides for him the choice of his means of expression, but rather an instinctive impulse, which constitutes, indeed, the character of his peculiar talent. The necessity for continued reflection will only come to him, when he meets with some great obstacle to the application of the means necessary for his expression—that is, where the means for the presentation of his artistic purpose are continually rendered difficult or are even forbidden to him.

That artist will find himself much the most frequently in the latter position, who requires for representation of his object not only lifeless tools, but a union of living artistic forces. Such a union, in the most extended sense, is a necessity to the dramatic poet, in order to give to his poem the most intelligible expression. And for this he has to go to the stage, which, as the exponent or representative, forms of itself, with the laws peculiar to it, a special art-department. The dramatic poet goes to this stage as to a completed art-element; he must mingle himself with it and its peculiar nature, in order to see his artistic purpose realized. If his tendencies are fully in accord with those of the stage, there can be no talk of such a conflict as I have mentioned; and only the character of this accord needs to be mentioned, to determine the worth of the work of art called into being by it. If, on the contrary, those tendencies are entirely divergent, it is easy to understand the sore need of the artist who sees himself forced to employ for the expression of his artistic purpose an

art-instrument which in its nature belongs to another purpose than his own.

The consciousness that was forced upon me, that I found *myself* in such a situation, compelled me during a certain period of my life to confine myself to the more or less unconscious methods of artistic production, in order to gain by persistent reflection some knowledge of this problematic situation by the investigation of its reasons. I may assume that the problem here presented had *never* pressed so hard upon an artist as precisely upon me, because the artistic elements that entered into the matter had certainly never before stood in such manifold and peculiar relations to one another as here, where poetry and music on the one hand, and the modern lyric scene on the other, should unite in the most untrustworthy and equivocal institution of our time—the operatic stage. And here let me at once point out to you the difference—very important in my eyes—which exists between the relation of operatic composers to the operatic stage in France and Italy, and that which prevails in Germany. It is so considerable that you will easily perceive, from the characteristics of this difference, how it is that the problem I have described could so visibly present itself only to a *German* author.

In Italy, where the opera was first elaborated, no other task has ever been set before the musician than to write a number of airs for special singers, in whom dramatic talent was entirely a secondary consideration;—airs that should give these *virtuosi* an opportunity to bring into play their several specific vocal powers. All that poetry and scenery contributed to this exhibition of the performer's art, was an excuse for time and space for it; with the singer alternated the dancer, who danced precisely the same that the other sang; and the composer had no other task than to contribute variations on a certain selected type of tune. . . .

In France, also, this relation has not changed,—though here the task is increased as well for the singers as for the composer; for the dramatic poet enters into the matter to a far more important degree here than in Italy. Conformably to the national character, and to the important development of dramatic poetry and action that had gone before, this branch of art made demands upon the opera as well. In the establish-

ment of the grand opera, a strict style was gradually formed, borrowed in its main features from the rules of the Theatre Francais, which included in itself all the arrangements and requirements of a dramatic representation. Without characterizing it more particularly at this moment, let us bear in mind the one fact that there existed here *a theater that served as a model,* in which this style was developed, equally determining the course of both performer and author; that the author found the exactly defined frame all ready prepared, which he was to fill with action and music; that he had known and trained singers and impersonators in mind, with whom he was in perfect accord as to his purpose.

The opera reached Germany, however, as an entirely completed foreign product,—foreign, in its very nature, to the whole character of the nation. First of all, German princes brought Italian opera troupes to their courts; German composers had to visit Italy to perfect themselves there in the art of operatic composition. At a later period the theaters themselves took it up, especially the public production of translations of French operas. Attempts at German opera consisted in nothing but the recitations of foreign operas in the German language. No central theater, to serve as a model for this purpose, was ever established. All remained in the greatest anarchy—Italian and French styles and German imitations side by side. Endeavors to make from the original, undeveloped, German musical drama, an independent and popular *genre,* were almost always repressed by the influence of formal elaboration, as it came from foreign countries. . . .

You perceive that there was practically *no* operatic theater in existence for the true and earnest musician. If his inclination or education inclined him toward the theater, he was forced to betake himself to writing in Italy for the Italian, or in France for the French opera; and while Mozart and Gluck wrote Italian and French works, the really national music of Germany grew up upon an entirely different basis from that of the opera. Turning away from the opera altogether, and in that very branch of composition from which the Italians had diverged with the first appearance of the opera, a truly characteristic music developed in Germany, from Bach to Beethoven, up to the climax of its marvelous richness,— a school

that has led German music to its universally recognized importance.

For the German musician who looked out from his own field of choral and instrumental music upon that of *dramatic* music, there existed no complete and attractive form in the line of opera, which, by its relative perfection, could serve him as an example in such a way as he could be served in those classes of music which were more in his own school. While a noble, completed form of composition lay before him in the oratorio, and especially in the symphony, the opera merely offered him a disconnected chaos of trifling and undeveloped methods, upon which there rested the burden of a conventionality incomprehensible to him, and subversive of all efforts toward free development. . . .

Let us establish first of all the fact that the *one true form of music is melody;* that without melody music is inconceivable, and that music and melody are inseparable. That a piece of music has *no* melody, can therefore only mean that the musician has not attained to the real formation of an effective form, that can have a decisive influence upon the feelings; which simply shows the absence of talent in the composer,—his want of originality compelling him to make up his piece from hackneyed melodic phrases to which the ear is utterly indifferent. But, in the mouth of the uncultured frequenter of the opera, and when used with regard to real music, the expression of this opinion betrays the fact that only a fixed and narrow form of melody is meant, such as (as we have already seen) belongs to a very childish stage of musical art; and for this reason an exclusive liking for such a form must also seem childish to us. In this case we have less to do with *melody* than with the primitive and narrow form of it,—the *dance* form (Tanzform).

And I do not mean to have expressed myself contemptuously with regard to this first origin of melody. Indeed, I believe that I have proved that it was the basis of the completed artistic form of the Beethoven symphony—which certainly gives us a wonderful deal to thank it for. But one thing must be considered: That this simple form, which is preserved in its entirely undeveloped state in the Italian opera, has received an elaboration in the symphony, which gives it

something such a relation to the original as a full-flowering plant may be supposed to bear to the shoot from which it was raised. I fully accept the importance of the primitive melodic form in the dance-form; and following the rule that every form, however highly developed, must bear its origin in some recognizable shape within it if it is at all intelligible, I am prepared to find this dance-melody in the symphony of Beethoven —yes, even to consider that symphony, as a melodious complexity, as nothing else but the idealized dance-form itself.

But let us first consider that this form extends through all the parts of the symphony, and in this is the very opposite of the Italian opera, in so far as in that the melody stands entirely alone, and the spaces between the passages of melody are filled out by an employment of music which we must set down as absolutely *un*melodious, because in it music does not separate itself from the character of mere *noise*. Even among the predecessors of Beethoven we find these doubtful gaps stretching even in symphonies between the leading melodic passages. If Hadyn, it is true, could generally give these intervals an interesting significance, Mozart, on the other hand, who, in this respect approached far nearer to the Italian idea of melodious form, often—indeed almost habitually—fell back upon that frivolous phrase-making that often exhibits his symphonic passages in the aspect of the so-called table music,—that is, a music which, between the presentation of attractive melodies, also presents an attractive noise for purposes of conversation. To me at least, the regularly repeated and noisily diffused modulations of Mozart's symphonies appear as though I heard the noise of setting and clearing away a royal banquet, set to music. The original and thoroughly brilliant method of Beethoven, on the contrary, tended toward the complete disappearance of these interval passages, and toward giving the connections between the principal melodies themselves the character of melody.

To explain this method more in detail, though it would be unusually interesting, would occupy too much space at present.

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

Nothing brings before us more vividly the unsettled, transitory social life of the present day than a brief observation of and reflection upon the conduct of the rising generation and the generation just risen. Not only would the founders of our great republic be astounded could they but gaze upon the material progress that has overtaken us, but they would be shocked beyond measure by the deportment of twentieth century men, women and children. Books on etiquette were once abundant; today they are rarely seen. The formal regulations governing social usage are indeed available but are read by the average citizen as little as the laws of his state. The truth is that we are living in a transition period; unparalleled development in material ways has led to rapid accumulation of wealth, but time has not permitted the assimilation of culture, which we instinctively associate as its fitting accompaniment. The behavior of people in public places, in the busy marts of men, in homes and in social assemblies gives evidence of a chaotic social condition. Even in select companies, as found in club-rooms and at brilliant functions, extraordinary lack of good breeding is not infrequently displayed.

America lacks the leisure class of England and other European countries; and however we may regard such a social stratum, we must concede that the gracious bearing it usually exemplifies does something to stimulate other elements of society to act similarly. We have to look at certain of our New England towns, where an aristocracy based upon established family and position has grown up, to draw a companion picture.

Wealth has been most coveted in the New World. Eager to amass a fortune quickly, everything else has been sacrificed

by the ambitious. Europeans stand aghast at the spectacle of a nation rushing on in a mad quest for gold. The most envied have been the wealthiest, but unfortunately they have not always been most worthy of emulation. Great riches have been allowed to offset bad manners, gross exhibitions of greed and selfishness and objectionable conduct generally.

Nor can the tireless pursuit of wealth alone account for the existing social chaos. The entrance of women, first into the institutions of higher learning, and later into the business world, has tended to further complicate the situation.

People now living can testify to the attitude shown towards the young women who first broke with established custom sufficiently to enter "co-educational" institutions. Referring to a family disgraced by a daughter possessing such extraordinary ambitions, it has been said: "People refrained from making inquiries about her, as though she had committed a crime—to spare her mother's feelings!" Yet however absurd this now appears, we may be sure a future generation will similarly regard some of the prejudices obtaining today.

The early stages of human existence are likely to be nomadic. A wandering life provides no means by which a woman can earn a living; consequently polygamy is to be found among nomadic tribes. As society has advanced, slaves have frequently performed the labor and marriage remained the only avenue open to women. Neither in ancient nor mediæval times can we read of women earning independent livings. In modern times the abolition of slavery and the end of feudal service forced the privileged—or independent—classes to employ helpers in new capacities and to compensate them. Need of someone to care for the sick, to supply necessary apparel and commodities provided some ways by which women might make a living. In New England fifty or sixty years ago there were three occupations open to them: nursing, dressmaking or tailoring, and teaching school—teachers being frequently compensated but eight dollars per month.

With the education of women has come increased independence. While a natural instinct always prompts a woman to create a home, two conditions have tended latterly to modify her attitude in this regard: first, the opinion usually prevail-

ing that when women marry, they must largely abandon their earlier interests, whatever these may have been or however proficient they may have become in them; and second, the utter vagueness that confronts the one who stands upon the verge of renouncing her free life as to the degree of independence a married state will bring—this, being absolutely dependent upon the temperament, disposition and training of the one she marries, being impossible to foresee. The present status of marriage, the frequency of the dividing ways, are too constantly criticised; suffice it to say that the spectacle presented by the numerous unhappy marriages, whether endured to the end or renounced, deters men and women alike from accepting the earlier mode of life as the only desirable one.

Business interests have overwhelmingly increased in the last few decades. A corresponding increase has resulted in the number of persons required to discharge business duties. Trained women have found their place by the side of trained men. They have grown to observe and comprehend the world through their own eyes rather than to conceive of it as pictured to them by others. They have become property-holders and, experiencing the responsibilities thus entailed, they have latterly reminded fathers, brothers and husbands of their early slogan: "No taxation without representation." Several states have yielded to the argument; others are bound to do so as the desire for citizen's rights becomes more representative. Inevitably it has resulted that these changes, crowded into a few brief years, have produced wholly unsettled ideas as to what shall be the attitude of men toward women in these new relationships. Should a foreigner ask what is the attitude of American men toward women in these new activities, it would have to be answered that there is yet no uniformity of opinion: that each settles it for himself and his conclusion depends wholly upon his sweep of vision and mental horizon.

Thus we cannot today divide the subject conveniently as was once the case into what is becoming for the lady, for the gentleman, for the child, but must take the more inclusive subject of what is becoming for people generally in their relations to one another. Even this would be answered in a

variety of ways and the opinions of certain social writers are here cited for comparison and interest.

On the Better Teaching of Manners.*

A great deal of time is spent in these days in discussing what is the best equipment for success in life, and those of us who have the heavy responsibility of deciding important issues for another generation pass anxious hours in weighing the comparative merits of such and such branches of learning, as preparation for such and such careers. But we contrive to omit completely from that deliberately formulated scheme of instruction the thing that probably matters most; and that is the manner, as well as the manners, in conjunction with which that excellent equipment is going to be used, through which it is going to be interpreted, and on which will most certainly depend its ultimate success. However well stored your mind may be, however valuable the intellectual wares you may have to offer, it is obvious that if your method of calling your fellowman's attention to them is to give him a slap in the face at the same time, you will probably not succeed in enlisting his kindly interest in your further achievements. And yet we all know human beings, of good parts and of sterling worth, who contrive by some unfortunate peculiarity of manner to give us a moral slap in the face every time we meet them, simply because they did not receive any systematic teaching in suitable demeanor at a time of life when such teaching is most important. It is a pity that the word "deportment" should have become indissolubly associated in our minds with the absurdities and excellencies of the immortal Mr. Turveydrop, as it now suggests mainly an exaggerated elaborateness of bearing of whose associations we cannot get rid. Through all the ages we have been confronted by a series of maxims about manners and demeanor, which are just far-reaching enough to comfort us with the sense of having an unexceptional code to hold by, precluding the need of any further search for the truth, just as the person who has a favourite remedy which has always proved sufficient is not inclined to try a newer nostrum recommended

*Bell: The Minor Moralist.

by his more advanced friend. There is plenty of excellent grounding in elementary manners to be had in the nursery and the schoolroom. The extraordinary fertility of invention with which a child will find ever-fresh ways of transgressing every human ordinance is kept in check and corrected by those about him, who are constantly saying, "Don't do this," "Don't do that," until, insensibly guided by this handrail of prohibitive maxim, the child learns in a rough-and-ready way to bear himself more or less well at this stage of his passage through the world. Unfortunately, however, the more grown-up faults of manner do not generally show themselves until the offender has passed the age when they might without loss to his dignity fitly have been corrected. It is easy to tell a boy of twelve not to annoy other people by drumming with his feet on the floor during dinner; but it is more difficult to tell him when he is twenty not to make himself offensive by laying down the law. That difficulty of admonition increases as the years go on, and it may safely be asserted that the fault of manner which is not cured at twenty-five will still be there at seventy-five. And, alas! in half a century there is time to offend a great many people. Surely it would be quite possible to obviate this danger by timely and systematic instruction. We take a great deal of trouble to impress on a young child certain quite arbitrary rules of demeanor, which are so constantly reiterated and insisted upon that he gradually takes them as a matter of course, and obeys them automatically for the rest of his life, until it would be utterly impossible for him, arrived at manhood, so to fly in the face of his early training as to tie his table-napkin round his neck at a dinner-party, to put his knife in his mouth, or to attack his gravy with a spoon. Why should it not be possible to have a course of second-grade instruction in demeanor, so to speak, which should in its turn be as thoroughly taught as the primary one, as insensibly assimilated and automatically obeyed? But it does not seem to occur to most people that this is necessary. Our usual plan, or rather want of plan, is to furnish the young with some stray haphazard generalities, and then consider that we have done enough. There are few things more dangerous than the half-truths—necessarily and obviously half-untruths as well—

which we thrust into the gaps of our code of conduct in a makeshift fashion, and thus exclude truer or more complete ordinances. And so, without a misgiving, we proceed to tell young people that "Manners maketh man," or "Good manners proceed from a good heart," and then expect that they themselves should fill in the details for their own daily guidance. We might as well tell them the formula of the law of gravitation, and then expect them never to tumble down.

It is a matter of regret that the earnest, the high-minded, the elect thinkers and doers of the world, their energies concentrated on loftier aims, should so often practically if not explicitly condemn the "undue" importance—the very word begs the question—given to what they call trifling observances, on the ground that time and energy are thus diverted from the larger issues. I would diffidently point out that none of these small observances are incompatible with lofty aims and earnest thought. On the contrary, I will venture to assert that not only are they compatible with them, but that every form of good and earnest endeavour will be incalculably furthered by attention being paid to certain details of manner which some people consider trifling, although others call them essential. In this case, as in others, the looker-on may see most of the game; and the idler standing by may perhaps realize more clearly than the active and strenuous workers whose minds are full of wider aspirations, how greatly their possibilities of usefulness may be minimized, how much the influence of their goodness may be weakened, by being presented to the world under a crude and unattractive aspect. It is quite a mistake to think that goodness unadorned adorns the most. It should have as many adornments as possible, in order that the outward graces may correspond to the inward, in order that the impulse of those brought face to face with it may not be one of involuntary recoil, first from the unattractive manner, and then, perhaps, unconsciously to themselves, from the admirable virtues that underlie it.

I go, for instance, to visit a noted philanthropist. I am not there on business, so to speak, and I ought to accept that she is not professionally called upon to love me; and I feel it is absurd that it should be a factor in my opinion of

her real worth that she should forget to pour out my tea, so busy is she haranguing me in a dictatorial and unsmiling manner. I ought to remember that she would hold a cup of water to the lips of a pauper more tenderly than a cup of tea to mine. I ought to remind myself that the manner so displeasing to me has been acquired when exhorting and instructing some less favored by fortune than I whose horizon she may thus incalculably have widened. And yet I confess that I find myself wondering if it would not have been possible for her to combine both forms of excellence, and to be deferential, courteous, solicitously hospitable to the well-to-do, as well as helpful and admirable towards the badly off; and why, when great and noble ideals of conduct were being placed before her, some of the minor graces of demeanour should not as a matter of course have been imparted as well. It is foolish that we should in our intercourse with a fellow-creature be biased by superficial deficiencies and thus lose sight of essential excellencies. But we are foolish, most of us—that fact we must accept, however much we should like to think otherwise; and if we honestly search our experience and our memories, we shall realize how much we are liable to be influenced by things which appear insignificant, we shall recall how slight an incident has sometimes produced an unfavorable impression that is never wholly erased. I remember an instance of this which struck me very vividly. A septuagenarian of dignity and position, Sir X. Y., happened to meet at a public gathering Mr. Z., another magnate of his own standing, full of years and worth. Mr. Z. was anxious to enlist Sir X. Y.'s interest in a certain scheme, and to obtain his co-operation and pecuniary support. And he would doubtless have succeeded, for Sir X. Y., an urbane old man, albeit with a clear consciousness of his own deserts, was entirely well disposed, and advanced with out-stretched hand to meet Mr. Z. with cordiality. But, alas! at that moment Mr. Z. happened to see someone else by whom his attention was suddenly diverted, and, all unwitting of his crime, he shook hands with Sir X. Y. without looking at him, thereby losing in that one moment of thoughtlessness, the good will of his interlocutor, his kindly interest, and his possible help. Mr. Z. had almost certainly been taught in

his youth, always to give his right hand instead of his left when shaking hands with people, and he had probably learnt it so thoroughly that it would never have occurred to him to do anything else. But he had apparently not been taught also to look his interlocutor in the face at the same time, as if it gave him pleasure to meet him. And yet this supplementary ordinance might have been just as easily and thoroughly taught as the first rule, if it had occurred to any one that it was necessary and advisable to teach it. We could all of us, probably, cite many instances of the same kind. Mrs. A. and Mr. B. being both interested in a certain school, Mrs. A. went to see Mr. B. to discuss with him some point in the management of it. Suddenly Mr. B. caught sight of an open letter lying on the table in front of him, and he took it up and looked mechanically through it as she spoke. The result was, that although he was in reality more than willing to meet Mrs. A.'s wishes about the school, his manner quite unintentionally produced a feeling of unreasoning resentment in her, and she was far more angry with him for agreeing inattentively with her views than she would have been if he had differed from them after listening to her attentively and courteously. All this means an absolutely unnecessary expenditure of energy. Mrs. A., being given the wrong bias at the beginning of the interview, was then annoyed with herself for being annoyed with Mr. B.: the irritation in her manner communicated itself to his, according to a law of nature as definitely ascertained as that of the propagation of the waves in the ether, and the question they had met to discuss was settled with an incalculable amount of friction, which might have been entirely avoided. It arose purely from Mr. B.'s defective training in manners. He had probably been taught as a definite precept of conduct in his youth, obeyed ever since quite unconsciously without a separate effort of will or intention, to get up when a lady entered his room, and not to sit down with his back to her afterwards; but it would have been well for him if he had also been taught not morally to turn his back upon her by reading a letter while she was speaking to him of something else. This is one of the most exasperating and most prevalent forms of bad man-

ners, and one which reappears in an infinite variety of shapes. . . .

The demeanour of the younger generation is a good deal criticised in these days, and I cannot deny that much of the adverse criticism may be true. I am ready to admit that the manner of some young men—not of all—is conceited, familiar, totally wanting in distinction and in chivalrous courtesy. But this, perhaps, is partly due to the fact that the manner of some young girls—not of all—is characterized by an unpleasing decision, by a want of dignity and reserve, by an ugly sort of slapdash assurance, and by a total want of delicate half-tones in the atmosphere that surrounds them. I deplore all these regrettable manifestations; I deplore that there should be sons who come down to breakfast with a scowl, and daughters who contradict their mothers; and I sympathize with the grievance, if not with the clamour, of the people who write articles in magazines and newspapers to complain bitterly of the manner of the present day, and especially of the want of deference shown by the young to older people. At the same time I fancy that statistics would show that these articles are all written by the generation that is offended by that want of deference. Young people do not, as a rule, write articles on the manners of older ones. That, at least, we have so far been spared. But I fancy that if they did, and put forth their views with the candour with which their own manners are criticised, we should find that they in turn were often very unpleasantly affected by our manner. If they were always addressed courteously and smilingly, never admonished irritably—and of one thing I am quite sure, that the wrong moment to rebuke a fault is when it has just been committed— never silenced, or snubbed, or sneered at, however much their utterances may seem at times to demand such treatment, they would probably in their turn feel inclined to reply more amiably, and we should perhaps not hear of so many despairing discussions and inquiries as to the best way of getting on with one's family. But instead of this it is too often received that in the intimacy of the home circle it is allowable and even advisable to dispense with the small adornments of everyday courtesy. The influence of such a code on the grace of daily intercourse must necessarily be disas-

trous. Some children I once knew, used, whenever they handed a thing to one another, to do so combatively, with a violent push, which invariably succeeded in infuriating the recipient. The same unpleasing effect is produced when children of a larger growth continue the process, and push their remarks or their arguments home with a momentum which arouses an unreasoning fury in their interlocutor. We all know what it is to argue with such people. It is like trying to write one's opinions on sandpaper instead of on a fair white sheet. It is a crime to allow a human being to grow up with such a manner. . . .

We are told that in the days of Mrs. Chapone there stood in the courtyard of a boarding-school at Brighton an empty coach, in order that the young ladies—it was part of their daily course of study—might practice getting in and out of it without showing their ankles. I am not advocating that this practice should continue. I fear that some of the modern pastimes to which young women are addicted necessitate showing a good deal more of their ankles, to put it mildly, than the contemporaries of Mrs. Chapone would willingly have beheld. But I do think it would be an excellent plan, although I fear it might be attended with some practical difficulties, if an empty railway carriage could stand in every courtyard, with a crowd of intending passengers to practice upon. Then people might study the art of getting in quietly, courteously, and in their turn, instead of pushing their way past in order to get in first, declining to make room for other people, and generally indulging in all the numerous forms of bad manners that railway travel seems to induce. Such an exercise would also be found useful as a guide to behaviour at drawing-room entertainments and other occasions of the same kind where people ardently desire to secure the best seats.

Manners Matter Much.*

The way in which things are done is often more important than the things themselves. "A beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of fine arts." If you are a musician or a painter, you cannot exhibit these accomplishments in all places and at all times. You cannot well strike up a song from an opera in a railway-carriage, or exhibit your pictures in a tram-car; but where is the place that you cannot show good manners? Genius, if allied to an unpleasant personality, starves in garrets; while agreeable mediocrity has golden opportunities thrown in its way. Faults of manner are faults which the world has agreed to exaggerate; they have been the ruin of fine abilities and of great careers. It is a pity; but we must remember that of people who see us the majority only see us for perhaps half an hour in their lives, and they judge us by what they see in that half-hour.

In a fine passage Burke says: "Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them." . . .

In tournaments for a lady's heart and hand is it not a natural selection when manners decide the contest? This, at least, is what the famous Wilkes thought, for he used to say:

*Hardy: How to Be Happy though Civil.

"I am the ugliest man in the three kingdoms and yet if any one gives me a quarter of an hour's start I shall gain the heart of any woman before the handsomest"—by his manner.

The vain man can scarcely be well-mannered, for he is so absorbed in the contemplation of his own perfections that he cannot think of other people and study their feelings. Vulgarians think only of themselves and their own concerns. Their ancestors were all heroes, and they themselves are more heroic than even they were. There is no art or accomplishment in which they do not excel. Their children are better than any other children; so are their servants, horses, and everything that they honor by possessing. All their geese are swans. Now, surely, it is not a very gentlemanly thing for a man to spend his time in trying to make himself see big and others in comparison small, and he need not be surprised if the others vote him a boor and a bore. . . .

But the most productive source of bad manners is want of sympathy. Our manners are bad because we have not the fellow-feeling which we ought to have.

The two chief rules for manners, are, first, think of others; second, do not think of yourself, and these cannot be carried out without sympathy. We must be able to go out of ourselves and realize the feelings and circumstances of another if we would confer pleasure and avoid inflicting pain.

Want of sympathy it is which constitutes the hard man, one who, without committing anything that might be called a fault, rides roughly over the most sensitive feelings of your nature.

A good manner is the art of putting our associates at their ease. Whoever makes the fewest persons uncomfortable is the best-mannered person in a room. We cannot imagine a case in which a man could be at a loss what to say or do in company if he were always considerate for the feelings of others, forgot himself, and did not lose his head or leave his common sense at home. Such an one may not have studied etiquette; he may be chaotic rather than "good form," as the slang expression is; and yet, because his heart and head are sound, he will speak and act as becomes a gentleman. On the other hand, a very pedant in form and bigot in cere-

monies may be nothing better than the "mildest-mannered man that ever cut a throat."

It has been said that to be a social success one must be a moral failure, but this is not the case. It is not insincerity, but real sympathy that wins hearts. Certainly those who consciously aim at social success and at that alone are often beasts.

A badly mannered person makes you feel old, ugly, and disagreeable, and one with good manners that you are very nice, and that your presence at the time is quite indispensable to his or her happiness. A visitor calls at a most inconvenient time, but the lady of the house, if she have unselfish manners, will never allow the individual to discover the fact. If this be deceit, may I always be deceived! ! Trying to please is not always vanity; it may come from a genuine desire to make others happy.

Good Breeding.*

Know then that as learning, honor, and virtue are absolutely necessary to gain you the esteem and admiration of mankind, politeness and good breeding are equally necessary to make you welcome and agreeable in conversation and common life. Great talents, such as honor, virtue, learning, and parts, are above the generality of the world, who neither possess them themselves nor judge of them rightly in others; but all people are judges of the lesser talents, such as civility, affability, and an obliging, agreeable address and manner, because they feel the good effects of them as making society easy and pleasing. Good sense must in many cases determine good breeding; because the same thing that would be civil at one time, and to one person, may be quite otherwise at another time, and to another person; but there are some general rules of good breeding that hold always true, and in all cases. As, for example, it is always extremely rude to answer only Yes, or No, to anybody, without adding sir, my lord, or madam, according to the quality of the person you speak to,—as in French you must always say, monsieur, milord, madame, and mademoiselle. I suppose you know that every married woman is in French madame, and every unmarried one is mademoiselle. It is likewise extremely rude

*Letters of Lord Chesterfield.

not to give the proper attention and a civil answer when people speak to you, or to go away, or be doing something else, when they are speaking to you; for that convinces them that you despise them, and do not think it worth your while to hear or answer what they say. I dare say I need not tell you how rude it is to take the best place in a room, or to seize immediately upon what you like at table, without offering first to help others,—as if you considered nobody but yourself. On the contrary, you should always endeavor to procure all the convenience you can to the people you are with. Besides being civil, which is absolutely necessary, the perfection of good breeding is to be civil with ease, and in a gentleman-like manner. For this, you should observe the French people, who excel in it, and whose politeness seems as easy and natural as any other part of their conversation; whereas the English are often awkward in their civilities, and when they mean to be civil are too much ashamed to get it out. But, pray, do you remember never to be ashamed of doing what is right; you would have a great deal of reason to be ashamed if you were not civil, but what reason can you have to be ashamed of being civil? And why not say a civil and obliging thing as easily and as naturally as you would ask what o'clock it is? This kind of bashfulness, which is justly called by the French *mauvaise honte,* is the distinguishing character of an English booby, who is frightened out of his wits when people of fashion speak to him; and when he is to answer them, blushes, stammers, and can hardly get out what he would say, and becomes really ridiculous from a groundless fear of being laughed at; whereas a real well-bred man would speak to all the kings in the world with as little concern and as much ease as he would speak to you.

Remember, then, that to be civil, and to be civil with ease (which is properly called good breeding), is the only way to be beloved and well received in company; that to be ill bred and rude is intolerable, and the way to be kicked out of company; and that to be bashful is to be ridiculous.

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If I had faith in philters and love potions I should suspect that you had given Sir Charles Williams some by the manner

in which he speaks of you, not only to me but to everybody else. I will not repeat to you what he says of the extent and correctness of your knowledge, as it might either make you vain or persuade you that you had already enough of what nobody can have too much. You will easily imagine how many questions I asked, and how narrowly I sifted him upon your subject; he answered me, and I dare say with truth, just as I could have wished, till, satisfied entirely with his accounts of your character and learning, I inquired into other matters intrinsically indeed of less consequence but still of great consequence to every man, and of more to you than to almost any man,—I mean your address, manners, and air. To these questions the same truth which he had observed before obliged him to give me much less satisfactory answers. And as he thought himself in friendship both to you and me obliged to tell me the disagreeable as well as the agreeable truths, upon the same principle I think myself obliged to repeat them to you.

He told me then that in company you were frequently most *provokingly* inattentive, absent, and distrait; that you came into a room and presented yourself very awkwardly; that at table you constantly threw down knives, forks, napkins, bread, etc., and that you neglected your person and dress to a degree unpardonable at any age, and much more so at yours.

These things, howsoever immaterial they may seem to people who do not know the world and the nature of mankind, give me, who know them to be exceedingly material, very great concern. I have long distrusted you and therefore frequently admonished you upon these articles; and I tell you plainly that I shall not be easy till I hear a very different account of them. I know no one thing more offensive to a company than that inattention and *distraction*. It is showing them the utmost contempt, and people never forgive contempt. No man is distrait with the man he fears, or the woman he loves; which is a proof that every man can get the better of that *distraction* when he thinks it worth his while to do so, and take my word for it, it is always worth his while. For my own part I would rather be in company with a dead man than with an absent one; for if the dead man gives me no

pleasure, at least he shows me no contempt; whereas the absent man, silently indeed but very plainly, tells me that he does not think me worth his attention. Besides, can an absent man make any observations upon the characters, customs, and manners of the company? No. He may be in the best companies all his lifetime (if they will admit him, which if I were they I would not) and never be one jot the wiser. I never will converse with an absent man; one may as well talk to a deaf one. It is in truth a practical blunder to address ourselves to a man who we see plainly neither hears, minds, or understands us. Moreover, I aver that no man is in any degree fit for either business or conversation who cannot and does not direct and command his attention to the present object, be that what it will. You know by experience that I grudge no expense in your education, but I will positively not keep you a flapper. You may read in Dr. Swift the description of these flappers, and the use they were of to your friends the Laputans, whose minds (Gulliver says) are so taken up with intense speculations that they neither can speak nor attend to the discourses of others without being roused by some external taction upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason those people who are able to afford it always keep a flapper in their family as one of their domestics, nor ever walk about or make visits without him. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give a soft flap upon his eyes, because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice and bouncing his head against every post, and in the streets of jostling others, or being jostled into the kennel himself. If Christian will undertake this province into the bargain, with all my heart; but I will not allow him any increase of wages upon that score. In short, I give you fair warning that when we meet, if you are absent in mind I will soon be absent in body, for it will be impossible for me to stay in the room; and if at table you throw down your knife, plate, bread, etc., and hack the wing of a chicken for half an hour without being able to cut it off, and your sleeve all the time in another dish, I must rise from table to escape the fever you would certainly give me. Good God! how I should be

shocked if you came into my room for the first time with two left legs, presenting yourself with all the graces and dignity of a tailor, and your clothes hanging upon you like those in Monmouth Street, upon tenterhooks! whereas I expect, nay, require to see you present yourself with the easy and genteel air of a man of fashion who has kept good company. I expect you not only well dressed but very well dressed; I expect a gracefulness in all your motions, and something particularly engaging in your address. All this I expect, and all this it is in your power, by care and attention, to make me find; but to tell you the plain truth, if I do not find it we shall not converse very much together, for I cannot stand awkwardness and inattention,— it would endanger my health. You have often seen and I have as often made you observe L——'s distinguished inattention and awkwardness. Wrapped up like a Laputan in intense thought, and possibly sometimes in no thought at all (which I believe is very often the case with absent people), he does not know his most intimate acquaintance by sight or answers them as if he were at cross purposes. He leaves his hat in one room, his sword in another, and would leave his shoes in a third, if his buckles, though awry, did not save them; his legs and arms by his awkward management of them seem to have undergone the *question extraordinaire;* and his head always hanging upon one or other of his shoulders seems to have received the first stroke upon a block. I sincerely value and esteem him for his parts, learning, and virtue, but for the soul of me I cannot love him in company. This will be universally the case in common life of every inattentive, awkward man, let his real merit and knowledge be ever so great. When I was of your age I desired to shine as far as I was able in every part of life, and was as attentive to my manners, my dress, and my air in company of evenings as to my books and my tutor in the mornings. A young fellow should be ambitious to shine in everything, and of the two always rather overdo than underdo. These things are by no means trifles; they are of infinite consequence to those who are to be thrown into the great world and who would make a figure or a fortune in it. It is not sufficient to deserve well; one must please well, too. Awkward, disagreeable merit will never carry anybody far.

Wherever you find a good dancing-master, pray let him put you upon your haunches; not so much for the sake of dancing as for coming into a room and presenting yourself genteelly and gracefully. Women, whom you ought to endeavor to please, cannot forgive vulgar and awkward airs and gestures.

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Before it is very long, I am of opinion that you will both think and speak more favorably of women than you do now. You seem to think that from Eve downwards they have done a great deal of mischief. As for that lady, I give her up to you; but since her time, history will inform you that men have done much more mischief in the world than women; and to say the truth, I would not advise you to trust either more than is absolutely necessary. But this I will advise you to, which is, never to attack whole bodies of any kind; for besides that all general rules have their exceptions you unnecessarily make yourself a great number of enemies by attacking a corps collectively. Among women, as among men, there are good as well as bad; and it may be full as many or more good than among men. This rule holds as to lawyers, soldiers, parsons, courtiers, citizens, etc. They are all men, subject to the same passions and sentiments, differing only in the manner, according to their several educations; and it would be as imprudent as unjust to attack any of them by the lump. Individuals forgive sometimes; but bodies and societies never do. Many young people think it very genteel and witty to abuse the clergy; in which they are extremely mistaken, since in my opinion parsons are very like men, and neither the better nor the worse for wearing a black gown. All general reflections upon nations and societies are the trite, threadbare jokes of those who set up for wit without having any, and so have recourse to commonplace. Judge of individuals from your own knowledge of them, and not from their sex, profession, or denomination.

MANNERS WHEN TRAVELLING.*

Travelling is either useful or not, according to the motive with which it is undertaken. Some there are whose sole object

*Hardy: Manners Maketh Man

is to get over a number of countries just to have to say they were in them. Such globe-trotters neither improve themselves nor increase their happiness. They never do anything they themselves care for, but follow conventionalism as the best tourist's guide. They admire by means of their *Baedekers* and *Murrays* and are "charmed" with the things with which they ought to be charmed. In picture galleries they do not look at the pictures but read before them out of a guide-book, for the sake of future conversation, a short notice of the birth and death of "this eminent artist." It has been said that "life would be tolerable but for its pleasures," and in their heart of hearts many would like going on the Continent, only for its art-galleries, museums, cathedrals, and objects of interest generally. "Hungry work it is doing pictures. I have always to eat two steaks after each collection; besides, it tires the neck so!"—this is the honest confession once heard by the writer on coming out of a celebrated gallery. . . .

We certainly cannot be said to travel with advantage unless either happiness, health, or culture, is increased on our return. Many people during a tour are rather playing at happiness than enjoying it. . . .

One object of travelling should be to improve our manners by intercourse with the polite foreigner, and to lay up a stock of beautiful thoughts and mental pictures that would tend to elevate our conduct. Instead of this too many seem to lose what little manners and morals they have when they go abroad. They copy what is bad in foreigners, but not so readily what is good.

DRESS.*

Your dress (as insignificant a thing as dress is in itself) is now become an object worthy of some attention; for I confess I cannot help forming some opinion of a man's sense and character from his dress, and I believe most people do as well as myself. Any affectation whatsoever in dress implies, in my mind, a flaw in the understanding. Most of our young fellows here display some character or other by their dress; some affect the tremendous, and wear a great and fiercely cocked hat, an enormous sword, a short waistcoat, and a black

* Chesterfield.

cravat; these I should be almost tempted to swear the peace against, in my own defense, if I were not convinced that they are but meek asses in lions' skins. Others go in brown frocks, leather breeches, great oaken cudgels in their hands, their hats uncocked, and their hair unpowdered; and imitate grooms, stage-coachmen, and country bumpkins so well in their outsides, that I do not make the least doubt of their resembling them equally in their insides. A man of sense carefully avoids any particular character in his dress; he is accurately clean for his own sake, but all the rest is for other people's. He dresses as well, and in the same manner, as the people of sense and fashion of the place where he is. If he dresses better as he thinks, that is, more than they, he is a fop; if he dresses worse, he is unpardonably negligent: but of the two, I would rather have a young fellow too much than too little dressed; the excess on that side will wear off with a little age and reflection; but if he is negligent at twenty, he will be a sloven at forty. Dress yourself fine where others are fine, and plain where others are plain; but take care always that your clothes are well made and fit you, for otherwise they will give you a very awkward air. When you are once well dressed for the day think no more of it afterwards; and without any stiffness for fear of discomposing that dress, let all your motions be as easy and natural as if you had no clothes on at all. So much for dress, which I maintain to be a thing of consequence in the polite world.

HAPPINESS.

"What is the highest good?" asked the early Greek philosophers. "Happiness," was the inevitable answer. It was the second question that created disagreement. "Wherein lies happiness?" And the replies were as various as those made today. If each were asked today: "What would you like best?" the answer would come, "To be happy." The second question, "What would make you happy?" would call forth the usual divergent and conflicting ideas. Each strives for what he fancies will make him happy; each dreams of a time when he shall have accomplished his purpose and when happiness will be his indeed. Wealth, fame, position, leisure, knowledge, travel, family relations, popularity—there is scarcely any limit to the answers which people consciously or unconsciously make to the question, and each life is largely governed by the struggle to attain the coveted end. In ancient times one school of philosophers replied that happiness was to be found only in pleasure. This precipitated a new question, and pleasure grew to be understood largely as indulgence. Another school answered: You can never hope to satisfy every desire, for new ones appear as rapidly as heads on the hydra slain by Hercules. Curb your desires; minimize your wants. Only by reducing them to the last degree can you find happiness. These two extremes can be paralleled today. Some seek for pleasure in a vain attempt to gratify the wildest impulses and extreme fancies. Others there be who advocate the theory of self-denial. In the happy mean

safety lies. To enjoy the best life offers, substance must be gained, but when all enjoyment of years as they pass is sacrificed to greed in order to acquire more than would abundantly suffice, people have lost the true appreciation of values.

From the numerous writers upon happiness, both in early and recent times, opinions as to how it is to be obtained are given.

Of a Happy Life and Wherein It Consists.*

There is not anything in this world, perhaps, that is more talked of, and less understood, than the business of a *happy life.* It is every man's wish and design; and yet not one of a thousand that knows wherein that happiness consists. We live, however, in a blind and eager pursuit of it; and the more haste we make in a wrong way, the farther we are from our journey's end. Let us therefore, *first,* consider "what it is we should be at"; and, *secondly,* "which is the readiest way to compass it." If we be right, we shall find every day how much we improve; but if we either follow the cry, or the track, of people that are out of the way, we must expect to be misled, and to continue our days in wandering and error. Wherefore, it highly concerns us to take along with us a skilful guide; for it is not in this, as in other voyages, where the highway brings us to our place of repose; or if a man should happen to be out, where the inhabitants might set him right again: but on the contrary, the beaten road is here the most dangerous, and the people, instead of helping us, misguide us. Let us not therefore follow, like beasts, but rather govern ourselves by *reason* than by *example.* It fares with us in human life as in a routed army; one stumbles first, and then another falls upon him, and so they follow, one upon the neck of another, until the whole field comes to be but one heap of miscarriages. And the mischief is "that the number of the multitude carries it against truth and justice"; so that we must leave the crowd, if we would be happy: for the question of a *happy life* is not to be decided by *vote:* nay, so far from it, that plurality of voices is still an argument of the wrong; the common people find it easier to believe than

*Seneca: Morals.

to judge, and content themselves with what is usual, never examining whether it be good or not. By the *common people* is intended *the man of title* as well as the *clouted shoe:* for I do not distinguish them by the eye but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man. Worldly felicity, I know, makes the head giddy; but if ever a man comes to himself again, he will confess, that "whatsoever he has done, he wishes undone"; and that "the things he feared were better than those he prayed for."

The true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations; to understand our duties toward God and man; to enjoy the present without any anxious dependence upon the future. Not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears; but to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient; for he that is so, wants nothing. The great blessings of mankind are within us and within our reach; but we shut our eyes, and, like people in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we search for without finding it. "Tranquillity is a certain equality of mind, which no condition of fortune can either exalt or depress." Nothing can make it less: for it is the state of human perfection; it raises us as high as we can go; and makes every man his own supporter; whereas he that is borne up by anything else may fall. He that judges aright, and perseveres in it, enjoys a perpetual calm: he takes a true prospect of things; he observes an order, measure, a decorum in all his actions; he has a benevolence in his nature; he squares his life according to reason; and draws to himself love and admiration. Without a certain and an unchangeable judgment, all the rest is but fluctuation: but "he that always wills and nills the same thing, is undoubtedly in the right." Liberty and serenity of mind must necessarily ensue upon the mastering of those things which either allure or affright us; when instead of those flashy pleasures (which even at the best are both vain and hurtful together) we shall find ourselves possessed of joy transporting and everlasting. It must be a *sound mind* that makes a *happy man;* there must be a constancy in all conditions, a care for the things of this world, but without trouble; and such an indifferency for the bounties of fortune, that either with them, or without them, we may live contentedly. There must be neither lamentation nor

quarreling, nor sloth, nor fear; for it makes a discord in a man's life. "He that fears, serves." The joy of a wise man stands firm without interruption; in all places at all times and in all conditions his thoughts are cheerful and quiet. As it never *came* in to him from *without,* so it will never leave him; but it is born within him, and inseparable from him. It is a solicitous life that is egged on with the hope of any thing, though never so open and easy, nay, though a man should never suffer any sort of disappointment. I do not speak this either as a bar to the fair enjoyment of lawful pleasures, or to the gentle flatteries of reasonable expectations: but, on the contrary, I would have men to be always in good humor, provided that it arises from their own souls, and be cherished in their own breasts. Other delights are trivial; they may smooth the brow, but they do not fill and affect the heart. "True joy is a serene and sober motion;" and they are miserably out that take *laughing* for *rejoicing.* The seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolution of a brave mind, that has fortune under his feet. He that can look death in the face, and bid it welcome; open his door to poverty, and bridle his appetites; this is the man whom Providence has established in the possession of inviolable delights. The pleasures of the vulgar are ungrounded, thin, and superficial; but the other are solid and eternal. As the body itself is rather *a necessary thing,* than a *great;* so the comforts of it are but temporary and vain; beside that, without extraordinary moderation, their end is only pain and repentance; whereas a peaceful conscience, honest thoughts, virtuous actions, and an indifference for casual events, are blessings without end, satiety, or measure. This consummated state of felicity is only a submission to the dictate of right nature; "The foundation of it is wisdom and virtue; the knowledge of what we ought to do, and the conformity of the will to that knowledge."

How many things are there that the fancy makes terrible by night which the day turns into ridiculous! What is there in labor, or in death, that a man should be afraid of? They are much slighter in act than in contemplation; and we *may* contemn them, but we *will* not: so that it is not because they are hard that we dread them, but they are hard because we

are first afraid of them. Pains, and other violences of Fortune, are the same thing to us that goblins are to children: we are more scared with them than hurt. We take up our opinions upon trust, and err for company, still judging that to be best that has most competitors. We make a false calculation of matters, because we advise with opinion, and not with Nature; and this misleads us to a higher esteem for riches, honor, and power than they are worth: we have been used to admire and recommend them, and a private error is quickly turned into a public. The greatest and the smallest things are equally hard to be comprehended; we account many things *great,* for want of understanding what effectually is so: and we reckon other things to be *small,* which we find frequently to be of the highest value. Vain things only move vain minds. The accidents that we so much boggle at are not terrible in themselves, but they are made so by our infirmities; but we consult rather what we hear than what we feel, without examining, opposing, or discussing the things we fear; so that we either stand still and tremble, or else directly run for it, as those troops did, that, upon the raising of the dust, took a flock of sheep for the enemy. When the body and mind are corrupted, it is no wonder if all things prove intolerable; and not because they are so in truth; but because we are dissolute and foolish: for we are infatuated to such a degree, that, betwixt the common madness of men, and that which falls under the care of the physician, there is but this difference, the one labors of a disease, and the other of a false opinion.

The Stoics hold, that all those torments that commonly draw from us groans and ejaculations are in themselves trivial and contemptible. But these highflown expressions apart (how true soever) let us discourse the point at the rate of ordinary men, and not make ourselves miserable before our time; for the things we apprehend to be at hand may possibly never come to pass. Some things trouble us more than they should, other things sooner; and some things again disorder us that ought not to trouble us at all; so that we either enlarge, or create, or anticipate our disquiets. For the first part, let it rest as a matter in controversy; for that which I account light, another perhaps will judge insupportable! One man laughs

under the lash, and another whines for a fillip. How sad a calamity is poverty to one man, which to another appears rather desirable than inconvenient? For the poor man, who has nothing to lose, has nothing to fear: and he that would enjoy himself to the satisfaction of his soul, must be either poor indeed, or at least look as if he were so. Some people are extremely dejected with sickness and pain; whereas Epicurus blessed his fate with his last breath, in the acutest torments of the stone imaginable. And so for banishment, which to one man is so grievous, and yet to another is no more than a bare change of place: a thing that we do every day for our health, pleasure, nay, and upon the account even of common business. How terrible is death to one man, which to another appears the greatest providence in nature, even toward all ages and conditions! It is the wish of some, the relief of many, and the end of all. It sets the slave at liberty, carries the banished man home, and places all mortals upon the same level: insomuch, that life itself were punishment without it. When I see tyrants, tortures, violences, the prospect of death is a consolation to me, and the only remedy against the injuries of life.

Nay, so great are our mistakes in the true estimate of things, that we have hardly done anything that we have not had reason to wish undone; and we have found the things we feared to be more desirable than those we coveted. Our very prayers have been more pernicious than the curses of our enemies; and we must pray again to have our former prayers forgiven. Where is the wise man that wishes to himself the wishes of his mother, nurse, or his tutor; the worst of enemies, with the intention of the best of friends? We are undone if their prayers be heard; and it is our duty to pray that they may not; for they are no other than well-meaning execrations. They take evil for good, and one wish fights with another: give me rather the contempt of all those things whereof they wish me the greatest plenty. We are equally hurt by some that pray for us, and by others that curse us: the one imprints in us a false fear, and the other does us mischief by a mistake: so that it is no wonder if mankind be miserable, when we are brought up from the very cradle under the imprecations of our parents. We pray for trifles, without

so much as thinking of the greatest blessings; and we are not ashamed many times to ask God for that which we should blush to own to our neighbour.

Man the Maker of Happiness.*

Man is the maker of happiness and misery. Further, he is the creator and perpetuator of his own happiness and misery. These things are not externally imposed; they are internal conditions. Their cause is neither deity nor devil, nor circumstance, but *Thought*. They are the effects of deeds, and deeds are the visible side of thoughts. Fixed attitudes of mind determine courses of conduct, and from courses of conduct come those reactions called *happiness* and *unhappiness*. This being so, it follows that, to alter the reactive condition, one must alter the active thought. To exchange misery for happiness, it is necessary to reverse the fixed attitude of mind and habitual course of conduct which is the cause of misery, and the reverse effect will appear in the mind and life. A man has no power to be happy while thinking and acting selfishly; he cannot be unhappy while thinking and acting unselfishly. Wheresoever the cause is, there the effect will appear. Man cannot abrogate effects, but he can alter causes. He can purify his nature; he can remould his character. There is great joy in self-conquest; there is great joy in transforming oneself.

Each man is circumscribed by his own thoughts, but he can gradually extend their circle; he can enlarge and elevate his mental sphere. He can leave the low, and reach up to the high; he can refrain from harbouring thoughts that are dark and hateful, and can cherish thoughts that are bright and beautiful; and as he does this, he will pass into a higher sphere of power and beauty, will become conscious of a more complete and perfect world.

For men live in spheres low or high according to the nature of their thoughts. Their world is as dark and narrow as they conceive it to be, as expansive and glorious as their comprehensive capacity. Everything around them is tinged with the colour of their thoughts.

*James Allen: Mind, Body and Circumstance.

Consider the man whose mind is suspicious, covetous, envious. How small and mean and drear everything appears to him. Having no grandeur in himself, he sees no grandeur anywhere; being ignoble himself he is incapable of seeing nobility in any being. Even his god is a covetous being that can be bribed, and he judges all men and women to be just as petty and selfish as he himself is, so that he sees in the most exalted acts of unselfishness only motives that are mean and base.

Consider again the man whose mind is unsuspecting, generous, magnanimous. How wondrous and beautiful is his world. He is conscious of some kind of nobility in all creatures and beings. He sees men as true, and to him they are true. In his presence the meanest forget their nature, and for the moment become like himself, getting a glimpse, albeit confused, in that temporary upliftment, of a higher order of things, of an immeasurably nobler and happier life.

That small-minded man and this large-hearted man live in two different worlds, though they be neighbours. Their consciousness embraces totally different principles. Their actions are each the reverse of the other. Their moral insight is contrary. They each look out upon a different order of things. Their mental spheres are separate, and, like two detached circles, they never mingle. The one is in hell, the other in heaven, as truly as they will ever be, and death will not place a greater gulf between them than already exists. To the one, the world is a den of thieves; to the other, it is the dwelling-place of gods. The one keeps a revolver handy, and is always on his guard against being robbed or cheated (unconscious of the fact that he is all the time robbing and cheating himself), the other keeps ready a banquet for the best. He throws open his doors to talent, beauty, genius, goodness. His friends are of aristocracy of character. They have become a part of himself. They are in his sphere of thought, his world of consciousness. From his heart pours forth nobility, and it returns to him tenfold in the multitude of those who love him and do him honour. . . .

Each man moves in the limited or expansive circle of his own thoughts, and all outside that circle is non-existent to him. He only knows that which he has *become*. The nar-

rower the boundary, the more convinced is the man that there is no further limit, no other circle. The lesser cannot contain the greater, and he has no means of apprehending the larger minds; such knowledge comes only by growth. The man who moves in a widely extended circle of thought knows all the lesser circles from which he has emerged, for in the larger experience all lesser experiences are contained and preserved; and when his circle impinges upon the sphere of perfect manhood, when he is fitting himself for company and communion with them of blameless conduct and profound understanding, then his wisdom will have become sufficient to convince him that there are wider circles still beyond of which he is as yet but dimly conscious, or is entirely ignorant. . . .

Each man is as low or high, as little or great, as base or noble, as his thoughts; no more, no less. Each moves within the sphere of his own thoughts, and that sphere is his world. In that world in which he forms his habits of thought, he finds his company. He dwells in the region which harmonizes with his particular growth. But he need not perforce remain in the lower worlds. He can lift his thoughts and ascend. He can pass above and beyond into higher realms, into happier habitations. When he chooses and wills he can break the carapace of selfish thought, and breathe the purer airs of a more expansive life.

Happiness Through the Pursuit and Use of Money.

In their dreams of the ideal commonwealth all reformers and statesmen have held that happiness involves not only freedom, intelligence, but abundance also. During the last century society achieved liberty, and led the black race far from the slave market, and the white race away from the debtor's dungeon. Colleges, and schools, too, were increased, until the paths that lead to the schoolhouse are open to all young feet, while the educator has exposed all those pitfalls associated with ignorance, vice, and crime. Now comes an age of abundance, when wealth is here, to build a highway of happiness for society, and to hasten all footsteps along this way that leads unto intelligence and integrity, to peace and prosperity. As never before, property has become an evangelist, and

wealth a distributor of happiness. The time was when property owners were a little class by themselves, but now property owning is a characteristic of all society.

Wealth concentrated in the hands of a few, it has been said, is as dangerous as the snow when collected in drifts, while wealth evenly diffused is like the snow blanket, a fertilizer for the entire land. Already the people of this country are the possessors of property representing eighty billions of treasure, in towns and cities, and farms and factories, in ships and railways, in institutions of art and science, education and religion. Each year increases the treasure. Ledges are being uncovered that sparkle with treasure beyond all the dreams of avarice. Under the new methods of cultivation the black soil of the prairies is seen to hold a richness for sheaf and cluster that has hitherto been the despair of the laboratories. Every month, also, brings some new discovery as to the use of the metals, with coal, copper and iron. For the treasures of the wilderness are as yet unbroken.

With the increase of intelligence, also, is coming an increase of riches; for wealth is condensed brain and integrity. Nature compacts the riches of soil and sun and air into a single cluster of ripe figs. In themselves, however, clay and air and sunshine are worthless for food; combined and passed through root and branch, they change their form and become apple or orange. Similarly, raw iron and wood are comparatively worthless; passing through man's mind and hand, they take on value. Iron plus intellect is an engine. Wool plus intellect is a coat. Leather plus intellect is the shoe. Stone and brick plus intellect become a temple or a house. Each new tool abbreviates labor, and frees the boy for study; each new convenience frees the girl to read or write or sing. Other ages have been taught by war, by the revival of learning, by the Reformation, by the overthrow of feudalism, but ours is an area when property is freeing men from drudgery unto the higher life.

Say what we will, happiness, individual and social, is indissolubly bound up with wealth. Long ago Carlyle said, "An Englishman's hell was want of money." Wendell Phillips was even more severe regarding his own countrymen, saying that if an American saw a silver dollar on the other side of

hell he would jump for it. Angered by the misuses of wealth and the cruelty of great corporations, men who misunderstand the problem heap execrations upon property. Many have come to think that wealth is a veritable Pandora's box, out of which comes every possible ill. No sentence is more frequently on the lips than Paul's words, "The love of money is a root of all evil." Nevertheless, that statement is a half truth, for money is also a root of all good. Strictly speaking, money is neither good nor ill. It is a force, like water or wind or electricity, and in itself is therefore without moral quality.

Money is simply energy made portable: convertible manhood. It is as foolish to inveigh against fire because it burns careless people, or against steam because it scalds ignorant ones, as to inveigh against money because it is misused by bad men, and avaricious. In their foolish diatribes against money men forget that if the wind and tide hurl careless captains upon the rocks they sweep the wise one into the harbor. Thus money is a force, made good or bad by its use. Analyzed, wealth begins with two loaves of bread, when but one is needed; with two suits, when only one can be worn; with a horse for riding, when a man could walk; with a boat to cross the stream, when one could swim; with an axe for firewood, when one could break the sticks; with the book that takes one through Iceland in an evening, without tire or exposure, when the trip itself would involve years of both; and with this saving against tomorrow's need, the scholar has leisure to go apart and feed his genius, the poet has solitude for pluming his wings, the philanthropist has freedom to become the knight-errant for the poor and the weak, the statesman and the missionary can toil unrequited for the common people. Therefore Professor Brownson defines property as "communion with God through material things."

Fundamentally, God creates all treasure. Man cannot create gold: he uncovers it. He cannot create diamonds: he finds them; nor can he create the raw material of wealth. In exalted mental moods Handel communes with God through his symphony, Von Rile through his aspiring arches, Lowell through his solemn prayer and poem. Not otherwise, all those forms of treasure for which man digs and delves repre-

sent the philanthropy of God rushing into those visible shapes called a sheaf, a waving pine or palm, the shining ledge of gold. If the masterpiece of some artist is precious, then surely this example of God's artistry named a sheaf is as sacred as a sacrament. A certain form of divinity also belongs to every ledge and mine, and trade itself may well be looked upon as a form of worship. No artist ever lingered over his picture as the infinite God lingers over a cornfield, putting the last touches upon the sheaf and shock for man's admiration and delight. Looking at the Damascus blade, we admire the skill that tempered and polished it; but the Creator was the first worker in iron, heating and alloying every ton of the rough ore in mines. We marvel at the crystallized carbon that men dig out of the earth, that makes the soft climate of California portable; but what infinite labor was involved in taking the masses of ferns and blossoms and boughs, and pressing them into these blocks of anthracite that yield warmth to our winter.

Nor should we be surprised that the pursuit of riches contributes to man's happiness, when we consider that the genius of business is the genius of the teacher. All the fundamental knowledges have grown out of the necessity of producing wealth, and preserving and distributing it. Take away the good habits that come through trade, destroy the moralities developed through the right use of wealth, and man would become a mere pulp of animalism. In the long ago man was sent away to school. The earth was the room in which he studied, and the habits of patience, self-reliance, and courage, in providing against the exigencies of winter, with cold and hunger, represent the lessons that man is learning. Trees are rooted to the earth that they may grow, and the handicrafts are roots that hold man to the earth that he may grow and find enrichment.

As the race rises in the scale of manhood, and becomes wise towards furrow, forest, and field, it moves toward wealth. What moralities, bringing happiness, are taught by work! When man wished for some luscious fruit, the tree refused to grow the plum in a single night, but promised that fruit unto long-continued thought and care. Seven years of caring for the tree finally ripened the plum for our father man, but better still, ripened those fruits named patience and courage

within the human heart. Seeking treasure for wife or child, man made himself impervious unto heat and cold, and wet and dry. For the enrichment of his home he sweltered in the tropics and shivered in the arctics; and having searched out all forests, and the riches of all seas and rivers, he returned from far-off islands, bringing back his "golden fleece" indeed, but bringing the greater riches named self-reliance, fortitude, fertility of resource.

The man at his loom, therefore, the potter with his vase, the husbandman with his sickle, the men who cut and carve, and plough and plant, and so create objects of use and beauty, are also creating a manhood, and achieving a character, so precious as to make their material products comparatively contemptible. Riches, therefore, enrich the individual, and are the school of character, as well as the almoner of bounty unto art and science, liberty and religion. All philosophers have noted that if individuals have sometimes prospered in poverty, nations never have. A great nation means colleges, schools, libraries, galleries, hospitals, a thousandfold conveniences in cottage and mansion; and these imply wealth as the fruitage of labor. God, who makes one rose to be a blessing, does not turn it into a curse when this one sweetbrier becomes a thousand. There can be, therefore, no warfare between wealth and the God who created it. Gold is sometimes defiled, but it borrows that filth from a bad man's fingers.

The relationship between wealth and happiness becomes the clearer when we consider how wealth has contributed to the nation's upward progress. The production of wealth, its control, its use, and enjoyment, is one of the most powerful of all the stimulants to social advancement. When the savage starts toward work, he starts toward wealth and greatness, because Nature knew of no better way of changing a babe into a man, crowned with full power of faculty. God made it necessary for the youth to earn his own livelihood, placed him in competition with his fellows, surrounded him with stimulants to ambition, and provocatives to property. At first his vices wasted wealth, later his virtues began to assemble it. The early savage man was a sluggard who wore a coat of skin, and dwelt in a bark hut, ate raw meats, lived by hurling clubs. The problem was, given a savage, how can

you turn him into a hero and a scholar and a saint? Then the winter was sent, with its snow and rain, to smite man for his lazy life, his lack of thrift and foresight.

Shivering with cold, man went forth to pluck the soft wool from the sheep, the cotton from its pod, the linen from the flax, and soon he wove all these into garments against the winter's snow. In the summer, man ate the wild apple and the pear, or rubbed out the handfuls of rice growing in the field, but when the winter came there were no fruits on the boughs, no nuts on the branches, no roots in the ground. Then hunger lifted its scourge, and Nature pointed man to the squirrel, that had harvested the nuts, to the bees that had hived their honey. Then man went forth to dig up the apple trees and plant them in his garden, near the tent, and cut down a forked stick with which to scratch the ground, to tame a bullock with which to draw his new implement; founded a granary also, to hold his little store.

The Art of Having Time.*

I have no time,—that is not only the most familiar and convenient excuse for not doing one's duty; it is also, one must confess, the excuse which has in it the greatest appearance of truth. Is it a good excuse? I must at once admit that within certain limits the excuse is reasonable, but I shall try to show how it is that this lack of time occurs, and how one may, at least in some degree, find the time he needs. Thus my sermon differs from those of the preachers in having, not three heads, but only one. This I say to propitiate those who may protest that they have no time for reading.

The most immediate reason, then, for lack of time is to be found in the character of the present age. There is just now a prevailing restlessness, and a continuous mood of excitement, from which, unless one makes himself a hermit, he cannot wholly escape. One who lives at all in these days must live fast. If one could observe the modern world as a bird might look down upon it, and at the same time could distinguish the details of its life, he would see beneath him a picture like that of a restless and swarming anthill, where

*Hilty: Meaning of Life.

even the railway trains, as they cross and recross each other by night and day, would be enough to bewilder his brain. Something of this bewilderment is, in fact, felt by almost everyone who is involved in the movement of the time. There are a great many people who have not the least idea why they are thus all day long in a hurry. People whose circumstances permit complete leisure are to be seen rushing through the streets, or whirling away in a train, or crowding out of the theatre, as if there were awaiting them at home the most serious tasks. The fact is that they simply yield to the general movement. One might be led to fancy that the most precious and most unusual possession on earth was the possession of time. We say that time is money, yet people who have plenty of money seem to have no time; and even the people who despise money are constantly admonishing us, and our over-worked children, to remember the Apostle's saying, and "to redeem the time." Thus the modern world seems pitiless in its exhortation to work. Human beings are driven like horses until they drop. Many lives are ruined by the pace but there are always more lives ready like horses to be driven.

Yet the results of this restless haste are in the main not convincing. There have been periods in history when people, without the restlessness and fatigue that now prevail, accomplished far more in many forms of human activity than men achieve today. Where are we now to find a man like Luther, who could write his incomparable translation of the Bible in an incredibly brief space of time, and yet not break down at the end of the task, or be forced to spend months or years in recreation or vacation? Where are the scholars whose works fill thousands of volumes, or the artists like Michael Angelo and Raphael, who could be at once painters, architects, sculptors and poets? Where shall we find a man like Titian, who at ninety years of age could still do his work without the necessity of retiring each year to a summer resort or sanitarium? The fact is that the nervous haste of our day cannot be wholly explained by assuming that modern men do more work, or better work, than their predecessors. It must be possible to live, if not without perfect rest, still without haste, and yet accomplish something.

The first condition of escape from this ineffective haste is beyond doubt, the resolution not to be swept away by the prevailing current of the age, as though one had no will of his own. On the contrary, one must oppose this current and determine to live as a free man, and not as a slave either of work or of pleasure. Our present system of the organization of labor makes this resolution far from easy. Indeed, our whole manner of thinking about money-making and our painstaking provision of money for future generations—our capitalist system, in short—increase the difficulty. Here is the solemn background of our present question, with which I do not propose to deal. We may simply notice that the problem of the use of time is closely involved with the problem of that radical change which civilization itself must experience before it reaches a more equitable division of labor and a more equitable distribution of prosperity. So long as there are people, and especially educated people, who work only when they are forced to work and for no other purpose than to free themselves and their children as soon as possible from the burden of work; so long as there are people who proudly say: "Je suis d'une famille où on n'avait pas de plume qu'aux chapeaux,"—so long must there be many people who have too little time simply because a few have too much. All of this, however, is of the future. The only practical problem for our own age is to maintain a sort of defensive attitude toward our lack of time, and to seek less radical ways of fortifying ourselves. Let me enumerate some of these ways.

The best way of all to have time is to have the habit of regular work, not to work by fits and starts, but in definite hours of the day,—though not of the night,—and to work six days in the week, not five and not seven. To turn night into day or Sunday into a work-day is the best way to have neither time nor capacity for work. Even a vacation fails of its purpose, if it be given to no occupation whatever. I am not without hope that the time may come when medical science will positively demonstrate that regular work, *especially as one grows older*, is the best preservative both of physical and intellectual health. I may even add for the sake of women among my readers, that here is the best preserva-

tive of beauty also. Idleness is infinitely more wearisome than work, and induces also much more nervousness; for it weakens that power of resistance which is the foundation of health. . . .

In close connection with this point should be mentioned the habit of using fragments of time. Many people have no time because they always want to have a large amount of uninterrupted time before they set themselves to work. In such a plan they are doubly deceived. On the one hand, in many circumstances of life these prolonged periods are difficult to secure, and, on the other hand, the power of work which one possesses is not so unlimited that it can continuously utilize long stretches of time. This is peculiarly true of such intellectual work as is devoted to productive effort. Of such work it may be said without exaggeration that the first hour, or even the first half-hour, is the most fruitful. Dismissing, however, these large intellectual undertakings, there are to be found in connection with every piece of work a great number of subordinate tasks of preparation or arrangement which are of a mechanical nature, and for each of which a quarter of an hour or so is sufficient. These minor matters, if not disposed of in small fragments of time which would otherwise be wasted, will absorb the time and power which should be devoted to one's important task. It might, indeed, be reasonably maintained that the use of these fragments of time, together with the complete dismissal of the thought, "It is not worth while to begin today" accounts for half of the intellectual results which one attains.

Another important means of saving time is the habit of changing the kind of work in which one is engaged. Change is almost as restful as complete rest, and if one acquire a certain degree of skill in his ways of change—a skill which comes from experience rather than from theorizing—one may carry on his work for almost the entire day. Moreover, so far as my experience goes, it is a mistake to plan that one piece of work shall be finished before another is begun. The judicious course, on the contrary, is that which prevails among artists, who are often engaged on a whole series of sketches, and turn, according to the momentary inclination which overmasters them, first to one piece of work and then

to another. Here, too, it may be remarked is an excellent way of maintaining one's self-control. The old Adam in us often persuades the better nature that he is not really lazy, but is simply not in the mood for a certain piece of work. In this state of things, one should forthwith say to himself: "Well, if you do not feel inclined to this piece of work, take up with another." Then one will discover whether the difficulty is a disinclination to a special form of work to which one might yield, or a disinclination to do any work at all. In short, one must not permit oneself to deceive oneself.

Another point to be considered is the habit of working quickly, not giving too much care to outward form, but devoting one's efforts to the content of the task. The experience of most workers will bear me out when I say that the most profitable and effective tasks are those which have been done quickly. I am well aware that Horace advises one to take nine years for the perfecting of verses; but such scrupulousness presupposes an excessive notion of the quality of one's work. Thoroughness is a very beautiful and necessary trait, in so far as it concerns truth, for truth cannot be too thoroughly explored; but there is a spurious thoroughness which absorbs itself in all manner of details and subordinate questions which are not worth investigating or which cannot be wholly known. Thoroughness of this kind is never satisfied with itself. It is sometimes mistaken for great learning; for to many people learning is profound only when wholly detached from practical usefulness, or when an author, for a whole lifetime, has brooded over one book. . . .

But, after all, we have not yet named the chief element in the art of having time. It consists in banishing from one's life all superfluities. Much which modern civilization regards as essential, is, in reality, superfluous, and while I shall indicate several things which appear to me unnecessary, I shall be quite content to have my reader supplement them by his own impressions. . . .

I may name as a second superfluity the excessive reading of newspapers. There are in our day people who regard themselves as educated, and who yet read nothing but newspapers. Their houses are built and furnished in all possible—and impossible—styles, and yet you will find in them hardly

a dozen good books. They get their whole supply of ideas out of the newspapers and magazines, and these publications are more and more designed to meet the needs of such people. This excessive, or even exclusive, reading of newspapers is often excused on account of our political interests; but one has only to notice what it is in the newspapers which people are most anxious to read to arrive at a judgment whether this excuse is sound. I may add that the time of day dedicated to the newspaper is by no means unimportant. People, for instance, who devote their first hour in the morning to the reading of one or two newspapers lose thereby the freshest interest in their day's work.

The Miracle of Tact.*

Tact is an extremely delicate quality, difficult to define, hard to cultivate, but absolutely indispensable to one who wishes to get on in the world rapidly and smoothly.

Some people possess this exquisite sense in such a degree that they never offend, and yet they say everything that they wish to. They apparently do not restrain themselves, and say things with impunity which, if said by many others, would give mortal offense.

On the other hand, certain people, no matter what they say, cannot seem to avoid irritating the sensitiveness of others, although they mean well. Such people go through life misunderstood, for they cannot quite adjust themselves to circumstances. The way is never quite clear. They are continually running against something. They are always causing offense without meaning to, uncovering blemishes or sore spots. They invariably appear at the wrong time and do the wrong thing. They never get hold of the right end of the thread, so that the skein does not unravel, but the more they pull, the worse they tangle the threads.

Who can estimate the loss to the world which results from the lack of tact,—the blundering, the stumbling, the slips, the falls, the fatal mistakes which come to people because they do not know how to do the right thing at the right time! How often we see splendid ability wasted, or not used effectively,

*Marden: Self-Development.

because people lack this indefinable, exquisite quality which we call "tact."

You may have a college education; you may have a rare training in your specialty; you may be a genius in certain lines, and yet not get on in the world; but if you have tact and one talent combined with stick-to-it-ive-ness, you will be promoted, you will surely climb.

No matter how much ability a man may have, if he lacks the tact to direct it effectively, to say the right thing and to do the right thing at just the right time, he cannot make it effective.

Thousands of people accomplish more with small ability and great tact than those with great ability and little tact.

Everywhere we see people tripping themselves up, making breaks which cost friendship, customers, money, simply because they have never developed this faculty. Merchants are losing customers; lawyers, influential clients; physicians, patients, editors sacrificing subscribers; clergymen losing their power in the pulpit and their hold upon the public; teachers losing their situations; politicians losing their hold upon the people, because of the lack of tact.

Tact is a great asset in business, especially for a merchant. In a large city where hundreds of concerns are trying to attract the customer's attention, tact plays a very important part.

One prominent business man puts tact at the head of the list in his success recipe, the other three things being: Enthusiasm; knowledge of business; dress.

The following paragraph, in a letter which a merchant sent out to his customers, is an example of shrewd business tact:

"We should be thankful for any information of any dissatisfaction with any former transactions with us, and we will take immediate steps to remedy it."

Think of the wealthy customers that have been driven away from banks by the lack of tact on the part of a cashier or teller!

A man must possess the happy faculty of winning the confidence of his fellow-beings and making steadfast friends, if he would be successful in his business or profession. Good friends praise our books at every opportunity, "talk up" our

wares, expatiate at length on our last case in court, or on our efficiency in treating some patient; they protect our name when slandered, and rebuke our maligners. Without tact, the gaining of friends who will render such services is impossible.

A young man with very ordinary ability gained a seat in the United States senate largely because of his wonderful tact.

A great many men are held down, kept back, because they cannot get along well with others. They are so constituted that they nettle others, run against their prejudices. They cannot seem to coöperate with other people. The result is they have to work alone, and they lose the strength which comes from solidarity.

I know a man whose success during a very strenuous life has been almost ruined by the lack of tact. He can never get along with people. He seems to have every other quality necessary to make a large sum, a leader of men, but his faculty for antagonizing others has crippled his life. He is always doing the wrong thing, saying the wrong thing, hurting people's feelings without meaning to, counteracting the effectiveness of his own work, because he has not the slightest appreciation of what the word tact means. He is constantly giving offense.

We all know men who pride themselves on saying what they think, on being blunt. They think it is honest, a sign of strength of character; and that it is weak to "beat about the bush" and to resort to diplomacy in dealing with people. They believe in "striking right out from the shoulder," "calling things by their right names."

These men have never been much of a success. People believe them to be honest, but their lack of tact, good judgment, and good sense is all the time queering their propositions. They do not know how to manage people,—cannot get along with them, and are always "in hot water."

The truth is, we all like to be treated with consideration, with tact, and to deal with people who use diplomacy. Diplomacy is common sense reduced to a fine art.

Bluntness is a quality which people do not like or appreciate. People who pride themselves on saying just what they think, do not usually have a great many friends, nor a very

large business, or successful profession. Often truths which will hurt are better unsaid:

Mark Twain says: "Truth is so very precious that we should use it sparingly."

"A man may not have much learning nor wit," says Addison, "but if he has common sense and something friendly in his behaviour, it will conciliate men's minds more than the brightest thoughts without this disposition."

"A little management may often have resistance which a vast force may vainly strive to overcome," says another writer.

To quote again:

"A tactful man will not only make the most of everything he does know, but also of many things he does not know, and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance than a pedant by his attempt to exhibit his erudition."

When the French revolution was at its height and the exciting mob was surging through the Paris streets, a detachment of soldiers filled one of the streets and a commanding officer was about to order his men to fire, when a young lieutenant asked permission to appeal to the people. Riding out in front of the soldiers, he doffed his hat and said: "Gentlemen will have the kindness to retire, for I am ordered to shoot down the rabble." The mob at once dispersed as if by magic, and the street was cleared without bloodshed.

Tact enabled Lincoln to extricate himself from a thousand unfortunate and painful situations with politicians during the Civil War. In fact, without it, the result of the war might have been entirely changed.

"The kindly element of humor almost always enters into the use of tact, and sweetens its mild coercion. We cannot help smiling, oftentimes, at the deft way in which we have been induced to do what we afterwards recognize as altogether right and best. There need be no deception in this use of tact, only such a presentation of rightful inducements as shall most effectively appeal to a hesitating mind. It is the fine art of getting the right thing done in the nick of time." . . .

There is no better discipline in the world than to force ourselves to be sociable and interesting to those for whom we do not care. It is really surprising how much one can find of interest, even in those who at first repel us. It is not difficult for

an intelligent, cultivated person to find something of real interest in every one.

The fact is, our prejudices are often very superficial, based frequently upon an unfortunate first impression, so that we often find that people who repelled us at first, who seemed very unattractive, and not likely to have anything in common with us, finally become our best friends. Knowing this, we ought at least to give another the advantage of a fair trial before we jump to the conclusion that we are not going to like him or her.

We are creatures of prejudice, and we know from experience that even people towards whom we feel kindly often misjudge and do not like us simply because they do not know us. They are prejudiced by some false impression or hasty opinion of us; but when they are better acquainted the prejudice wears off and they can appreciate our good points.

Some writer has thus described the qualities which enter into tact:

"A sympathetic knowledge of human nature, its fears, weaknesses, expectations, and inclinations.

"The ability to put yourself in the other person's place, and to consider the matter as it appears to him.

"The magnanimity to deny expression to such of your thoughts as might unnecessarily offend another.

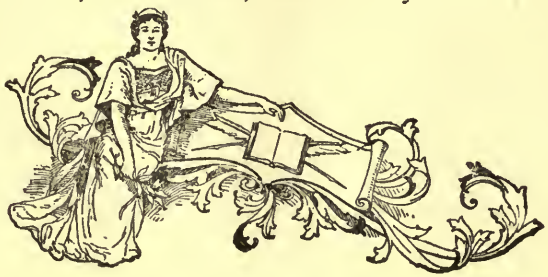
"The ability to perceive quickly what is the expedient thing, and the willingness to make the necessary concessions.

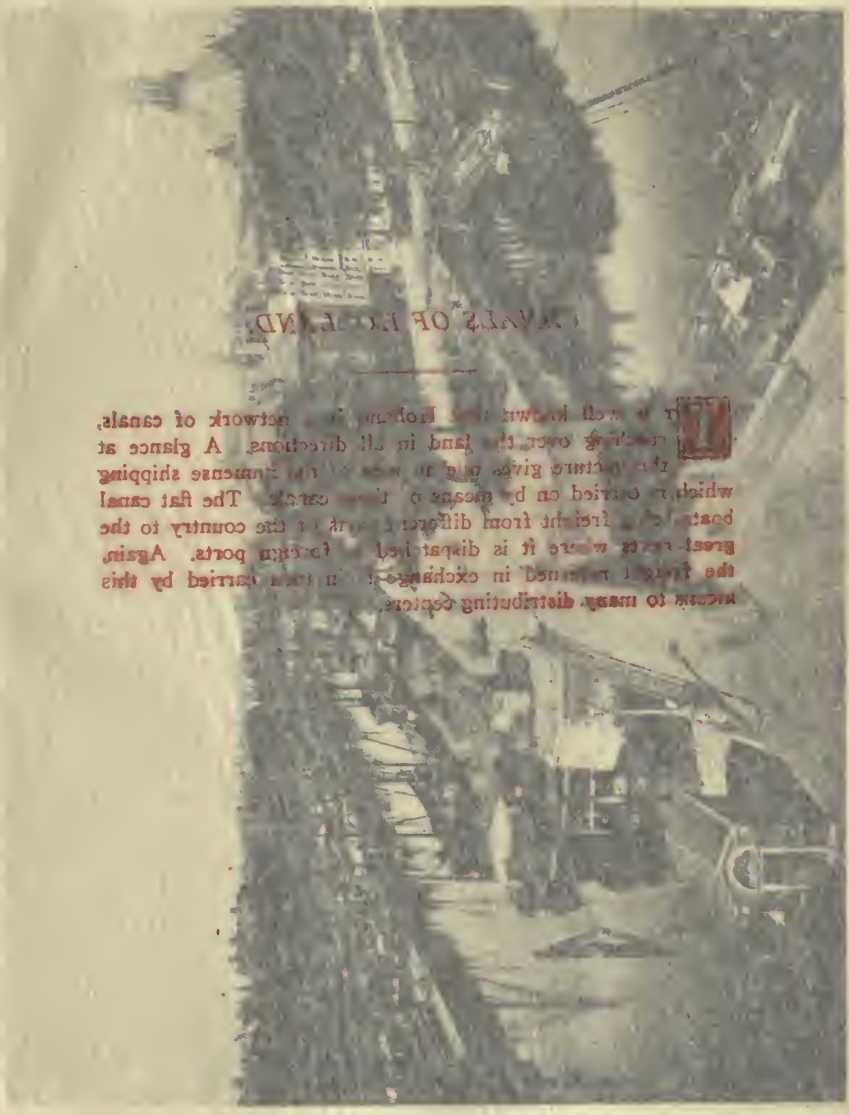
"The recognition that there are millions of different human opinions, of which your own is but one.

"A spirit of unfeigned kindness such as makes even an enemy a debtor to your innate good will.

"A recognition of what is customary under the circumstances and a gracious acceptance of the situation.

"Gentleness, cheerfulness, and sincerity."





CANALS OF HOLLAND.

It is well known that Holland is a network of canals, reaching over the land in all directions. A glance at this picture gives one an idea of the immense shipping which is carried on by means of these canals. The flat canal boats bring freight from different parts of the country to the great ports where it is dispatched to foreign ports. Again, the freight returned in exchange is in turn carried by this means to many distributing centers.

FRIENDSHIP.*

The problem of friendship is the problem of life itself. He who has learned to love—and only he—has learned to live. This, I suppose, is to be deliberately, even philosophically, said. For if life is correspondence to environment, the fulfillment of relations, certainly our relations to things, are only secondary, a kind of mere preliminary to living; while our relations to persons alone are primary. Here we truly live. And this needs saying in this age of physical science, of mechanism, and of emphasis on things.

For persons are, after all, the most *certain* of all facts—no philosophy has ever succeeded in seriously questioning them, though philosophy has called into question everything else. Persons are for us, even more manifestly the most *important* facts, for it is solely in the personal world that there lie for us the supreme and perennial sources of character, of influence, and of happiness—life's greatest gifts and achievements. Character and influence can hardly be conceivably either acquired or shown outside of personal relations. And of our happiness, it is not only true that friendship is its chief source; but it will be found on reflection, I think, that even that happiness that we do not think of as primarily personal at all in its origin, like enjoyment of nature or art, still owes a chief part of its charm to three elements, all going back to personal relations: to the fact that in it, whether consciously or not, we are coming into the revelation of the personal life of another—God or man; that its pleasure, as Kant long ago pointed out, can be *shared;* and that at least the social life forms the secure background for it all.

The only *eternal* things, too, are persons and personal relations. They abide forever. "Love never faileth." Men have an instinctive insight here; and every man who has once awakened to a genuinely unselfish love cannot help having a feeling of its eternal quality.

So that to be a true friend in every relation seems to be the sum of all. It is hardly possible to put more into the record of any life than is implied in the quaintly tender and

*King: The Laws of Friendship.

beautiful epitaph in the inner court of Westminster Abbey: "Jane Lister—Dear Childe." And the charge of treachery on the other hand, is the most damning accusation against a man that can be made. . . .

And, first, what must be the *basis* of any true friendship, human or divine? How is an ideal relationship between two persons to be established? What are the prerequisites?

So far as I can see the basis must be fourfold: integrity, breadth, and depth of personality; some deep community of interests; mutual self-revelation and answering trust; and mutual self-giving.

The significance of a friendship must depend, first of all, upon the significance of the persons concerned. Neither can give anything essential but himself. That self, then, if one seeks a friendship of real significance, ought to be the best possible. And that requires initial integrity of spirit and clear recognition of the duty of steady culture and growth. There is, then, no way of avoiding the demand for some breadth and depth and integrity of personality for any friendship that is to deserve the name. The addition of two ciphers gives no significant number. After all, in strictness, it is worth remembering that what we call the "relation" has no existence of its own; it is only our way of stating facts that hold only of the sole realities in the case—the personalities themselves. If the relationship is to be significant the personalities themselves must be significant, that is, have integrity, breadth, and depth. Though this is not to be asserted as if any of these qualities of the self could either concretely exist or be manifested or developed in isolation, apart from personal relations.

Nor is this to be taken as justifying the all too easy spirit of exclusiveness, or what Bishop Brent calls the "weakness for interesting people." For, on the one hand, the man next you *is* interesting, if you have the wit to sound him; and the great common qualities of men are, after all, the most essential, and the most capable of continuous culture and growth. The veins of our private idiosyncracies are both less precious and are sooner worked out. The deepest culture is never the culture of the schools. And, on the other hand, so far as our individualities are more permanent and significant, we need

the supplement and spur of one another's individualities. And we may not safely spare "one of these least." It is more than probable that our little exclusive coterie, of which we are so proud, does not contain all we need. It is not, then, in any exclusive spirit that one must make the first prerequisite of a worthy friendship, integrity, breadth, and depth of personality. . . .

For, first of all, I am afraid it needs to be said, in order to have a friendship worthy the name there must be vital integrity of spirit, the loving purpose itself, the simple intention in this new relation to *be* a good friend. Where this is lacking, we may call the relation by what name we will, there exists only a thinly veneered selfishness. How easily men and women talk of love, where there is no single vestige of it! How perpetually love's holy name is blasphemed, while its praises are sung!

And yet, the capacity for love is deep laid in the very nature of man. In body and mind he is made for personal association, and he is a creature baffled of his end until he comes into unselfish friendships. Even the body of man bears witness here. Its long infancy, its peculiarly revealing countenance, its capacity for work that expresses man's purposes, and its possibilities for speech, all show powers of self-manifestation, and so of association, far beyond the brutes. Let the inevitable self-defeating logic of a pure egoism alone indicate how surely in mind, too, man is made for personal association. And *intention must match capacity.* It is, thus, laid upon man by the inescapable logic of his own being that he must bring to every personal relation the purpose to be true to it.

No friendship, then, is solidly based, in which there is not present in each friend that wholesome integrity of spirit that cannot endure that performance should not fit perception. Integrity demands that the sense of the meaning of life should carry with it the determination to live it out; that to every personal relation there should be brought the steadfast purpose to be true to one's own highest vision, and in that light to be true to one's friend. "This," Emerson says—and he has no truer word concerning friendship—"this is the office of a friend, to make us do what we can." And my love, there-

fore, may be neither selfish on my part, nor sentimentally short-sighted for my friend. For the man who believes that only love is true life, must know well that no true love fulfills itself in cultivating selfishness in those loved. . . .

For a significant friendship, besides integrity of spirit, there must be *breadth* of personality. Man is a many-sided creature—marked off from the animal world, for one thing, by the greater multitude of his instincts, and the multiplicity of his esthetic and practical interests. This is true of man as man. It is both a psychological and a philosophical commonplace, but its suggestion for friendship is all too little heeded. Any refusal by a man to recognize this broad complexity of his life must narrow every personal relation. For the simple fact is, that the man who means to bring a large, a sane, a free, or an influential personality to his friend, must have breadth of interests, for every one of these qualities depends on such a wide range of interest. And one must wish the same thing for his friend as well. There must be room for the most varied inter-play of mind on mind, if a friendship is to be permanently interesting and stimulating.

To secure such a store of permanent and valuable interests has been truly called one of the main aims of education; it is, not less, one of the largest natural factors in a rewarding friendship. The man, therefore, who means to be all a friend should be, will recognize the plain duty of steady growth. And many friendships break down at just this point. There has been no earnest effort to retain an interesting personality. One needs seriously to ask himself: Am I here making it certain that I deserve this high friendship? For if friendships are to abide, there must be some solid basis for an abiding interest; and few of us have such native gifts as can warrant any neglect of steady culture in some form, that shall insure a breadth of personality that may count in friendship. And then we are to make it count. . . .

Into this solid base underlying every friendship worthy the name, there must enter also some deep community of interests. Let friendship, Emerson says, "be an alliance of two large, formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity which beneath these disparities, unite them." The recognition of

identity naturally follows the sense of the significance of the persons concerned. And that deep identity there must be, if the friendship is to be of the highest.

There need not be likeness, truly, whether of disposition, temperament, or education. One can hardly doubt that Aristotle demanded too much at this point. Indeed, the most genuine unity must be of that *organic* kind that is possible only where differences exist, and are gladly recognized and welcomed.

Nor need the community be in lesser matters of whims or fancies, or even tastes or occupations. Much is often made of these likenesses; but it is quite probable that the friendship may be finally more satisfying and more fruitful, where there are differences in all these respects.

But yet, deep down under all these more superficial likenesses or differences, there must be community in the great fundamental moral and spiritual ideals and purposes of life, if there is not to be tragic failure in the friendship. No friendship is so poverty stricken, so fatally defective, as that in which there is no sympathy in the highest moments. This, undoubtedly, is Paul's thought in his exhortation to the Corinthians to "be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." He is not seeking, as seems sometimes thought, to put some narrowing limit upon their lives, shutting them out from rich experiences. Rather, it is as though he said, I would save you, if I might, from the bitterness of finding yourselves bound up in the most intimate relations of life with those who can have no sympathy with you in your highest aims and aspirations.

One may well pray to be saved from such close and intimate relation with those who can never share his best, upon whom he must turn his back when he would be absolutely true to his best vision. There is small promise surely of a satisfying love, where each despises the ideals of the other. Has life any direr tragedy than this deep sundering of souls closely bound together? . . .

If for any true friendship there must be in the friends themselves integrity, breadth, and depth of personality, and some deep community of interests; between them there must be, even more manifestly, honest mutual self-revelation and

answering trust, and mutual self-giving. These are equally basic with the other qualities. How can there be any friendship without them?

Certainly there must be honest mutual self-revelation and answering trust. No acquaintance is possible at all without real mutual self-disclosure. Otherwise the relation is only an imaginary one, and there is no true ground for trust. The self-revelation may take place in most diverse manners, by every mode of manifestation, subtle or outspoken, but take place it must, or the personalities will remain hidden from each other, and no genuine acquaintance result.

Honest, of course, the revelation must be; how should it be revelation else? Emerson makes truth one of the two sovereign elements in friendship; and he even defines a friend as "a person with whom I may be sincere." "Before him I may think aloud." Pretense hurts everywhere. And essential falseness makes friendship simply impossible.

I suppose the desire to avoid every possible pretense is the key to the Friends' meeting, with their sitting in silence. It wishes no manifestation that is not plainly from God, and is not a kind of inevitable revelation of the inner life of the speaker. Reality is the supreme end sought. The method has its own dangers, but the goal is a great one.

Certainly we cannot build on pretense in any relation. If fundamental truth is lacking one has neither an honest self to give, nor can he bear honest witness, either, concerning those values that he conceives himself most to prize. He is certain therefore to fail in the two greatest services that any man can render another.

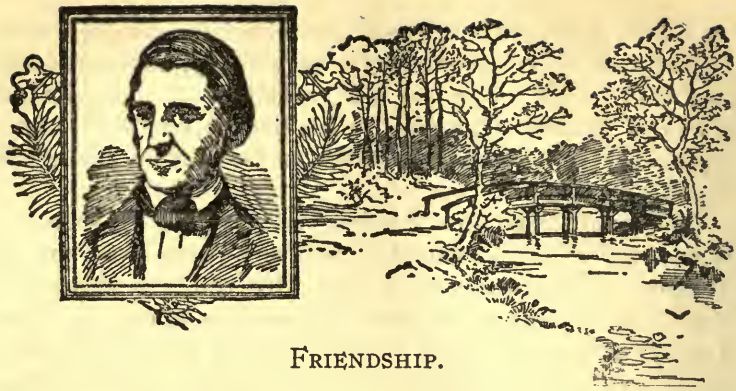
Not less manifestly must the self-revelation be *mutual,* if the relation is not to be altogether defective. The spirit of faithful, unselfish love on the part of one may be maintained, no doubt, though the other quite fail; but the friendship as a mutual relation breaks down. For friendship involves the sharing of selves. And one of the greatest aspects, certainly, of love is "joy in personal life." Each friend must be able to give that joy and to enter into it.

And the intimacy of the friendship depends on the *extent* of the mutual self-revelation. One can almost classify his friendships by this test alone. There are many with whom

one hardly gets farther than to talk about the weather; there is practically no revelation of the personality, except a casual good will. And there are all gradations of acquaintance, from this weather degree to the completest revelation that it is possible for one soul to make to another in the closest relations of life.

The many-sidedness of some personalities is such that they probably reveal themselves but very partially in any one relation. The full meaning of such a life can be disclosed only as the self-revelations in many different relations are made to supplement each other. And it is one of the delightful surprises of the thoughtful and sympathetic to find unlooked-for depths even in persons thought quite commonplace. Even the human spirit can hardly be plumbed with a button and a string. The phenomena of multiple personality and of subliminal consciousness and even the characteristics of many of our dreams, may well suggest the possibility of many unplumbed depths in us all. And a creature like man, capable of endless development, can hardly be essentially shallow. Where this seems to be the case, we have probably simply not yet found the key to the hidden treasures. . . .

Once more, at the basis of every worthy friendship there must be mutual *self-giving*. It is the one law for every relation, human or divine. Perhaps the best definition we can give of love is simply this: the giving of self. And if one starts from another definition of love, as "joy in personal life," he will as certainly reach the fundamental need of mutual self-giving. We do not enter fully into one another's personality by any other route. To know about my friend is not enough; even that he should himself tell me does not suffice. Not knowledge about my friend, but acquaintance with him is the aim. I am not seeking information simply, nor a certain kind of treatment, still less the things of my friend, but my friend himself; and unless there is in his self-revelation that indefinable, inner self-communication that desires and purposes a kind of intermingling of personalities, I am still on the outside, a spectator only, not a participator, and know myself to be such. And it is no satisfaction of love that my friend—not wishing really to give himself—should be even unusually punctilious in information and treatment and gifts. All these for love are trash, without the self.



Friendship.

We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Maugre all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! Read the language of these wandering eye-beams. The heart knoweth.

The effect of the indulgence of this human affection is a certain cordial exhilaration. In poetry and in common speech the emotions of benevolence and complacency which are felt towards others are likened to the material effects of fire; so swift, or much more swift, more active, more cheering, are these fine inward irradiations. From the highest degree of passionate love to the lowest degree of good-will, they make the sweetness of life.

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection. The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend,—and forthwith troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves, on every hand, with chosen words. See, in any house where virtue and self-respect abide, the palpitation which the approach of a stranger causes. A commended stranger is expected and announced, and an uneasiness betwixt pleasure and pain invades all the hearts of a household. His arrival almost brings fear to the good hearts that would welcome him. The house is dusted, all things fly into their places, the old coat is ex-

changed for the new, and they must get up a dinner if they can. Of a commended stranger, only the good report is told by others, only the good and new is heard by us. He stands to us for humanity. He is what we wish. Having imagined and invested him, we ask how we should stand related in conversation and action with such a man, and are uneasy with fear. The same idea exalts conversation with him. We talk better than we are wont. We have the nimblest fancy, a richer memory, and our dumb devil has taken leave for the time. For long hours we can continue a series of sincere, graceful, rich communications, drawn from the oldest, secretest experience, so that they who sit by, of our own kinsfolk and acquaintance, shall feel a lively surprise at our unusual powers. But as soon as the stranger begins to intrude his partialities, his definitions, his defects into the conversation, it is all over. He has heard the first, the last and best he will ever hear from us. He is no stranger now. Vulgarity, ignorance, misapprehension are old acquaintances. Now, when he comes, he may get the order, the dress and the dinner,—but the throbbing of the heart and the communications of the soul, no more.

What is so pleasant as these jets of affection which make a young world for me again? What so delicious as a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling? How beautiful, on their approach to this beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed; there is no winter and no night; all tragedies, all ennuis vanish,—all duties even; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons. Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.

I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts? I chide society, I embrace solitude, and yet I am not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely and the noble-minded, as from time to time they pass my gate. Who hears me, who understands me, becomes mine,—a possession for all time. Nor is Nature so poor but she gives me this joy several times, and thus we weave social threads of our own, a new web of re-

lations; and, as many thoughts in succession substantiate themselves, we shall by and by stand in a new world of our own creation, and no longer strangers and pilgrims in a traditionary globe. My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. By oldest right, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself, I find them, or rather not I, but the Deity in me and in them derides and cancels the thick walls of individual character, relation, age, sex, circumstance, at which he usually connives, and now makes many one. High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts. These are new poetry of the first Bard,—poetry without stop,—hymn, ode and epic, poetry still flowing, Apollo and the Muses chanting still. Will these too separate themselves from me again, or some of them? I know not, but I fear it not; for my relation to them is so pure that we hold by simple affinity, and the Genius of my life being thus social, the same affinity will exert its energy on whomsoever is as noble as these men and women, wherever I may be.

I confess to an extreme tenderness of nature on this point. It is almost dangerous to me to "crush the sweet poison of misused wine" of the affections. A new person is to me a great event and hinders me from sleep. I have often had fine fancies about persons which have given me delicious hours; but the joy ends in the day; it yields no fruit. Thought is not born of it; my action is very little modified. I must feel pride in my friend's accomplishments as if they were mine, and a property in his virtues. I feel as warmly when he is praised, as the lover when he hears applause of his engaged maiden. We over-estimate the conscience of our friend. His goodness seems better than our goodness, his nature finer, his temptations less. Everything that is his,—his name, his form, his dress, books and instruments,—fancy enhances. Our own thought sounds new and larger from his mouth.

Yet the systole and diastole of the heart are not without their analogy in the ebb and flow of love. Friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed. The lover, beholding his maiden, half knows that she is not verily that which he worships; and in the golden hour of friendship we are surprised with shades of suspicion and unbelief. We doubt

that we bestow on our hero the virtues in which he shines, and afterwards worship the form to which we have ascribed this divine inhabitation. In strictness, the soul does not respect men as it respects itself. In strict science all persons underlie the same condition of an infinite remoteness. Shall we fear to cool our love by mining for the metaphysical foundation of this Elysian temple? Shall I not be as real as the things I see? If I am, I shall not fear to know them for what they are. Their essence is not less beautiful than their appearance, though it needs finer organs for its apprehension. The root of the plant is not unsightly to science, though for chaplets and festoons we cut the stem short. And I must hazard the production of the bald fact amidst these pleasing reveries, though it should prove an Egyptian skull at our banquet. A man who stands united with his thought conceives magnificently of himself. He is conscious of a universal success, even though bought by uniform particular failures. No advantages, no powers, no gold or force, can be any match for him. I cannot choose but rely on my own poverty more than on your wealth. I cannot make your consciousness tantamount to mine. Only the star dazzles; the planet has a faint, moonlike ray. I hear what you say of the admirable parts and tried temper of the party you praise, but I see well that, for all his purple cloaks, I shall not like him, unless he is at least a poor Greek like me. I cannot deny it, O friend, that the vast shadow of the Phenomenal includes thee also in its pied and painted immensity,—thee also, compared with whom all else is shadow. Thou art not Being, as Truth is, as Justice is,—thou art not my soul, but a picture and effigy of that. Thou hast come to me lately, and already thou art seizing thy hat and cloak. Is it not that the soul puts forth friends as the tree puts forth leaves, and presently, by the germination of new buds, extrudes the old leaf? The law of nature is alternation for evermore. Each electrical state superinduces the opposite. The soul environs itself with friends that it may enter into a grander self-acquaintance or solitude; and it goes alone for a season that it may exalt its conversation or society. This method betrays itself along the whole history of our personal relations. The instinct of affection revives the hope of union with our mates, and the returning sense of insulation

recalls us from the chase. Thus every man passes his life in the search after friendship, and if he should record his true sentiment, he might write a letter like this to each new candidate for his love:—

DEAR FRIEND,

If I was sure of thee, sure of thy capacity, sure to match my mood with thine, I should never think again of trifles in relation to thy comings and goings. I am not very wise; my moods are quite attainable, and I respect thy genius; it is to me as yet unfathomed; yet dare I not presume in thee a perfect intelligence of me, and so thou art to me a delicious torment. Thine ever, or never.

Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for curiosity and not for life. They are not to be indulged. This is to weave cobweb, and not cloth. Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fibre of the human heart. The laws of friendship are austere and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit, to suck a sudden sweetness. We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. We seek our friend not sacredly, but with an adulterate passion which would appropriate him to ourselves. In vain. We are armed all over with subtle antagonisms, which, as soon as we meet, begin to play, and translate all poetry into stale prose. Almost all people descend to meet. All association must be a compromise, and, what is worst, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other. What a perpetual disappointment is actual society, even of the virtuous and gifted! After interviews have been compassed with long foresight we must be tormented presently by baffled blows, by sudden, unseasonable apathies, by epilepsies of wit and of animal spirits, in the heyday of friendship and thought. Our faculties do not play us true, and both parties are relieved by solitude.

I ought to be equal to every relation. It makes no difference how many friends I have and what content I can find in conversing with each, if there be one to whom I am not

equal. If I have shrunk unequal from one contest, the joy I find in all the rest becomes mean and cowardly. I should hate myself, if then I made my other friends my asylum:—

> "The valiant warrior famousèd for fight,
> After a hundred victories, once foiled,
> Is from the book of honor razèd quite
> And all the rest forgot for which he toiled."

Our impatience is thus sharply rebuked. Bashfulness and apathy are a tough husk in which a delicate organization is protected from premature ripening. It would be lost if it knew itself before any of the best souls were yet ripe enough to know and own it. Respect the *naturlangsamkeit* which hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in duration in which Alps and Andes come and go as rainbows. The good spirit of our life has no heaven which is the price of rashness. Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man. Let us not have this childish luxury in our regards, but the austerest worth; let us approach our friend with an audacious trust in the truth of his heart, in the breadth, impossible to be overturned, of his foundations.

The attractions of this subject are not to be resisted, and I leave, for the time, all account of subordinate social benefit, to speak of that select and sacred relation which is a kind of absolute, and which even leaves the language of love suspicious and common, so much is this purer, and nothing is so much divine.

I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frostwork, but the solidest thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature or of ourselves? Not one step has man taken toward the solution of the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the whole universe of men. But the sweet sincerity of joy and peace which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul is the nut itself whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation and honor its law! He who offers

himself a candidate for that covenant comes up, like an Olympian, to the great games where the first-born of the world are the competitors. He proposes himself for contests where Time, Want, Danger, are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent, but all the speed in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank; *that* being permitted to speak truth, as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow-man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who under a certain religious frenzy cast off this drapery, and omitting all compliment and commonplace, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. But persisting—as indeed he could not help doing—for some time in this course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think of speaking falsely with him, or by putting him off with any chat of markets or reading-rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to the like plain-dealing, and what love of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age is worth a fit of insanity, is it not? We can seldom go erect. Almost

every man we meet requires some civility—requires to be humored; he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and which spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity, but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring any stipulation on my part. A friend therefore is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being, in all its height, variety and curiosity, reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.

The other element of friendship is tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle,—but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed and we so pure that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me I have touched the goal of fortune. I find very little written directly to the heart of this matter in books. And yet I have one text which I cannot choose but remember. My author says,—"I offer myself faintly and bluntly to those whose I effectually am, and tender myself least to him to whom I am the most devoted." I wish that friendship should have feet, as well as eyes and eloquence. It must plant itself on the ground, before it vaults over the moon. I wish it to be a little of a citizen, before it is quite a cherub. We chide the citizen because he makes love a commodity. It is an exchange of gifts, of useful loans; it is good neighborhood; it watches with the sick; it holds the pall at the funeral; and quite loses sight of the delicacies and nobility of the relation. But though we cannot find the god under this disguise of a sutler, yet on the other hand we cannot forgive the poet if he spins his thread too fine and does not substantiate his romance by the municipal virtues of justice, punctuality, fidelity and pity. I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of ploughboys and tin-peddlers to the silken and perfumed amity which celebrates its day of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in

a curricle and dinners at the best taverns. The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days and graceful gifts and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive and add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery.

Friendship may be said to require natures so rare and costly, each so well tempered and so happily adapted, and withal so circumstanced (for even in that particular, a poet says, love demands that the parties be altogether paired), that its satisfaction can very seldom be assured. It cannot subsist in its perfection, say some of those who are learned in this warm lore of the heart, betwixt more than two. I am not quite so strict in my terms, perhaps because I have never known so high a fellowship as others. I please my imagination more with a circle of godlike men and women variously related to each other and between whom subsists a lofty intelligence. But I find this law of *one to one* peremptory for conversation, which is the practice and consummation of friendship. Do not mix waters too much. The best mix as ill as good and bad. You shall have very useful and cheering discourse at several times with two several men, but let all three of you come together and you shall not have one new and hearty word. Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort. In good company there is never such discourse between two, across the table, as takes place when you leave them alone. In good company the individuals merge their egotism into a social soul exactly co-extensive with the several consciousnesses there present. No partialities of friend to friend, no fondnesses of brother to sister, of wife to husband, are there pertinent, but quite otherwise. Only he may then speak who can sail on the common thought of the party, and not poorly limited to his own. Now this convention, which

Lion of Lucerne.

good sense demands, destroys the high freedom of great conversation, which requires an absolute running of two souls into one.

No two men but being left alone with each other enter into simpler relations. Yet it is affinity that determines *which* two shall converse. Unrelated men give little joy to each other, will never suspect the latent powers of each. We talk sometimes of a great talent for conversation, as if it were a permanent property in some individuals. Conversation is an evanescent relation,—no more. A man is reputed to have thought and eloquence; he cannot, for all that, say a word to his cousin or his uncle. They accuse his silence with as much reason as they would blame the insignificance of a dial in the shade. In the sun it will mark the hour. Among those who enjoy his thought he will regain his tongue.

Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world, rather than that my friend should overstep, by a word or a look, his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine, is that the *not mine* is *mine*. I hate, where I looked for a manly furtherance or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. That high office requires great and sublime parts. There must be very two, before there can be very one. Let it be an alliance of two large, formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity which, beneath these disparities, unites them.

He only is fit for this society who is magnanimous; who is sure that greatness and goodness are always economy; who is not swift to intermeddle with his fortunes. Let him not intermeddle with this. Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal. Friendship demands a religious treatment. We talk of choosing our friends. but friends are self-elected. Reverence is a great part of it. Treat your friend as a spectacle. Of course he

has merits that are not yours, and that you cannot honor if you must needs hold him close to your person. Stand aside; give those merits room; let them mount and expand. Are you the friend of your friend's buttons, or of his thought? To a great heart he will still be a stranger in a thousand particulars, that he may come near in the holiest ground. Leave it to girls and boys to regard a friend as property, and to suck a short and all-confounding pleasure, instead of the noblest benefit.

Let us buy our entrance to this guild by a long probation. Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend? Why go to his house, or know his mother and brother and sisters? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit. A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him, I want, but not news, nor potage. I can get politics and chat and neighborly conveniences from cheaper companions. Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal and great as nature itself? Ought I to feel that our tie is profane in comparison with yonder bar of cloud that sleeps on the horizon, or that clump of waving grass that divides the brook? Let us not vilify, but raise it to that standard. That great defying eye, that scornful beauty of his mien and action, do not pique yourself on reducing, but rather fortify and enchance. Worship his superiorities; wish him not less by a thought, but hoard and tell them all. Guard him as thy counterpart. Let him be to thee for ever a sort of beautiful enemy, untamable, devoutly revered, and not a trivial convenience to be soon outgrown and cast aside. The hues of the opal, the light of the diamond, are not to be seen if the eye is too near. To my friend I write a letter and from him I receive a letter. That seems to you a little. It suffices me. It is a spiritual gift, worthy of him to give and of me to receive. It profanes nobody. In these warm lines the heart will trust itself, as it will not to the tongue, and pour out the prophecy of a godlier existence than all the annals of heroism have yet made good.

FRIENDSHIP.*

The Book of Proverbs might almost be called a treatise on friendship, so full is it of advice about the sort of person a young man should consort with, and the sort of person he should avoid. It is full of shrewd, and prudent, and wise, sometimes almost worldly-wise, counsel. It is caustic in its satire about false friends, and about the way in which friendships are broken. "The rich hath many friends," with an easily understood implication concerning their quality. "Every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts," is its sarcastic comment on the ordinary motives of mean men. Its picture of the plausible, fickle, lip-praising, and time-serving man, who blesseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning, is a delicate piece of satire. The fragile connections among men, as easily broken as mended pottery, get illustration in the mischief-maker who loves to divide men. "A whisper separateth chief friends." There is keen irony here over the quality of ordinary friendship, as well as condemnation of the tale-bearer and his sordid soul.

This cynical attitude is so common that we hardly expect such a shrewd book to speak heartily of the possibilities of human friendship. Its object rather is to put youth on its guard against the dangers and pitfalls of social life. It gives sound commercial advice about avoiding becoming surety for a friend. It warns against the tricks, and cheats, and bad faith, which swarmed in the streets of a city then, as they do still. It laughs, a little bitterly, at the thought that friendship can be as common as the eager, generous heart of youth imagines. It almost sneers at the gullibility of men in this whole matter. "He that maketh many friends doeth it to his own destruction."

And yet there is no book, even in classical literature, which so exalts the idea of friendship, and is so anxious to have it truly valued, and carefully kept. The worldly-wise warnings are, after all, in the interests of true friendship. To condemn hypocrisy is not, as is so often imagined, to condemn religion. To spurn the spurious is not to reject the true. A sneer at

*Black: Friendship.

folly may be only a covert argument for wisdom. Satire is negative truth. The unfortunate thing is that most men who begin with the prudential worldly-wise philosophy end there. They never get past the sneer. Not so this wise book. In spite of its insight into the weakness of man, in spite of its frank denunciation of the common masquerade of friendship, it speaks of the true kind in words of beauty that have never been surpassed in all the many appraisements of this subject. "A friend loveth at all times, and is a brother born for adversity. Faithful are the wounds of a friend. Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart, so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel. Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not." These are not the words of a cynic, who has lost faith in man.

True, this golden friendship is not a common thing to be picked up in the street. It would not be worth much if it were. Like wisdom it must be sought for as for hid treasures, and to keep it demands care and thought. To think that every goose is a swan, that every new comrade is the man of your own heart, is to have a very shallow heart. Every casual acquaintance is not a hero. There are pearls of the heart, which cannot be thrown to swine. Till we learn what a sacred thing a true friendship is, it is futile to speak of the culture of friendship. The man who wears his heart on his sleeve cannot wonder if the daws peck at it. There ought to be a sanctuary, to which few receive admittance. It is great innocence, or great folly, and in this connection the terms are almost synonymous, to open our arms to everybody to whom we are introduced. The Book of Proverbs, as a manual on friendship, gives as shrewd and caustic warnings as are needed, but it does not go to the other extreme, and say that all men are liars, that there are no truth and faithfulness to be found. To say so is to speak in haste. There *is* a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, says this wisest of books. There is possible such a blessed relationship, a state of love and trust, and generous comradehood, where a man feels safe to be himself, because he knows that he will not easily be misunderstood.

The word friendship has been abased by applying it to low and unworthy uses, and so there is plenty of copy still to be

got from life by the cynic and the satirist. The sacred name of friend has been bandied about till it runs the risk of losing its true meaning. Rossetti's versicle finds its point in life:—

"Was it a friend or a foe that spread these lies?
'Nay, who but infants question in such wise?
'Twas one of my most intimate enemies!"

It is useless to speak of cultivating the great gift of friendship unless we make clear to ourselves what we mean by a friend. We make connections and acquaintances and call them friends. We have few friendships, because we are not willing to pay the price of friendship.

If we think it is not worth the price, that is another matter, and is quite an intelligible position, but we must not use the word in different senses, and then rail at fate because there is no miracle of beauty and joy about our sort of friendship. Like all other spiritual blessings it comes to all of us at some time or other, and, like them, is often let slip. We have the opportunities, but we do not make use of them. Most men make friends easily enough; few keep them. They do not give the subject the care, and thought, and trouble, it requires and deserves. We want the pleasure of society without the duty. We would like to get the good of our friends, without burdening ourselves with any responsibility about keeping them friends. The commonest mistake we make is that we spread our intercourse over a mass, and have no depth of heart left. We lament that we have no staunch and faithful friend when we have not really expended the love which produces such. We want to reap where we have not sown, the fatuousness of which we should see as soon as it is mentioned. "She that asks her dear five hundred friends" (as Cowper satirically describes a well-known type), cannot expect the exclusive affection which she has not given.

The secret of friendship is just the secret of all spiritual blessing. The way to get is to give. The selfish in the end can never get anything but selfishness. The hard find hardness everywhere. As you mete, it is meted out to you.

Some men have a genius for friendship. That is because they are open, and responsive, and unselfish. They truly make the most of life; for, apart from their special joys, even in-

tellect is sharpened by the development of the affections. No material success in life is comparable to success in friendship. We really do ourselves harm by our selfish standards. There is an old Latin proverb expressing the worldly view, which says that it is not possible for a man to love and at the same time to be wise. This is only true when wisdom is made equal to prudence and selfishness, and when love is made the same. Rather it is never given to a man to be wise, in the true and noble sense, until he is carried out of himself in the purifying passion of love, or the generosity of friendship. The self-centered being cannot keep friends, even when he makes them; his selfish sensitiveness is always in the way, like a diseased nerve ready to be irritated.

The culture of friendship is a duty, as every gift represents a responsibility. It is also a necessity; for without watchful care it can no more remain with us than can any other gift. Without culture it is at best only a potentiality. We may let it slip, or we can use it to bless our lives. The miracle of friendship, which came at first with its infinite wonder and beauty, wears off, and the glory fades into the light of common day. The early charm passes, and the soul forgets the first exaltation. We are always in danger of mistaking the common for the commonplace. We must not look upon it merely as the great luxury of life, or it will cease to be even that. It begins with emotion, but if it is to remain it must become a habit. Habit is fixed when an accustomed thing is organized into life; and, whatever be the genesis of friendship, it must become a habit, or it is in danger of passing away as other impressions have done before.

Friendship needs delicate handling. We can ruin it by stupid blundering at the very birth, and we can kill it by neglect. It is not every flower that has vitality enough to grow in stony ground. Lack of reticence, which is only the outward sign of lack of reverence, is responsible for the death of many a fair friendship. Worse still, it is often blighted at the very beginning by the insatiable desire for piquancy in talk, which can forget the sacredness of confidence. "An acquaintance grilled, scored, devilled, and served with mustard and cayenne pepper, excites the appetite; whereas, a slice of cold friend with currant jelly is but a sickly, unrelishing

meat." Nothing is given to the man who is not worthy to possess it, and the shallow heart can never know the joy of a friendship, for the keeping of which he is not able to fulfill the essential conditions. Here, also, it is true that from the man that hath not, is taken away even that which he hath.

The method for the culture of friendship finds its best and briefest summary in the Golden Rule. To do to, and for, your friend what you would have him do to, and for, you, is a simple compendium of the whole duty of friendship. The very first principle of friendship is that it is a mutual thing, as among spiritual equals, and therefore it claims reciprocity, mutual confidence and faithfulness. There must be sympathy to keep in touch with each other, but sympathy needs to be constantly exercised. It is a channel of communication, which has to be kept open, or it will soon be clogged and closed. . . .

Trust is the first requisite for making a friend. How can we be anything but alone, if our attitude to men is one of armed neutrality, if we are suspicious, and assertive, and querulous and over-cautious in our advances? Suspicion kills friendship. There must be some magnanimity and openness of mind, before a friendship can be formed. We must be willing to give ourselves freely and unreservedly.

The Simple Life.*

Men seek retreats for themselves, houses in the country, seashores, and mountains; and thou, too, are wont to desire such things very much. This is altogether a mark of the most common sort of man, for it is in thy power whenever thou shalt choose to retire into thyself. For nowhere either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquillity; and I affirm that tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind. Constantly then give to thyself this retreat, and renew thyself; and let thy principles be brief and fundamental, which, as soon as thou shalt recur to them will be sufficient to cleanse the soul completely, and to send thee back free from all discontent with the

*Marcus Aurelius.

things to which thou returnest. For with what art thou discontented? With the badness of men? Recall to thy mind this conclusion, that rational animals exist for one another, and that to endure is a part of justice, and that men do wrong involuntarily; and consider how many already, after mutual enmity, suspicion, hatred, and fighting, have been stretched dead, reduced to ashes; and be quiet at last.—But perhaps thou are dissatisfied with that which is assigned to thee out of the universe.—Recall to thy recollection this alternative; either there is providence or atoms (fortuitous concurrence of things); or remember the arguments by which it has been proved that the world is a kind of political community (and be quiet at last).—But perhaps corporeal things will still fasten upon thee.—Consider then further that the mind mingles not with the breath, whether moving gently or violently, when it has once drawn itself apart and discovered its own power, and think also of all that thou hast heard and assented to about pain and pleasure (and be quiet at last).—But perhaps the desire of the thing called fame will torment thee—see how soon everything is forgotten, and look at the chaos of infinite time on each side of (the present), and the emptiness of applause, and the changeableness and want of judgment in those who pretend to give praise, and the narrowness of the space within which it is circumscribed (and be quiet at last). For the whole earth is a point, and how small a nook in it is this thy dwelling, and how few are there in it, and what kind of people are they who will praise thee.

This then remains: Remember to retire into this little territory of thy own and above all do not distract nor strain thyself, but be free, and look at things as a man, as a human being, as a citizen, as a mortal. But among the things readiest to thy hand to which thou shalt turn, let there be these, which are two. One is that things do not touch the soul, for they are external and remain immovable; but our perturbations come only from the opinion which is within. The other is that all these things, which thou seest, change immediately and will no longer be; and constantly bear in mind how many of these changes thou hast already witnessed. The universe is transformation: life is opinion. . . .

Take away the opinion and then there is taken away the complaint, "I have been harmed." Take away the complaint, "I have been harmed," and the harm is taken away.

That which does not make a man worse than he was, also does not make his life worse, nor does it harm him either from without or from within.

The nature of that which is (universally) useful has been compelled to do this.

Consider that everything which happens, happens justly, and if thou observest carefully thou wilt find it to be so. I do not say only with respect to the continuity of the series of things, but with respect to what is just, and as if it were done by one who assigns to each thing its value. Observe then as thou hast begun; and whatever thou doest, do it in conjunction with this, the being good, and in the sense in which a man is properly understood to be good. Keep to this in every action.

Do not have such an opinion of things as he has who does thee wrong or such as he wishes thee to have, but look at them as they are in truth.

A man should always have these two rules in readiness; the one, to do only whatever the reason of the ruling and legislating faculty may suggest for the use of men; the other, to change thy opinion, if there is any one at hand who sets thee right and moves thee from any opinion. But this change of opinion must proceed only from a certain persuasion, as of what is just or of common advantage, and the like, not because it appears pleasant or brings reputation.

Hast thou reason? I have.—Why then dost thou not use it? For if this does its own work, what else dost thou wish?

Thou hast existed as a part. Thou shalt disappear in that which produced thee; but rather shalt thou be received back into its seminal principle by transmutation.

Many grains of frankincense on the same altar: one falls before, another falls after; but it makes no difference.

Within ten days thou wilt seem a god to those to whom thou art now a beast and an ape if thou wilt return to thy principles and the worship of reason.

Do not act as if thou wert going to live ten thousand

years. Death hangs over thee. While thou livest, while it is in thy power, be good.

How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says or does or thinks, but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and pure; or as Agathon says, look not round at the depraved morals of others, but run straight along the line without deviating from it.

He who has a vehement desire for posthumous fame does not consider that every one of those who remember him will himself also die very soon; then again also they who have succeeded them, until the whole remembrance shall have been extinguished as it is transmitted through men who foolishly admire and perish. But suppose that those who will remember are even immortal, and that the remembrance will be immortal, what then is this to thee? And I say not what is it to the dead, but what is it to the living. What is praise, except indeed so far as it has a certain utility? For thou now rejectest unseasonably the gift of nature clinging to something else. . . .

Do not be whirled about, but in every movement have respect to justice, and on the occasion of every impression maintain the faculty of comprehension (or understanding).

Everything harmonizes with me, which is harmonious to thee, O Universe. Nothing for me is too early nor too late, which is in due time for thee. Everything is fruit to me which thy seasons bring, O Nature: from thee are all things, in thee are all things, to thee all things return. The poet says, Dear city of Cecrops; and wilt not thou say, Dear City of Zeus?

Occupy thyself with few things, says the philosopher, if thou wouldst be tranquil.—But consider if it would not be better to say, Do what is necessary, and whatever the reason of the animal which is naturally social requires, and as it requires. For this brings not only the tranquillity which comes from doing well, but also that which comes from doing few things. For the greatest part of what we say and do being unnecessary, if a man takes this away, he will have more leisure and less uneasiness. Accordingly on every occasion a man should ask himself, Is this one of the unnecessary things? Now a man should take away not only unnecessary

acts, but also unnecessary thoughts, for thus superfluous acts will not follow after.

Try how the life of the good man suits thee, the life of him who is satisfied with his portion out of the whole, and satisfied with his own just acts and benevolent disposition.

Hast thou seen those things? Look also at these. Do not disturb thyself. Make thyself all simplicity. Does any one do wrong? It is to himself that he does the wrong. Has anything happened to thee? Well; out of the universe from the beginning everything which happens has been apportioned and spun out to thee. In a word, thy life is short. Thou must turn to profit the present by the aid of reason and justice. Be sober in thy relaxation.

Either it is a well arranged universe or a chaos huddled together, but still a universe. But can a certain order subsist in thee, and disorder in the All? And this too when all things are so separated and diffused and sympathetic.

A black character, a womanish character, a stubborn character, bestial, childish, animal, stupid, counterfeit, scurrilous, fraudulent, tyrannical.

If he is a stranger to the universe who does not know what is in it, no less is he a stranger who does not know what is going on in it. He is a runaway, who flies from social reason; he is blind, who shuts the eyes of the understanding; he is poor, who has need of another, and has not from himself all things which are useful for life. He is an abscess on the universe who withdraws and separates himself from the reason of our common nature through being displeased with the things which happen, for the same nature produces this; and has produced thee, too: he is a piece rent asunder from the state, who tears his own soul from that of reasonable animals, which is one.

The one is a philosopher without a tunic, and the other without a book: here is another half naked: Bread I have not, he says, and I abide by reason—and I do not get the means of living out of my learning, and I abide (by my reason).

Love the art, poor as it may be, which thou hast learned, and be content with it; and pass through the rest of life like one who has intrusted to the gods with his whole soul all that

he has, making thyself neither the tyrant nor the slave of any man.

Consider, for example, the times of Vespasian. Thou wilt see all these things, people marrying, bringing up children, sick, dying, warring, feasting, trafficking, cultivating the ground, flattering, obstinately arrogant, suspecting, plotting, wishing for some to die, grumbling about the present, loving, heaping up treasure, desiring consulship, kingly power. Well then, that life of these people no longer exists at all. Again, remove to the times of Trajan. Again, all is the same. Their life, too, is gone. In like manner view also the other epochs of time and of whole nations, and see how many after great efforts soon fell and were resolved into the elements. But chiefly thou shouldst think of those whom thou hast thyself known distracting themselves about idle things, neglecting to do what was in accordance with their proper constitution, and to hold firmly to this and to be content with it. And herein it is necessary to remember that the attention given to everything has its proper value and proportion. For thus thou wilt not be dissatisfied, if thou appliest thyself to smaller matters no further than is fit.

The words which were formerly familiar are now antiquated: so also the names of those who were famed of old are now in a manner antiquated, Camillus, Caeso, Volesus, Leonnatus, and a little after also Scipio and Cato, then Augustus, then also Hadrianus and Antoninus. For all things soon pass away and become a mere tale, and complete oblivion soon buries them. And I say this of those who have shone in a wondrous way. For the rest, as soon as they have breathed out their breath, they are gone, and no man speaks of them. And, to conclude the matter, what is even an eternal remembrance? A mere nothing. What then is that about which we ought to employ our serious pains? This one thing, thoughts just, and acts social, and words which never lie and a disposition which gladly accepts all that happens, as necessary, as usual, as flowing from a principle and source of the same kind.

Willingly give thyself up to Clotho allowing her to spin thy thread into whatever things she pleases.

Everything is only for a day, both that which remembers and that which is remembered.

Observe constantly that all things take place by change, and accustom thyself to consider that the nature of the Universe loves nothing so much as to change the things which are and to make new things like them. For everything that exists is in a manner the seed of that which will be. But thou art thinking only of seeds which are cast into the earth or into a womb: but this is a very vulgar notion.

Thou wilt soon die, and thou art not yet simple, nor free from perturbations, nor without suspicion of being hurt by external things, nor kindly disposed towards all; nor dost thou yet place wisdom only in acting justly.

Examine men's ruling principles, even those of the wise, what kind of things they avoid, and what kind they pursue. . . .

If any god told thee that thou shouldst die tomorrow, or certainly on the day after tomorrow, thou wouldst not care much whether it was on the third day or on the morrow, unless thou wast in the highest degree mean-spirited,—for how small is the difference?—so think it no great thing to die after as many years as thou canst name rather than tomorrow.

Think continually how many physicians are dead after often contracting their eyebrows over the sick; and how many astrologers after predicting with great pretensions the deaths of others; and how many philosophers after endless discourses on death or immortality; how many heroes after killing thousands; and how many tyrants who have used their power over men's lives with terrible insolence as if they were immortal; and how many cities are entirely dead, so to speak, Helice and Pompeii and Herculaneum, and others innumerable. Add to the reckoning all whom thou hast known, one after another. One man after burying another has been laid out dead, and another buries him; and all this in a short time. To conclude, always observe how worthless and ephemeral human beings are, and what was yesterday a little mucus, tomorrow will be a mummy or ashes. Pass then through this little space of time conformably to nature, and end thy journey in content, just as an olive falls off when

it is ripe, blessing nature who produced it, and thanking the tree on which it grew.

Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but it stands firm and tames the fury of the water around it.

Unhappy am I, because this has happened to me—Not so, but Happy am I, though this has happened to me, because I continue free from pain, neither crushed by the present nor fearing the future. For such a thing as this might have happened to every man; but every man would not have continued free from pain on such an occasion. Why then is that rather a misfortune than this a good fortune? And dost thou in all cases call that a man's misfortune, which is not a deviation from man's nature? And does a thing seem to thee to be a deviation from man's nature, when it is not contrary to the will of man's nature? Well, thou knowest the will of nature. Will then this which has happened prevent thee from being just, magnanimous, temperate, prudent, secure against inconsiderate opinions and falsehood; will it prevent thee from having modesty, freedom, and everything else, by the presence of which man's nature obtains all that is its own? Remember too on every occasion which leads thee to vexation to apply this principle: not that this is a misfortune, but that to bear it nobly is good fortune.

It is a vulgar, but still a useful help towards contempt of death, to pass in review those who have tenaciously stuck to life. What more then have they gained than those who have died early? Certainly they lie in their tombs somewhere at last, Cadicianus, Fabius, Julianus, Lepidus, or any one else like them, who have carried out many to be buried, and then were carried out themselves. Altogether the interval is small (between birth and death); and consider with how much trouble, and in company with what sort of people and in what a feeble body this interval is laboriously passed. Do not then consider life a thing of any value. For look to the immensity of time behind thee and to the time which is before thee, another boundless space. In this infinity then what is the difference between him who lives three days and him who lives three generations?

Always run to the short way; and the short way is the

natural: accordingly say and do everything in conformity with the soundest reason. For such a purpose frees a man from trouble, and warfare, and all artifice and ostentatious display.

The Essence of Simplicity.*

Before considering the question of a practical return to the simplicity of which we dream, it will be necessary to define simplicity in its very essence. For, in regard to it, people commit the same error that we have just denounced, confounding the secondary with the essential, substance with form. They are tempted to believe that simplicity presents certain external characteristics by which it may be recognized, and in which it really consists. Simplicity and lowly station, plain dress, a modest dwelling, slender means, poverty—these things seem to go together. Nevertheless, this is not the case. Just now I passed three men on the street; the first in his carriage, the others on foot, and one of them shoeless. The shoeless man does not necessarily lead the least complex life of the three. It may be, indeed, that he who rides in his carriage is sincere and unaffected, in spite of his position, and is not at all the slave of his wealth; it may be also that the pedestrian in shoes neither envies him who rides nor despises him who goes unshod; and lastly, it is possible that under his rags, his feet in the dust, the third man has a hatred of simplicity, of labour, of sobriety, and dreams only of idleness and pleasure. For among the least simple and straightforward of men must be reckoned professional beggars, knights of the road, parasites, and the whole tribe of the obsequious and envious, whose aspirations are summed up in this: To arrive at seizing a morsel—the biggest possible—of that prey which the fortunate of earth consume. And to this same category, little matter what their station in life, belong the profligate, the arrogant, the miserly, the weak, the crafty. Livery counts for nothing; we must see the heart. No class has the prerogative of simplicity; no dress, however humble in appearance, is its unfailing badge. Its dwelling need not be a garret, a hut, the cell of the ascetic nor the lowliest fisherman's bark. Under all the forms in which life vests itself, in all social

*Charles Wagner: The Simple Life.

positions, at the top as at the bottom of the ladder, there are people who live simply, and others who do not. We do not mean by this that simplicity betrays itself in no visible signs, has not its own habits, its distinguishing tastes and ways; but this outward show, which may now and then be counterfeited, must not be confounded with its essence and its deep and wholly inward source. *Simplicity is a state of mind.* It dwells in the main intention of our lives. A man is simple when his chief care is the wish to be what he ought to be, that is, honestly and naturally human. And this is neither so easy nor so impossible as one might think. At bottom, it consists in putting our acts and aspirations in accordance with the law of our being, and consequently with the Eternal Intention which willed that we should be at all. Let a flower be a flower, a swallow a swallow, a rock a rock, and let a man be a man, and not a fox, a hare, a hog, or a bird of prey. This is the sum of the whole matter.

Here we are led to formulate the practical ideal of man. Everywhere in life we see certain quantities of matter and energy associated for certain ends. Substances more or less crude are thus transformed and carried to a higher degree of organization. It is not otherwise with the life of man. The human ideal is to transform life into something more excellent than itself. We may compare existence to raw material. What it is, matters less than what is made of it, as the value of a work of art lies in the flowering of the workman's skill. We bring into the world with us different gifts; one has received gold, another granite, a third marble, most of us wood or clay. Our task is to fashion these substances. Everyone knows that the most precious material may be spoiled, and he knows, too, that out of the least costly an immortal work may be shaped. Art is the realization of a permanent idea in an ephemeral form. True life is the realization of the higher virtues,—justice, love, truth, liberty, moral power,—in our daily activities, whatever they may be. And this life is possible in social conditions the most diverse, and with natural gifts the most unequal. It is not fortune or personal advantage, but our turning them to account, that constitutes the value of life. Fame adds no more than does length of days; quality is the thing.

Need we say that one does not rise to this point of view without a struggle? The spirit of simplicity is not an inherited gift, but the result of a laborious conquest. Plain living, like high thinking, is simplification. We know that science is the handful of ultimate principles gathered out of the tufted mass of facts; but what groupings to discover them! Centuries of research are often condensed into a principle that a line may state. Here the moral life presents strong analogy with the scientific. It, too, begins in a certain confusion, makes trial of itself, seeks to understand itself, and often mistakes. But by dint of action, and exacting from himself strict account of his deeds, man arrives at a better knowledge of life. Its law appears to him, and the law is this: *Work out your mission.* He who applies himself to aught else than the realization of this end, loses in living the *raison d'être* of life. The egoist does so, the pleasure-seeker, the ambitious; he consumes existence as one eating the full corn in the blade,—he prevents it from bearing its fruit; his life is lost. Whoever, on the contrary, makes his life serve a good higher than itself, saves it in giving it. Moral precepts, which to a superficial view appear arbitrary, and seem made to spoil our zest for life, have really but one object—to preserve us from the evil of having lived in vain. That is why they are constantly leading us back into the same paths; that is why they all have the same meaning: *Do not waste your life,* make it bear fruit; learn how to give it, in order that it may not consume itself! Herein is summed up the experience of humanity, and this experience, which each man must remake for himself, is more precious in proportion as it costs more dear. Illumined by its light, he makes a moral advance more and more sure. Now he has his means of orientation, his internal form to which he may lead everything back; and from the vacillating, confused, and complex being that he was, he becomes simple. By the ceaseless influence of this same law, which expands within him, and is day by day verified in fact, his opinions and habits become transformed.

Once captivated by the beauty and simplicity of the true life, by what is sacred and pathetic in this strife of humanity for truth, justice, and brotherly love, his heart holds the fascination of it. Gradually everything subordinates itself to this

powerful and persistent charm. The necessary hierarchy of powers is organized within him; the essential commands, the secondary obeys, and order is born of simplicity. We may compare this organization of the interior life to that of an army. An army is strong by its discipline, and its discipline consists in respect of the inferior for the superior, and the concentration of all its energies toward a single end; discipline once relaxed, the army suffers. It will not do to let the corporal command the general. Examine carefully your life and the lives of others. Whenever something halts or jars, and complications and disorder follow, it is because the corporal has issued orders to the general. Where the natural law rules in the heart, disorder vanishes.

I despair of ever describing simplicity in any worthy fashion. All the strength of the world and all its beauty, all true joy, everything that consoles, that feeds hope, or throws a ray of light along our dark paths, everything that makes us see across our poor lives a splendid goal and a boundless future, comes to us from people of simplicity, those who have made another object of their desires than the passing satisfaction of selfishness and vanity, and have understood that the art of living is to know how to give one's life.

I see no possible way of doing without money. The only thing that theorists or legislators, who accuse it of all our ills, has hitherto achieved, has been to change its name or form. But they have never been able to dispense with a symbol representative of the commercial value of things. One might as well wish to do away with written language as to do away with money. Nevertheless, this question of a circulating medium is very troublesome. It forms one of the chief elements of complication in our life. The economic difficulties amid which we still flounder, social conventionalities, and the entire organization of modern life, have carried gold to a rank so eminent that it is not astonishing to find the imagination of man attributing to it a sort of royalty. And it is on this side that we shall attack the problem.

The term money has for appendage that of merchandise. If there were no merchandise there would be no money; but as long as there is merchandise, there will be money, little matter under what form. The source of all the abuses which

center around money lies in a lack of discrimination. People have confused under the term and idea of merchandise, things which have no relation with one another. They have attempted to give a venal value to things which neither could have it nor ought to. The idea of purchase and sale has invaded ground where it may justly be considered an enemy and a usurper. It is reasonable that wheat, potatoes, wine, fabrics, should be bought and sold, and it is perfectly natural that a man's labour procure him rights to life, and that there be put into his hands something whose value represents them; but here already the analogy ceases to be complete. A man's labour is not merchandise in the same sense as a sack of flour or a ton of coal. Into this labour enter elements which cannot be valued in money. In short, there are things which can in no wise be bought: Sleep, for instance; knowledge of the future; talent. He who offers them for sale must be considered a fool or an impostor. And yet there are gentlement who coin money by such traffic. They sell what does not belong to them, and their dupes pay fictitious values in veritable coin. So, too, there are dealers in pleasures, dealers in love, dealers in miracles, dealers in patriotism, and the title of merchant, so honourable when it represents a man selling that which is in truth a commodity of trade, becomes the worst of stigmas when there is question of the heart, of religion, of country.

Almost all men are agreed that to barter with one's sentiments, his honour, his cloth, his pen, or his note, is infamous. Unfortunately this idea, which suffers no contradiction as a theory and which thus stated seems rather a commonplace than a high moral truth, has infinite trouble to make its way in practice. Traffic has invaded the world. The money-changers are established even in the sanctuary, and by sanctuary I do not mean religious things alone, but whatever mankind holds sacred and inviolable. It is not gold that complicates, corrupts, and debases life; it is our mercenary spirit.

The mercenary spirit resolves everything into a single question: How much is that going to bring me? and sums up everything in a single axiom: With money you can procure anything. Following these two principles of conduct, a society may descend to a degree of infamy impossible to describe or to imagine.

How much is it going to bring me? This question, so legitimate while it concerns those precautions which each ought to take to assure his subsistence by his labour, becomes pernicious as soon as it passes its limits and dominates the whole life. This is so true that it vitiates even the toil which gains our daily bread. I furnish paid labour; nothing could be better; but if to inspire me in this labour I have only the desire to get the pay, nothing could be worse. A man whose only motive for action is his wages, does a bad piece of work. What interests him is not the doing,—it's the gold. If he can retrench in pains without lessening his gains, be assured that he will do it. Plowman, mason, factory labourer, he who loves not his work puts into it neither interest nor dignity—is, in short, a bad workman. It is not well to confide one's life to a doctor who is wholly engrossed in his fees, for the spring of his action is the desire to garnish his purse with the contents of yours. If it is for his interest that you should suffer longer, he is capable of fostering your malady, instead of fortifying your strength. The instructor of children who cares for his work only so far as it brings him profit, is a sad teacher; for his pay is indifferent, and his teaching more indifferent still. Of what value is the mercenary journalist? The day you write for the dollar, your prose is not worth the dollar you write for. The more elevated in kind is the object of human labour, the more the mercenary spirit, if it be present, makes this labour void and corrupts it. There are a thousand reasons to say that all toil merits its wage, that every man who devotes his energies to providing for his life should have his place in the sun, and that he who does nothing useful, does not gain his livelihood, in short, is only a parasite. But there is no greater social error than to make gain the sole motive of action. The best we put into our work—be that work done by strength of muscle, warmth of heart, or concentration of mind—is precisely that for which no one can pay us. Nothing better proves that man is not a machine than this fact; two men at work with the same forces and the same movements, produce totally different results. Where lies the cause of this phenomenon? In the divergence of their intentions. One has the mercenary spirit, the other has singleness of purpose. Both receive their pay, but the labour of the one is

barren; the other has put his soul into his work. The work of the first is like a grain of sand, out of which nothing comes through all eternity; the other's work is like a living seed thrown into the ground; it germinates and brings forth harvests. This is the secret which explains why so many people have failed while employing the very processes by which others succeed. Automatons do not reproduce their kind, and mercenary labour yields no fruit.

Right Living as a Fine Art.*

The Divine Carpenter and his immortal band dwelt far from luxury. Poor indeed were Socrates, the reformer, and Epictetus, the slave, and Virgil, the poet. Burns, too, and Wordsworth and Coleridge, with Keats and Shelley—all these dwelt midway between poverty and riches. When that young English scholar learned that his relative had willed him a fortune of 5,000 pounds he wrote the dying man begging him to abandon his design, saying that he already had one servant, and that added care and responsibility meant the cutting off of a few minutes for study in the morning and a few minutes for reflection at night.

Here are our own Hawthorne and Longfellow—'content with small means.' Here is Emerson resigning his church in Boston and leaving fame behind him, that upon the little farm at Concord he might escape the thousand and one details that robbed his soul of its simplicity. Here is Thoreau building his log cabin by Walden Pond, living on forty dollars a year because he saw that man was being 'destroyed by his unwieldly and overgrown establishment, cluttered with much furniture and tripped with his own traps, ruined by luxury and heedless expense, whose only hope was in rigid economy and Spartan simplicity.'

Ours is a world where Cervantes writes Don Quixote living upon three bowls of porridge brought by the jailer of the prison. The German philosopher asked one cluster of grapes, one glass of milk and a slice of bread twice each day. Having completed his philosophy, the old scholar looked back upon forty happy years, saying that every fine dinner his

*Hillis.

friends had given him had blunted his brain for one day, while indigestion consumed an amount of vital energy that would have sufficed for one page of good writing.

A wise youth will think twice before embarking upon a career involving large wealth. Some others are possessed of vast property whose duty it is to carry bravely their heavy burden in the interest of society and the increase of life's comforts, conveniences and happiness. Yet wise Agur's prayer still holds: 'Give me neither poverty nor riches.' Whittier, on his little farm, refusing a princely sum for a lecture, was content with small means. Wendell Phillips, preferring the slave and the contempt of Boston's merchants and her patrician society, chose to 'be worthy, not respectable.' Some Ruskin, distributing his bonds and stocks and lands to found workingmen's clubs, art schools and colleges, that he might have more leisure for enriching his imagination and heart, chose to 'be wealthy, not rich.' Needing many forms of wisdom, our age needs none more than the grace to 'live content with small means, seeking elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion.'

Christmas.

Something has happened to Christmas, or to our hearts; or to both. In order to be convinced of this it is only necessary to compare the present with the past. In the old days of not so long ago the festival began to excite us in November. For weeks the house rustled with charming and thrilling secrets, and with the furtive noises of paper parcels being wrapped and unwrapped; the house was a whispering gallery. The tension of expectancy increased to such a point that there was a positive danger of the cord snapping before it ought to snap. On the Eve we went to bed with no hope of settled sleep. We knew that we should be awakened and kept awake by the waits singing in the cold; and we were glad to be kept so awake. On the supreme day we came downstairs hiding our delicious yawns, and cordially pretending that we had never been more fit. The day was different from other days; it had a unique romantic quality, tonic, curative of all ills. On that day even the toothache vanished, retiring far into

the wilderness with the spiteful word, the venomous thought, and the unlovely gesture. We sang with gusto "Christians, awake, salute the happy morn." We did salute the happy morn.

And when all the parcels were definitely unpacked, and the secrets of all hearts disclosed, we spent the rest of the happy morn in waiting, candidly greedy, for the first of the great meals. And then we ate, and we drank, and we ate again; with no thought of nutrition, nor of reasonableness, nor of the morrow, nor of dyspepsia. We ate and drank without fear and without shame, abandoned ecstasy of celebration. And by means of motley paper headgear, fit only for a carnival, we disguised ourselves in the most absurd fashions, and yet did not make ourselves seriously ridiculous; for ridicule is in the vision, not in what is seen. And we danced and sang and larked, until we could no more. And finally we chanted a song of ceremony, and separated; ending the day as we had commenced it, with salvos of good wishes. And the next morning we were indisposed and enfeebled; and we did not care; we had our pain's worth, and more. This was the past.

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I do not mean that our hearts are black with despair on Christmas Day. I do not mean that we do not enjoy ourselves on Christmas Day. There is no doubt that, with the inspiriting help of the mysterious race, and by the force of tradition, and by our own gift of pretending, we do still very much enjoy ourselves on Christmas Day. What I meant to insinuate, and to assert, is that beneath this enjoyment is the disconcerting and distressing conviction of unreality, of non-significance, of exaggerated and even false sentiment. What I mean is that we have to brace and force ourselves up to the enjoyment of Christmas. We have to induce deliberately the "Christmas feeling." We have to remind ourselves that "it will never do" to let the heartiness of Christmas be impaired. The peculiarity of our attitude towards Christmas, which at worst is a vacation, may be clearly seen by contrasting it with our attitude towards another vacation—the summer holiday. We do not have to brace and force ourselves up to the enjoy-

ment of the summer holiday. We experience no difficulty in inducing the holiday feeling. There is no fear of the institution of the summer holiday losing its heartiness. Nor do we need the example of children to aid us in savouring the August "festivities."

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If the decadence of Christmas were a purely subjective phenomenon confined to the breasts of those of us who have ceased to be children, then it follows that Christmas has always been decadent, because people have always been ceasing to be children. It follows also that the festival was originally got up by disillusioned adults for the benefit of the children, which is totally absurd. Adults have never yet invented any institution, festival or diversion specially for the benefit of children. The egoism of adults makes such an effort impossible, and the ingenuity and pliancy of children make it unnecessary. The pantomime, for example, which is now pre-eminently a diversion for children, was created by adults for the amusement of adults. Children have merely accepted it and appropriated it. Children, being helpless, are of course fatalists and imitators. They take what comes, and they do the best they can with it. And when they have made something their own that was adult, they stick to it like leeches.

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No! The decay of the old Christmas spirit among adults is undeniable, and its cause is fairly plain. It is due to the labors of a set of idealists—men who cared not for money, nor for glory, nor for anything except their ideal. Their ideal was to find out the truth concerning nature and concerning human history; and they sacrificed all—they sacrificed the peace of mind of whole generations—to the pleasure of slaking their ardour for truth. For them the most important thing in the world was the satisfaction of their curiosity. They would leave naught alone; and they scorned consequences. Useless to cry to them: "That is holy. Touch it not!" I mean the great philosophers and men of science—especially the geologists—of the nineteenth century. I mean such utterly pure-minded men as Lyell, Spencer, Darwin and Huxley. They inaugurated the mighty age of doubt and skepticism.

They made it impossible to believe all manner of things which before them none had questioned. The movement spread until uneasiness was everywhere in the realm of thought, and people walked about therein fearsomely, as in a land subject to earthquakes. It was as if people had said: "We don't know what will topple next. Let's raze everything to the ground, and then we shall feel safer." . . . They forget, in their confusion, that the great principles, spiritual and moral, remain absolutely intact. They forget that, after all the shattering discoveries of science and conclusions of philosophy, mankind has still to live with dignity amid hostile nature, and in the presence of an unknowable power, and that mankind can only succeed in this tremendous feat by the exercise of faith and of that mutual good-will which is based on sincerity and charity. They forget that, while facts are nothing, these principles are everything. And so, at that epoch of the year which nature herself has ordained for the formal recognition of the situation of mankind in the universe and of its resulting duties to itself and to the Unknown—at that epoch, they bewail, sadly or impatiently or cynically: "Oh! The bottom has been knocked out of Christmas!"

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In order to see that there is underlying Christmas an idea of faith which will at any rate last as long as the planet lasts, it is only necessary to ask and answer the question: "Why was the Christmas feast fixed for the twenty-fifth of December?" For it is absolutely certain, and admitted by everybody of knowledge, that Christ was not born on the twenty-fifth of December. Those disturbing impassioned inquirers after truth, who will not leave us peaceful in our ignorance, have settled that for us, by pointing out, among other things, that the twenty-fifth of December falls in the very midst of the Palestine rainy season, and that, therefore, shepherds were assuredly not on that date watching their flocks by night. Christians were not, at first, united in the celebration of Christmas. Some kept Christmas in January, others in April, others in May. It was a pre-Christian force which drove them all into agreement upon the twenty-fifth of December. Just as they wisely took the Christmas tree from the Roman Saturnalia, so they took the date of their festival from the universal

pre-Christian festival of the winter solstice Yule, when mankind celebrated the triumph of the sun over the powers of darkness, when the night begins to decrease and the day to increase, when the year turns, and hope is born again because the worst is over. No more suitably symbolic moment could have been chosen for a festival of faith, good will and joy. And the appositeness of the moment is just as perfect in this era of electric light and central heating, as it was in the era of Virgil, who, by the way, described a Christmas tree. We shall say this year, with exactly the same accents of relief and hope as our pagan ancestors used, and as the woaded savage used: "The days will begin to lengthen now!" For, while we often falsely fancy that we have subjugated nature to our service, the fact is that we are as irremediably as ever at the mercy of nature.

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Indeed, the attitude of us moderns toward the forces by which our existence is governed ought to be, and probably is, more reverent and awestruck than that of the earlier world. The discoveries of science have at once quickened our imagination and compelled us to admit that what we know is the merest trifle. The pagan in his ignorance explained everything. Our knowledge has only deepened the mystery, and all that we shall learn will but deepen it further. . . . And we are quite duly proud of knowledge. And much good does our knowledge do us! Well, it does do us some good, and in a spiritual way, too! For nobody can even toy with astronomy without picturing to himself, more clearly and startlingly than would otherwise be possible, a revolving globe that whizzes through elemental space around a ball of fire; which, in turn, is rushing with all its satellites at an inconceivable speed from nowhere to nowhere; and to the surface of the revolving, whizzing globe a multitude of living things desperately clinging, and these living things, in the midst of cataclysmic danger, and between the twin enigmas of birth and death, quarrelling and hating and calling themselves kings and queens and millionaires and beautiful women and aristocrats and genuises and lackeys and superior persons! Perhaps the highest value of astronomy is that it renders more vivid the ironical significance of such a vision, and thus brings

home to us the truth that in spite of all the differences which we have invented, mankind is a fellowship of brothers, overshadowed by insoluble and fearful mysteries, and dependent upon mutual goodwill and trust for the happiness it may hope to achieve. . . . Let us remember that Christmas is, among other things, the winter solstice, and that the bottom has not yet been knocked out of the winter solstice, nor is likely to be in the immediate future!

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It being agreed, then, that the Christmas festival has lost a great deal of its old vitality, and that, to many people, it is a source of tedium and the cause of insincerity; and it being further agreed that the difficulty cannot be got over by simply abolishing the festival, as no one really wants it to be abolished; the question remains—what should be done to vitalize it? The former spirit of faith, the spirit which made the great Christmas of the golden days, has been weakened; but one element of it—that which is founded on the conviction that goodwill among men is a prime necessity of reasonable living—survives with a certain vigour, though even it has not escaped the general skepticism of the age. This element unites in agreement all the pugnacious secretaries who join battle over the other elements of the former faith. This element has no enemies. None will deny its lasting virtue. Obviously, therefore, the right course is to concentrate on the cultivation of goodwill. If goodwill can be consciously increased, the festival of Christmas will cease to be perfunctory. It will acquire a fresh and more genuine significance, which, however, will not in any way inconvenience those who have never let go of the older significance. No tradition will be overthrown, no shock administered, and nobody will be able to croak about iconoclasm and new-fangled notions and the sudden end of the world, and so son.

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You can best help the general cultivation of goodwill along by cultivating goodwill in your own heart. Until you have started the task of personal cultivation, you will probably assume that there will be time left over for superintending the cultivation of goodwill in other people's hearts. But a very little experience ought to show you that this is a delusion.

You will perceive, if not at once, later, that you have bitten off just about as much as you can chew. And you will appreciate also the wisdom of not advertising your enterprise. Why, indeed, should you breathe a word to a single soul concerning your admirable intentions? Rest assured that any unusual sprouting of the desired crop will be instantly noticed by the persons interested.

The next point is: Towards whom are you to cultivate goodwill? Naturally, one would answer, towards the whole of humanity. But the whole of humanity, as far as you are concerned, amounts to naught but a magnificent abstract conception. And it is very difficult to cultivate goodwill towards a magnificent abstract conception. The object of goodwill ought to be clearly defined, and very visible to the physical eye, especially in the case of people, such as us, who are only just beginning to give the cultivation of goodwill, perhaps, as much attention as we give to our clothes or our tobacco. If a novice sets out to embrace the whole of humanity in his goodwill, he will have even less success than a young man endeavoring to fall in love with four sisters at once; and his daily companions—those who see him eat his bacon and lace his boots and earn his living—will most certainly have a rough time of it. No! It will be best for you to center your efforts on quite a small group of persons, and let the rest of humanity struggle on as well as it can, with no more of your goodwill than it has hitherto had.

In choosing the small group of people, it will be unnecessary for you to go to Timbuctoo, or into the next street or into the next house. And, in this group of people you will be wise, while neglecting no member of the group, to specialize on one member. Your wife, if you have one, or your husband? Not necessarily. I was meaning simply that one who most frequently annoys you. He may be your husband, or she may be your wife. These things happen. He may be your butler. Or you may be his butler. She may be your daughter, or he may be your father, and you a charming omniscient girl of seventeen, wiser than anybody else. Whoever he or she may be who oftenest inspires you with a feeling of irritated superiority, aim at this person in particular.

The frequency of your early failures with him or her will

show you how prudent you were not to make an attempt on the whole of humanity at once. And also you will see that you did well not to publish your excellent intentions. If nobody is aware of your striving nobody will be aware that you have failed in striving. Your successes will appear effortless and—most important of all—you will be free from the horrid curse of self-consciousness. Herein is one of the main advantages of not wearing a badge. Lastly, you will have the satisfaction of feeling that, if everybody else is doing as you are, the whole of humanity is being attended to after all. And the comforting thought is that probably, almost certainly, quite a considerable number of people are in fact doing as you are; some of them—make no doubt—are doing a shade better.

PIPPA PASSES.

INTRODUCTION.

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT ASOLO IN THE TREVISAN.

SCENE—*A large, mean, airy chamber. A girl, Pippa, from the silk-mills, springing out of bed.*

Day!
Faster and more fast!
O'er night's brim, day boils at last:
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast,
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances,
(Be they grants thou art bound to or gifts without measure)
One of thy choices or one of thy chances,
(Be they tasks God imposed thee or freaks at thy pleasure)

My Day, if I squander such labor or leisure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!

Thy long blue solemn hours serenely flowing,
Whence earth, we feel, gets steady help and good—
Thy fitful sunshine-minutes, coming, going,
As if earth turned from work in gamesome mood—
All shall be mine! But thou must treat me not
As prosperous ones are treated, those who live
At hand here, and enjoy the higher lot,
In readiness to take what thou wilt give,
And free to let alone what thou refusest;
For, Day, my holiday, if thou ill-usest
Me, who am only Pippa—old-year's sorrow,
Cast off last night, will come again tomorrow:
Whereas, if thou prove gentle, I shall borrow
Sufficient strength of thee for new-year's sorrow.
All other men and women that this earth
Belongs to, who all days alike possess,
Make general plenty cure particular dearth,
Get more joy one way, if another, less:
Thou art my single day, God lends to leaven
What were all earth else, with a feel of heaven—
Sole light that helps me through the year, thy sun's!
Try now! Take Asolo's Four Happiest Ones—
And let thy morning rain on that superb
Great haughty Ottima; can rain disturb
Her Sebald's homage? All the while thy rain
Beats fiercest on her shrub-house window pane,
He will but press the closer, breathe more warm
Against her cheek; how should she mind the storm?
And, morning past, if mid-day shed a gloom
O'er Jules and Phene—what care bride and groom
Save for their dear selves? 'Tis their marriage day;
And while they leave church and go home their way,
Hand clasping hand, within each breast would be
Sunbeams and pleasant weather spite of thee.
Then, for another trial, obscure thy eve
With mist—will Luigi and his mother grieve—
The lady and her child, unmatched, forsooth,
She in her age, as Luigi in his youth,
For true content? The cheerful town, warm, close
And safe, the sooner that thou art morose
Receives them. And yet once again, outbreak

In storm at night on Monsignor, they make
Such stir about—whom they expect from Rome
To visit Asolo, his brothers' home,
And say here masses proper to release
A soul from pain—what storm dare hurt his peace?
Calm would he pray, with his own thoughts to ward
Thy thunder off, nor want the angel's guard.
But Pippa—just one such mischance would spoil
Her day that lightens the next twelvemonth's toil
At wearisome silk-winding, coil on coil!
And here I let time slip for naught!
Aha, you foolhardy sunbeam, caught
With a single splash from my ewer!
You that would mock the best pursuer,
Was my basin over-deep?
One splash of water ruins you asleep,
And up, up, fleet your brilliant bits
Wheeling and counterwheeling
Reeling, broken beyond healing:
Now grow together on the ceiling!
That will task your wits.
Whoever it was quenched fire first, hoped to see
Morsel after morsel flee
As merrily, as giddily . . .
Meantime, what lights my sunbeam on,
Where settles by degrees the radiant cripple?
Oh, is it surely blown, my martagon?
New-blown and ruddy as St. Agnes' nipple,
Plump as the flesh-bunch on some turk bird's poll!
Of ocean, bud there—fairies watch unroll
Such turban-flowers; say, such lamps disperse
Thick red flames through that dusk green universe!
I am queen of thee, floweret!
And each fleshy blossom
Preserve I not—(safer
Than leaves that embower it,
Or shells that enbosom)—
From weevil and chafer?
Laugh through my pane then; solicit the bee;
Gibe him, be sure; and, in midst of thy glee,
Love thy queen, worship me!
Worship whom else? For am I not, this day,
Whate'er I please? What shall I please today?
My morn, noon, eve and night—how spend my day?

Tomorrow I must be Pippa who winds silk,
The whole year round, to earn just bread and milk:
But, this one day, I have leave to go,
And play out my fancy's fullest games;
I may fancy all day—and it shall be so—
That I taste of the pleasures, am called by the names
Of the Happiest Four in our Asolo!

See! up the hillside yonder, through the morning,
Some one shall love me, as the world calls love:
I am no less than Ottima, take warning!
The gardens, and the great stone house above,
And other houses for shrubs, all glass in front,
Are mine, where Sebald steals, as he is wont,
To court me, while old Luca yet reposes:
And, therefore, till the shrub-house door uncloses,
I . . . what now?—give abundant cause for prate
About me—Ottima, I mean—of late,
Too bold, too confident she'll still face down
The spitefullest of talkers in our town.
How we talk in the little town below!
But love, love, love—there's better love, I know!
This foolish love was only day's first offer;
I choose my next love to defy the scoffer:
For do not our bride and bride-groom sally
Out of Possagno church at noon?
Their house looks over Orcana valley:
Why should I not be the bride as soon
As Ottima? For I saw, beside,
Arrive last night that little bride—
Saw, if you call it seeing her, one flash
Of the pale snow-pure cheek and black bright tresses
Blacker than all except the black eyelash;
I wonder she contrives those lids no dresses!
So strict was she, the veil
Should cover close her pale
Pure cheeks—a bride to look at and scarce touch,
Scarce touch, remember, Jules! For are not such
Used to be tended, flower-like, every feature,
As if one's breath would fray the lily of a creature?
A soft and easy life these ladies lead:
Whiteness in us were wonderful indeed.
Oh, save that brow its virgin dimness,

Champs Elysee

Keep that foot its lady primness,
Let those ankles never swerve
From their exquisite reserve,
Yet have to trip along the streets like me,
All but naked to the knee!
How will she ever grant her Jules a bliss
So startling as her real first infant kiss?
Oh, no—not envy, this!

Not envy, sure!—For if you gave me
Leave to take or to refuse,
In earnest, do you think I'd choose
That sort of new love to enslave me?
Mine should have lapped me round from the beginning,
As little fear of losing it as winning:
Lovers grow cold, men learn to hate their wives,
And only parents' love can last our lives.
At eve the son and mother, gentle pair,
Commune inside our turrets: what prevents
My being Luigi? While that mossy lair
Of lizards through the winter-time is stirred
With each to each imparting sweet intents
For this new year as brooding bird to bird—
(For I observe of late, the evening walk
Of Luigi and his mother, always ends
Inside our ruined turret, where they talk,
Calmer than lovers, yet more kind than friends)—
Let me be cared about, kept out of harm,
And schemed for, safe in love as with a charm;
Let me be Luigi! If I only knew
What was my mother's face—my father, too!
Nay, if you come to that, best love of all
Is God's; then why not have God's love befall
Myself as, in the palace by the Dome,
Monsignor?—who tonight will bless the home
Of his dead brother; and God bless in turn
That heart which beats, those eyes which mildly burn
With love for all men! I, tonight at least,
Would be that holy and beloved priest.

Now wait!—even I already seem to share
In God's love: what does New-Year's hymn declare?
What other meaning do these verses bear?

"All service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.
Say not 'a small event!' Why 'small?'
Costs it more pain that this, ye call
A 'great event' should come to pass,
Than that? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which make up life, one deed
Power shall fall short in or exceed!"

And more of it, and more of it!—oh yes—
I will pass each, and see their happiness,
And envy none—being just as great, no doubt,
Useful to men, and dear to God, as they!
A pretty thing to care about
So mightily, this single holiday!
But let the sun shine! Wherefore repine?
With thee to lead me, O Day of mine,
Down the grass path gray with dew,
Under the pine-wood, blind with boughs
Where the swallow never flew
Nor yet cicala dared carouse—
No, dared carouse!

[*She enters the street.*

I. MORNING.

SCENE. *Up the hillside, inside the Shrub-house, Luca's wife, Ottima, and her paramour, the German Sebald.*

Sebald [*sings.*]

Let the watching lids wink!
Day's a-blaze with eyes, think!
Deep into the night, drink!

Ottima. Night? Such may be your Rhineland nights perhaps;
But this blood-red beam through the shutter's chink
We call such light, the morning: let us see!
Mind how you grope your way, though! How these tall
Naked geraniums struggle! Push the lattice
Behind that frame!—Nay, do—I bid you—Sebald,
It shakes the dust down on me! Why, of course

The slide-bolt catches. Well, are you content,
Or must I find you something else to spoil?
Kiss and be friends, my Sebald! Is't full morning?
Oh, don't speak then!
Sebald. Ay, thus it used to be.
Ever your house was, I remember, shut
Till mid-day; I observed that, as I strolled
On mornings through the vale here; country girls
Were noisy, washing garments in the brook,
Hinds drove the slow white oxen up the hills:
But no, your house was mute, would ope no eye.
And wisely, you were plotting one thing there,
Nature, another outside. I looked up—
Rough white wood shutters, rusty iron bars,
Silent as death, blind in a flood of light.
Oh, I remember!—and the peasants laughed
And said, "The old man sleeps with the young wife."
This house was his, this chair, this window—his.
Ottima. Ah, the clear morning! I can see St. Mark's;
That black streak is the belfry. Stop: Vicenza
Should lie . . . there's Padua, plain enough, that blue!
Look o'er my shoulder, follow my finger!
Sebald. Morning?
It seems to me a night with a sun added.
Where's dew, where's freshness? That bruised plant, I bruised,
In getting through the lattice yestereve,
Droops as it did. See, here's my elbow's mark
I' the dust o' the sill.
Ottima. Oh, shut the lattice, pray!
Sebald. Let me lean out. I cannot scent blood here
Foul as the morn may be.
There, shut the world out!
How do you feel now, Ottima? There, curse
The world and all outside! Let us throw off
This mask: how do you bear yourself? Let's out
With all of it.
Ottima. Best never speak of it.
Sebald. Best speak again and yet again of it,
Till words cease to be more than words. "His blood,"
For instance—let those two words mean "His blood"
And nothing more. Notice, I'll say them now,
"His blood."

Ottima. Assuredly if I repented
The deed—
Sebald. Repent? Who should repent, or why?
What puts that in your head? Did I once say
That I repented?
Ottima. No, I said the deed.
Sebald. "The deed" and "the event"—just now it was
"Our passion's fruit"—the devil take such cant!
Say, once and always, Luca was a wittol,
I am his cut-throat, you are . .
Ottima. Here's the wine;
I brought it when we left the house above,
And glasses, too—wine of both sorts. Black? White then?
Sebald. But am not I his cut-throat? What are you?
Ottima. There trudges on his business from the Duomo
Benet the Capuchin, with his brown hood
And bare feet; always in one place at church,
Close under the stone wall by the south entry.
I used to take him for a brown cold piece
Of the wall's self, as out of it he rose
To let me pass—at first, I say, I used:
Now, so has that dumb figure fastened on me,
I rather should account the plastered wall
A piece of him, so chilly does it strike.
This, Sebald?
Sebald. No, the white wine—the white wine!
Well, Ottima, I promised no new year
Should rise on us the ancient shameful way;
Nor does it rise. Pour on! To your black eyes!
Do you remember last damned New Year's Day?
Ottima. You brought those foreign prints. We looked at them
Over the wine and fruit. I had to scheme
To get him from the fire. Nothing but saying
His own set wants the proof-mark, roused him up
To hunt them out.
Sebald. 'Faith, he is not alive
To fondle you before my face.
Ottima. Do you
Fondle me then! Who means to take your life
For that, my Sebald?
Sebald. Hark you, Ottima!
One thing to guard against. We'll not make much

One of the other—that is, not make more
Parade of warmth, childish officious coil,
Than yesterday: as is, sweet, I supposed
Proof upon proof were needed now, now first,
To show I love you—yes, still love you—love you
In spite of Luca and what's come to him—
Sure sign we had him ever in our thoughts,
White sneering old reproachful face and all!
We'll even quarrel, love, at times, as if
We still could lose each other, were not tied
By this: conceive you?

Ottima. Love!

Sebald. Not tied so sure.
Because though I was wrought upon, have struck
His insolence back into him—am I
So surely yours?—therefore forever yours?

Ottima. Love, to be wise, (one counsel pays another)
Should we have, months ago, when first we loved,
For instance that May morning we two stole
Under the green ascent of sycamores—
If we had come upon a thing like that
Suddenly . . .

Sebald. "A thing"—there again—"a thing"!

Ottima. Then, Venus' body, had we come upon
My husband Luca Gaddi's murdered corpse
Within there, at his couch-foot, covered close—
Would you have pored upon it? Why persist
In poring now upon it? For 'tis here
As much as there in the deserted house:
You cannot rid your eyes of it. For me,
Now he is dead I hate him worse: I hate . . .
Dare you stay here? I would go back and hold
His two dead hands, and say, "I hate you worse, Luca,
than . . ."

Sebald. Off, off—take your hands off mine,
'Tis the hot evening—off! or, morning is it?

Ottima. There's one thing must be done; you know
what thing.
Come in and help to carry. We may sleep
Anywhere in the whole wide house tonight.

Sebald. What would come, think you, if we let him lie
Just as he is? Let him lie there until
The angels take him! He is turned by this
Off from his face beside, as you will see.

Ottima. This dusty pane might serve for looking-glass.
Three, four—four gray hairs! Is it so you said
A plait of hair should wave across my neck?
No—this way.
Sebald. Ottima, I would give your neck,
Each splendid shoulder, both those breasts of yours,
That this were undone! Killing! Kill the world
So Luca lives again!—ay, lives to sputter
His fulsome dotage on you—yes, and feign
Surprise that I return at eve to sup,
When all the morning I was loitering here—
Bid me dispatch my business and begone.
I would . . .
Ottima See!
Sebald. No, I'll finish. Do you think
I fear to speak the bare truth once for all?
All we have talked of, is, at bottom, fine
To suffer; there's a recompense in guilt;
One must be venturous and fortunate;
What is one young for, else? In age we'll sigh
O'er the wild reckless wicked days flown over;
Still, we have lived: the vice was in its place.
But to have eaten Luca's bread, have worn
His clothes, have felt his money swell my purse—
Do lovers in romances sin that way?
Why, I was starving when I used to call
And teach you music, starving while you plucked me
These flowers to smell!
Ottima. My poor lost friend!
Sebald. He gave me life—
Life, nothing less: what if he did reproach
My perfidy, and threaten, and do more—
Had he no right? What was to wonder at?
He sat by us at table quietly:
Why must you lean across till our cheeks touched?
Could he do less than make pretense to strike?
'Tis not the crime's sake—I'd commit ten crimes
Greater, to have this crime wiped out, undone!
And you—O how feel you? Feel you for me?
Ottima. Well then, I love you better now than ever,
And best (look at me while I speak to you)—
Best for the crime; nor do I grieve, in truth,
This mask, this simulated ignorance,
This affectation of simplicity,

Falls off our crime; this naked crime of ours
May not now be looked over: look it down!
Great? let it be great; but the joys it brought,
Pay they or no its price? Come: they or it!
Speak not! The past, would you give up the past
Such as it is, pleasure and crime together?
Give up that noon I owned my love for you?
The garden's silence: even the single bee
Persisting in his toil, suddenly stopped,
And where he hid you only could surmise
By some campanula chalice set a-swing.
Who stammered—"Yes, I love you"?

Sebald. I kiss you now, dear Ottima, now and now!
This way? Will you forgive me—be once more
My great queen?

Ottima. Bind it thrice about my brow;
Crown me your queen, your spirit's arbitress,
Magnificent in sin. Say that!

Sebald. I crown you
My great great white queen, my spirit's arbitress,
Magnificent . . .

[*From without is heard the voice of Pippa, singing*

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

[*Pippa passes.*

Sebald. God's in his heaven! Do you hear that?
Who spoke?
You, who spoke!

Ottima. Oh—that little ragged girl!
She must have rested on the step: we give them
But this one holiday the whole year round.
Did you ever see our silk-mills—their inside?
There are ten silk-mills now belong to you.
She stoops to pick my double heartsease . . . Sh!
She does not hear: call you out louder!

Sebald. Leave me!
Go, get your clothes on—dress those shoulders!

Ottima. Sebald!

Sebald. Wipe off that paint! I hate you.
Ottima. Miserable!
Sebald. My God, and she is emptied of it now!
Outright now!—how miraculously gone
All of the grace—had she not strange grace once?
Why, the blank cheek hangs listless as it likes,
No purpose holds the features up together,
Only the cloven brow and puckered chin
Stay in their places: and the very hair,
That seemed to have a sort of life in it,
Drops, a dead web!
Ottima. Speak to me—not of me!
Sebald. That round, great, full-orbed face, where not an angle
Broke the delicious indolence—all broken!
Ottima. To me—not of me! Ungrateful, perjured cheat!
A coward, too: but ingrate's worse than all.
Beggar—my slave—a fawning, cringing lie!
Leave me! Betray me! I can see your drift!
A lie that walks and eats and drinks!
Sebald. My God!
Those morbid faultless olive shoulder-blades—
I should have known there was no blood beneath!
Ottima. You hate me then? You hate me then?
Sebald. To think.
She would succeed in her absurd attempt,
And fascinate by sinning, show herself,
Superior—guilt from its excess superior
To innocence! That little peasant's voice
Has righted all again. Though I be lost,
I know which is the better, never fear,
Of vice or virtue, purity or lust,
Nature or trick! I see what I have done,
Entirely now! Oh I am proud to feel
Such torments—let the world take credit thence—
I, having done my deed, pay, too, its price!
I hate, hate—curse you! God's in his heaven!
Ottima. Me!
Me! no, no, Sebald, not yourself—kill me!
Mine is the whole crime. Do but kill me—then
Yourself—then—presently—first hear me speak!
I always meant to kill myself—wait, you!
Lean on my breast—not as a breast; don't love me

The more because you lean on me, my own
Heart's Sebald! There, there, both deaths presently!
I feel
Sebald. My brain is drowned now—quite drowned: all
Is . . . is, at swift-recurring intervals,
A hurry-down within me, as of waters
Loosened to smother up some ghastly pit:
There they go—whirls from a black fiery sea!
Ottima. Not me—to him, O God, be merciful!

EVENING.

SCENE. *Inside the Turret on the Hill above Asolo. Luigi and his Mother entering.*

Mother. If there blew wind, you'd hear a long sigh, easing
The utmost heaviness of music's heart.
Luigi. Here in the archway?
Mother. Oh no, no—in farther,
Where the echo is made, on the ridge.
Luigi. Here surely, then.
How plain the tap of my heel as I leaped up!
Hark—"Lucius Junius!" The very ghost of a voice
Whose body is caught and kept by . . . what are those?
Mere withered wallflowers, waving overhead?
They seem an elvish group with thin bleached hair
That lean out of their topmost fortress—look
And listen, mountain men, to what we say,
Hand under chin of each grave earthy face.
Up and show faces all of you!—"All of you!"
That's the king dwarf with the scarlet comb; old Franz,
Come down and meet your fate? Hark—"Meet your fate!"
Mother. Let him not meet it, my Luigi—do not
Go to his city! Putting crime aside
Half of these ills of Italy are feigned:
Your Pellicos and writers for effect,
Write for effect.
Luigi. Hush! Say A writes, and B.
Mother. These A's and B's write for effect, I say.
Then, evil is in its nature loud, while good
Is silent; you hear each petty injury,
None of his virtues; he is old beside,
Quiet and kind, and densely stupid. Why
Do A and B not kill him themselves?

Luigi. They teach
Others to kill him—me—and, if I fail,
Others to succeed; now, if A tried and failed,
I could not teach that: mine's the lesser task.
Mother, they visit night by night . . .
Mother. You, Luigi!
Ah, will you let me tell you what you are?
Luigi. Why not? Oh, the one thing you fear to hint,
You may assure yourself I say and say
Ever to myself! At times—nay, even as now
We sit—I think my mind is touched, suspect
All is not sound: but is not knowing that,
What constitutes one sane or otherwise?
I know I am thus—so, all is right again.
I laugh at myself as through the town I walk,
And see men merry as if no Italy
Were suffering; then I ponder—"I am rich,
Young, healthy; why should this fact trouble me,
More than it troubles these?" But it does trouble.
No, trouble's a bad word: for as I walk
There's springing and melody and giddiness,
And old quaint turns and passages of my youth,
Dreams long forgotten, little in themselves,
Return to me—whatever may amuse me:
And earth seems in a truce with me, and heaven
Accords with me, all things suspend their strife,
The very cicala laughs, "There goes he, and there!
Feast him, the time is short; he is on his way
For the world's sake: feast him this once, our friend!"
And in return for all this, I can trip
Cheerfully up the scaffold-steps. I go
This evening, mother!
Mother. But mistrust yourself—
Mistrust the judgment you pronounce on him!
Luigi. Oh, there I feel—am sure that I am right!
Mother. Mistrust your judgment then, of the mere means
To this wild enterprise. Say, you are right—
How should one in your state e'er bring to pass
What would require a cool head, a cold heart,
And a calm hand? You never will escape.
Luigi. Escape? To even wish that, would spoil all.
The dying is best part of it. Too much
Have I enjoyed these fifteen years of mine,

To leave myself excuse for longer life:
Was not life pressed down, running o'er with joy,
That I might finish with it ere my fellows
Who, sparelier feasted, make a longer stay?
I was put at the board-head, helped to all
At first; I rise up happy and content.
God must be glad one loves his world so much.
I can give news of earth to all the dead
Who ask me:—last year's sunsets, and great stars
Which had a right to come first and see ebb
The crimson wave that drifts the sun away—
Those crescent moons with notched and burning rims
That strengthened into sharp fire, and there stood,
Impatient of the azure—and that day
In March, a double rainbow stopped the storm—
May's warm slow yellow moonlit summer nights—
Gone are they, but I have them in my soul!

Mother. He will not go!

Luigi. You smile at me? 'Tis true—
Voluptuousness, grotesqueness, ghastliness,
Environ my devotedness as quaintly
As round about some antique altar wreathe
The rose festoons, goats' horns, and oxen's skulls.

Mother. See now: you reach the city, you must cross
His threshold—how?

Luigi. Oh, that's if we conspired!
Then would come pains in plenty, as you guess—
But guess not how the qualities most fit
For such an office, qualities I have,
Would little stead me, otherwise employed,
Yet prove of rarest merit only here.
Every one knows for what his excellence
Will serve, but no one ever will consider
For what his worst defect might serve: and yet
Have you not seen me range our coppice yonder
In search of a distorted ash?—I find
The wry spoilt branch a natural perfect bow.
Fancy the thrice-sage, thrice-precautioned man
Arriving at the palace on my errand!
No, no! I have a handsome dress packed up—
White satin here, to set off my black hair;
In I shall march—for you may watch your life out
Behind thick walls, make friends there to betray you;

More than one man spoils everything. March straight—
Only, no clumsy knife to fumble for.
Take the great gate, and walk (not saunter) on
Thro' guards and guards—I have rehearsed it all
Inside the turret here a hundred times.
Don't ask the way of whom you meet, observe!
But where they cluster thickliest is the door
Of doors; they'll let you pass—they'll never blab
Each to the other, he knows not the favorite,
Whence he is bound, and what's his business now.
Walk in—straight up to him; you have no knife:
Be prompt, how should he scream? Then, out with you!
Italy, Italy, my Italy!
You're free, you're free! Oh mother, I could dream
They got about me—Andrea from his exile,
Pier from his dungeon, Gaultier from his grave!

Mother. Well, you shall go. Yet seems this patriotism
The easiest virtue for a selfish man
To acquire: he loves himself—and next, the world—
If he must love beyond—but naught between:
As a short-sighted man sees naught midway
His body and the sun above. But you
Are my adored Luigi, ever obedient
To my least wish, and running o'er with love:
I could not call you cruel or unkind.
Once more, your ground for killing him!—then go!

Luigi. Now do you try me, or make sport of me?
How first the Austrians got those provinces . . .
(If that is all, I'll satisfy you soon)—
Never by conquest, but by cunning, for
That treaty whereby . . .

Mother. Well?

Luigi. (Sure, he's arrived,
The tell-tale cuckoo: spring's his confidant,
And he lets out her April purposes!)
Or . . . better go at once to modern time,
He has . . . they have . . . in fact, I understand
But can't restate the matter; that's my boast:
Others could reason it out to you, and prove
Things they have made me feel.

Mother. Why go tonight?
Morn's for adventure. Jupiter is now
A morning-star. I cannot hear you, Luigi!

Luigi. "I am the bright and morning-star," saith
God—
And "to such a one I give the morning-star,"
The gift of the morning-star! Have I God's gift
Of the morning-star?
Mother. Chiara will love to see
That Jupiter an evening star next June.
Luigi. True, mother. Well for those who live through
June!
Great noon-tides, thunder-storms, all glaring pomps
That triumph at the heels of June the god
Leading his revel through our leafy world.
Yes, Chiara will be here.
Mother. In June: remember,
Yourself appointed that month for her coming.
Luigi. Was that low noise the echo?
Mother. The night-wind.
She must be grown—with her blue eyes upturned
As if life were one long and sweet surprise:
In June she comes.
Luigi. We were to see together
The Titian at Treviso. There, again!
[*From without is heard the voice of Pippa, singing—*
A King lived long ago,
In the morning of the world,
When earth was nigher heaven than now:
And the king's locks curled,
Disparting o'er a forehead full,
As the milk-white space 'twixt horn and horn
Of some sacrificial bull—
Only calm as a babe new-born:
For he was got to a sleepy mood,
So safe from all decrepitude,
Age with its bane, so sure gone by,
(The gods so loved him while he dreamed.)
That, having lived thus long, there seemed
No need the king should ever die.
Luigi. No need that sort of king should ever die.
Among the rocks his city was:
Before his palace, in the sun,
He sat to see his people pass,
And judge them every one
From its threshold of smooth stone.
They haled him many a valley-thief
Caught in the sheep-pens, robber-chief
Swarthy and shameless, beggar-cheat,

Spy-prowler, or rough pirate found
On the sea-sand left aground;
And sometimes clung about his feet,
With bleeding lip and burning cheek,
A woman, bitterest wrong to speak
Of one with sullen thickset brows:
And sometimes from the prison-house
The angry priests a pale wretch brought,
Who through some chink had pushed and pressed
On knees and elbows, belly and breast,
Worm-like into the temple—caught
He was by the very god
Who ever in the darkness strode
Backward and forward, keeping watch
O'er his brazen bowls, such rogues to catch!
These, all and every one,
The king judged, sitting in the sun.

Luigi. That king should still judge sitting in the sun!

His councillors, on left and right,
Looked anxious up—but no surprise
Disturbed the king's old smiling eyes
Where the very blue had turned to white.
'Tis said, a Python scared one day
The breathless city, till he came,
With forky tongue and eyes on flame,
Where the old king sat to judge alway;
But when he saw the sweepy hair
Girt with a crown of berries rare
Which the god will hardly give to wear
To the maiden who singeth, dancing bare
In the altar-smoke by the pine-torch lights,
At his wondrous forest rites—
Seeing this, he did not dare
Approach that threshold in the sun,
Assault the old king smiling there.
Such grace had kings when the world began!

[*Pippa passes.*

Luigi. And such grace have they, now that the world ends!

The Python at the city, on the throne,
And brave men, God would crown for slaying him,
Lurk in bye-corners lest they fall his prey.
Are crowns yet to be won in this late time,
Which weakness makes me hesitate to reach?
'Tis God's voice calls: how could I stay? Farewell! . . .

SCENE. *Pippa's chamber again. She enters it.*

The bee with his comb,

The mouse at her dray,
The grub in his tomb,
Wile winter away;
But the fire-fly and hedge-shrew and lob-worm, I pray,
How fare they?
I have just been the holy Monsignor:
And I was you too, Luigi's gentle mother,
And you too, Luigi!—how that Luigi started
Out of the turret—doubtlessly departed
On some good errand or another,
For he passed just now in a traveller's trim,
And the sullen company that prowled
About his path, I noticed, scowled
As if they had lost a prey in him.
And I was Jules the sculptor's bride,
And I was Ottima beside,
And now what am I?—tired of fooling.
Day for folly, night for schooling!
New Year's day is over and spent,
Ill or well, I must be content.
Even my lily's asleep, I vow:
Wake up—here's a friend I've plucked you:
Call this flower a heart's-ease now!
Something rare, let me instruct you,
Is thus, with petals triply swollen,
Three times spotted, thrice the pollen;
While the leaves and parts that witness
Old proportions and their fitness,
Here remain unchanged, unmoved now;
Call this pampered thing improved now!
Suppose there's a king of the flowers
And a girl-show held in his bowers—
"Look ye, buds, this growth of ours,"
Says he, "Zanze from the Brenta,
I have made her gorge polenta
Till both cheeks are near as bouncing
As her . . . name there's no pronouncing!
See this heightened colour too,
For she swilled Breganze wine
Till her nose turned deep carmine;
'Twas but white when wild she grew.
And only by this Zanze's eyes
Of which we could not change the size,

The magnitude of all achieved
Otherwise, may be perceived."
Oh what a drear dark close to my poor day!
How could that red sun drop in that black cloud?
Ah Pippa, morning's rule is moved away,
Dispensed with, never more to be allowed!
Day's turn is over, now arrives the night's.
Oh lark, be day's apostle
To mavis, merle and throstle,
Bid them their betters jostle
From day and its delights!
But at night, brother howlet, over the woods,
Toll the world to thy chantry;
Sing to the bats' sleek sisterhoods
Full complines with gallantry:
Then, owls and bats,
Cowls and twats,
Monks and nuns, in a cloister's moods
Adjourn to the oak-stump pantry!
[*After she has begun to undress herself.*
Now, one thing I should really like to know:
How near I ever might approach all these
I only fancied being, this long day:
Approach, I mean, so as to touch them, so
As to . . . in some way . . . move them—if you please,
Do good or evil to them some slight way.
For instance, if I wind
Silk tomorrow, my silk may bind
[*Sitting on the bedside.*
And border Ottima's cloak's hem.
Ah me, and my important part with them,
This morning's hymn half promised when I rose!
True in some sense or other, I suppose.
[*As she lies down.*
God bless me! I can pray no more tonight.
No doubt, some way or other, hymns say right.
All service ranks the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first.
[*She sleeps.*

—*Browning.*

L'Envoi.

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie us down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!

—*Kipling.*

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS

IN PART V.

Milan Cathedral.

Milan is probably the largest mediæval cathedral in Europe. It was begun in 1385 and has incorporated within itself all styles of architecture. Built in the form of a Latin cross, at its greatest extremities it is 295 by 490 feet. It was constructed of white marble that has weathered to a fine yellow. Less satisfactory from an architectural standpoint than some of the simpler cathedrals, nevertheless Milan is beautiful and most impressive in moonlight. "Fill it with human life, it would still be something greater than them all. Men, however numerous they might be, would be but appendages to its mountainous bulk. As the sky is more than the stars and the wooded valley more than the trees, so is Milan cathedral more than any amount of humanity that can be gathered within its arms."

"O Milan, O the chanting quires;
The giant windows' blazon'd fires;
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory,
A mount of marble, a hundred spires."—*Tennyson.*

The Madonna of the Chair.

Raphael wished to immortalize the tenderness of a mother for her child. He was a prolific painter of Madonnas—some hundred or more being attributed to him. While in this picture the nimbus is placed around the head of Mary and the Child, and the cousin, John the Baptist—nevertheless in this particular painting it seems very probable that Raphael desired to bring out forcefully the mother love wherever found. The picture is a study in circles. Notice the round lines of arms and baby limbs, the halo which encircles each head, even the chair with its round lines. An Italian mother is shown here dressed after the fashion of her countrywomen, but the confidence of the little child, the protecting care of the mother, gives the whole a universal character.

Flight into Egypt—Giotto.

Giotto was the first great painter of the Renaissance. To be sure, Cimabue had broken away from the fetters of the Middle Ages, but it was left for Giotto "to restore expression to the human face." We look today upon this representation of the Flight into Egypt and see at once a donkey in an utterly impossible position, a tree here and there representing a forest and a couple of heights representing mountains, and the whole appears to be unnatural and strange. Only by comparison with the work of earlier painters can we appreciate the great lengths by which Giotto had already surpassed his predecessors.

St. Francis Preaching to the Birds.

Giotto was chosen to paint a series of scenes from the life of St. Francis, to adorn the church built as a memorial to him. Fortunately for the painter,

the life of the godly man offered many dramatic situations, which he eagerly seized upon. One of these paintings represents St. Francis in the act of preaching his famous sermon to his "little sisters—the birds." Read in connection with this, the story of his life, contained in the text, page 14.

Upper and Lower Churches of Assisi.

Here we find the unusual circumstance of one church being erected practically above another. The Lower Church was built as a sort of crypt for the remains of the beloved St. Francis. The Upper Church was afterwards built almost above it. In both of these churches the student of early Renaissance art finds invaluable treasures. Many paintings of Cimabue, Giotto and other renowned painters can be seen here alone.

Beethoven in His Study.

This master of composers is here pictured at work in his studio. His manner of composing is best described in his own words: "When I compose I change many things, discard, and try again until I am satisfied. . . . I see and hear the picture in all its extent and dimensions stand before my mind like a cast, and there remains nothing for me but the labor of writing it down."

Mozart and His Sister at the Court of Maria Theresa.

When Wolfgang Mozart was but six years of age, his father took him and his talented sister on a concert tour to Munich and Vienna. At the capitol they were warmly received by the empress, Maria Theresa. The story is told that Wolfgang, never embarrassed in the company of the great, on being presented to the empress jumped into her lap and threw his arms about her neck, much to the amusement of the spectators. The infant prodigies are here pictured as playing before the royal family.

Fra Angelico.

The same sweetness of character so characteristic of St. Francis was also a part of Fra Angelico; but St. Francis was the man of action—Fra Angelico, the dreamer. He dreamed his beautiful visions and then painted his dreams of Paradise. His life and work is considered in Part IX.

Madonna and Child—Filippo Lippi.

In absolute contrast to the life of Fra Angelico was the life of Fra Filippo Lippi. Placed in a monastery in childhood by those who wished to be free from care of him, Filippo Lippi found it impossible to abide by the vows he unwittingly had taken. At last he was allowed to go his way—it having been proved useless to attempt his reform. He found studies for his Madonnas among his friends and his holy children and angels were the children of the street. Yet his genius atoned for all his faults and he forms one of the important connecting links in the story of painting. Refer to Part IX.

Greek Church—Russia.

When the Mongols invaded Russia many hundred years ago, they brought with them the style of onion-shaped domes so commonly seen in

this country. Later when the Russians were strong enough to drive out the Tartars, they had grown so accustomed to these domes that they retained them.

The Greek form of Christianity prevails in Russia. Ages ago it was decided that no images should be used in the worship of the Greek Church. Should you visit a Greek church, you would find pictures everywhere, but no images or statues whatever. There are two Greek churches in America—one in Sitka, one in New York.

Lion of Lucerne.

During the French Revolution, being unable to trust wholly to French soldiers, Louis XVI. engaged a Swiss Guard for personal protection. One day the mobs broke into the Tuileries, where the royal family had been held practically prisoners. The King and his family took refuge in the hall of the National Assembly. Although the French soldiers fired, Louis had given orders that the Swiss Guard should not shoot. Obedient to command, they did not protect themselves but were cut off, almost to a man. In token of memory the people of Switzerland desired to raise some monument to the brave Guard, and this wounded lion has been carved out of the living rock, while below one may read the words: "To the glory and honor of the Helvetians who fell August tenth, 1792."

Champs Élysée.

This boulevard is the fashionable promenade of Paris. It extends from the Place de la Concord to the Arc de l'Étoile—a distance of about one and one-half miles. It was laid out under the direction of Marie de Medici. The afternoon hours find the avenue thronged with carriages; the lower end is largely given up to cafés and chantants.

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